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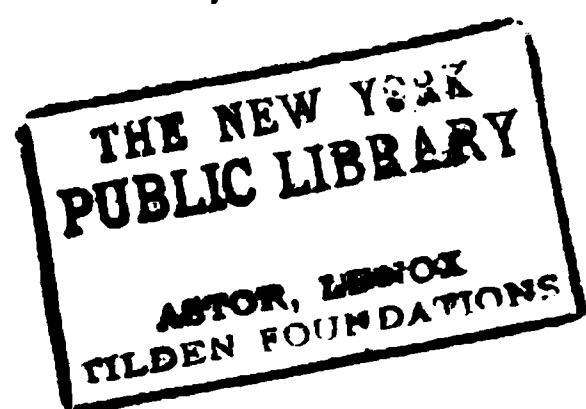
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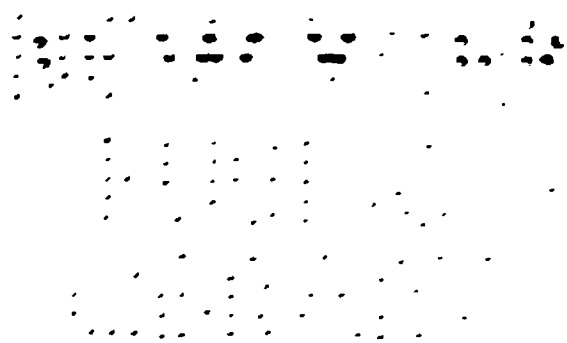
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The New Palestine

An authoritative account of Palestine since the Great War; the problems, political, economic and racial, that confront the British Administration; with intimate glimpses of the customs of the people, and a keen appreciation for the beauty and mystery of the Holy Land

By

M. B. McCrackan, M. A.

Author of
"The Spell of the Italian Lakes," "The Spell
of Tyrol," etc., and Former Editor
of the "Jerusalem News."

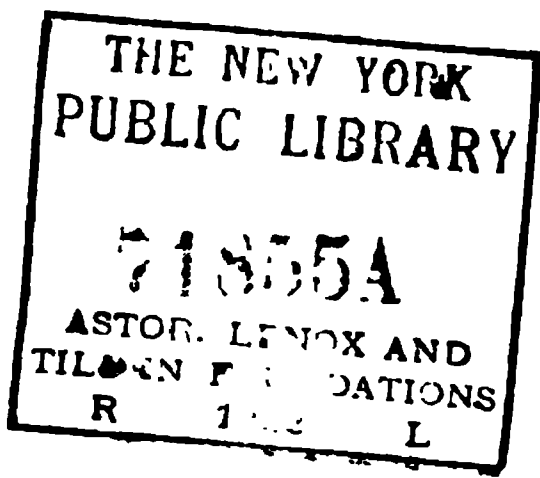
With an Introduction by
LORD BRYCE

Illustrated with Reproductions of
Special Photographs



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**DEDICATED TO
ALL FRIENDS OF THE HOLY LAND**

22.11.22

Some of the material in this book appeared originally in Asia, in the International Newspaper, The Christian Science Monitor, and in The Watchman of Israel. Due acknowledgment is hereby given to these periodicals.

INTRODUCTION

Few countries have been so often invaded and subjugated as Palestine since the days, recorded in the Tel el Amarna tablets, before the children of Israel entered Canaan to disturb the Amorites and do battle with the Philistines. Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Macedonians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, Turks have come and conquered and ruled and vanished away. Among all these conquests, there has been none in which such a promise of hope for the future could be descried as in that of 1918, when the British Expeditionary Force under General Allenby brought to an end the brutal and oppressive rule of the irreclaimable Turk, who had misgoverned the unhappy country for four centuries. The circumstances of that liberation, and the condition of Palestine when it took place, will always have interest for generations to come, and this book of Mr. McCrackan's supplies a simple and lively picture of the facts.

Led to the Holy Land by a wish to help in the administration of the relief which American liberality was providing for the half starved population of Jerusalem, he settled himself there to care for the health and welfare of the people, travelled

about the country, and, with characteristically American enterprise, published the first daily newspaper ever printed in Palestine in the English language, entitled, *Jerusalem News*.

Already favourably known to the world of letters by his history of the Swiss Confederation, Mr. McCrackan brings a discerning eye and an impartial mind to the descriptions here given of many interesting places, of the state of the country as a whole, and of the many difficult problems which it presents to the British authorities who are now administering it under the Mandate granted by the Allies after the war. The High Commissioner and the officials with him are honestly grappling with a most difficult task, and it is well that both Europeans and Americans should know how difficult it is, for the respective claims and feelings of Arab Muslims, of Jewish Zionists and of various Christian bodies have to be considered and reconciled.

James Bryce

PREFACE

This book tells the story of Palestine's first years of freedom; its first awakening from the dazed condition in which it lay during the Turkish régime. It tells of many first events in Jerusalem and Palestine, such as the first celebrations of Armistice Day and Deliverance Day; it describes the issuing of the first daily newspaper in the English language in Jerusalem; the first demonstration against Zionism; the first joint Committee for Relief in Jerusalem; the first day of the taking effect of the British Mandate on the landing of Sir Herbert Samuel at Jaffa, etc.

These pages contain an actual experience in the Palestine of today; set forth the present as the foundation for the future; appraise some of Palestine's problems inherited from the past; present pen pictures of some of the men who delivered Jerusalem and swept Palestine clear of the Turks; and they follow reverently the footsteps of him who made Palestine a Holy Land for innumerable multitudes.

There is much ignorance among us Americans as to actual conditions in Jerusalem and Palestine; and yet it is essential that we should understand them, because the logic of events makes

it inevitable that we should be called upon to take part in the great movements rapidly centering there.

This book is frankly favorable to the British and the work they have done in Palestine; but this point of view is here set down, not for the sake of the British, but for the sake of us Americans. Unless the two branches of the English speaking race understand each other, enemy propaganda will divide them. They hold the good of the world in their hands. Divided they can be separately overcome, united they are unconquerable.

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THE NEW PALESTINE

CHAPTER I

GOING TO JERUSALEM

DURING the winter of 1918-1919 the idea of going to Jerusalem on war relief and educational work was brought to my attention. The call seemed to me urgent. Though there were obvious reasons for taking this step, such as the known destitution existing among the native population and the consequent difficulty experienced by the authorities on the spot in coping with the after-the-war situation, the main impulse to undertake this journey was spiritual rather than material. There was something to be learned as to conditions in the Holy City and the Holy Land which could not be learned in any other way than by going there in person, and there was some help to be rendered which could not be summed up in mere money and clothing.

As Palestine was technically still subject to war conditions, being governed as Enemy Occupied Territory, the difficulties of securing the necessary permits for a party of relief workers to enter the country were very great. I will not burden

the reader with the details of these difficulties; suffice it to say that the negotiations and formalities began in the month of February, 1919, and lasted well into the summer. It was not only necessary to obtain our American passports; but also the special permits from the authorities in Egypt, who at that time were in full control of all entries into Palestine. The thanks of our party are due to Lord Reading, now Viceroy of India, who at the time was acting as British interim Ambassador in Washington, and especially to the late Viscount Bryce, the James Bryce who, as author of "The American Commonwealth," has a place in the hearts of all true American Patriots. Viscount Bryce had years ago reviewed favorably my "Rise of the Swiss Republic" and at this very time had been rereading my history in preparing his chapters on Switzerland for his "Modern Democracies," a great work which will add lustre to his fame. Through the help of this staunch friend the necessary permits were secured from the Foreign Office in London.

Shortly before his death Viscount Bryce wrote an introduction to this book. He forwarded it to me on January 9, 1922, and his death occurred on January 22, 1922, so that this introduction may well be considered one of the last literary products of his pen.

The pleasantest possible relations were maintained by our party with the British officials whom we found in Palestine and some enduring

friendships have resulted which have their significance in Anglo-American kinship. Money sent to us from America for relief work was turned over to the Relief officer, so that the full amount thus sent was expended in relief work, our party paying their own expenses. I have always felt that the attitude our party took towards the British authorities was helpful to them in that we did not attempt to tell them what they ought to do, but simply offered them our services in whatever relief or educational work they might initiate. This attitude must have been somewhat refreshing to them, for Palestine, and notably Jerusalem, was full of factions and cliques, not to mention racial and religious groups, who were all very insistent upon offering advice, and generally refused to coöperate unless the British followed their particular theories and panaceas.

When the British authorities decided to found a Jerusalem Relief Laundry, to give employment to destitute war widows, they invited our party to be on the committee and one of us to be Honorable Secretary. We were able to bring the enterprise to the point where it became a "going" concern.

When the need of some kind of a daily newspaper was mentioned, to act as an impartial periodical amid the propaganda sheets of the city, I was asked by the founder of *Jerusalem News*, to become its editor, and we continued publishing it for six months, until preparations took place

for the institution of the Civil Administration of Palestine.

It was also our privilege to assist the Civic Adviser of Palestine in beautifying the walls and the moat of David's Tower by the gift of flowers, vegetable seeds and shrubs and the erection of several stone seats suitably inscribed. The California acacia trees which front the Barracks of the Russian Compound were donated by a member of our party at the request of Major Basto, an officer of the Yorkshire regiment, a part of which was stationed in Jerusalem during our stay.

These services are mentioned on account of their historic value. We, ourselves, were abundantly rewarded for all that we rendered and in a variety of ways, proving the justice of the call which sent us to Jerusalem in the first place. An intimate insight was gained into conditions in the Holy Land which could not have been obtained in any other way.

It is certain that Palestine is destined to fasten the attention of the world more and more upon itself as the religious and political movements, of which Jerusalem is the centre, unfold to human view. We met many of the historical personages connected with the taking of Jerusalem and the conquest of Palestine, reference to whom will be made later in this book.

An example, though on a small scale, was offered of what coöperation between Americans and British can accomplish in a foreign land; and

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certainly a more correct view was obtained of what the British Empire is doing in policing and pacifying outlying portions of the world.

Far transcending all other gains, however, was the knowledge gleaned of the conditions under which the Master worked and lived, taught and healed, in his redemptive mission in the Holy Land for the sake of all mankind. To tread his paths, to identify the wells from which he drank, to see the same plants and trees growing which he used as illustrations in his parables, to visit the same places as he did and so to be able to mentally reconstruct in a measure his career, that was a supreme blessing in comparison with which the hardships encountered in that war-wasted country cannot be mentioned.

CHAPTER II

A LITTLE EGYPTIAN PRELUDE

AWAY with a slow, long song, but throbbing engines, the British troopship leaves for foreign parts. Whither away? Certainly to other climes, curious customs, strange tongues, but wherever it speeds it will take with it athletic sports, daily baths, and that indefinable instinct which commands without seeming to rule, and protects individual rights under the umbrella of precedent.

The English people live, move, and have their being in an unseen, uncoded destiny, which they do not understand and the world ignores; yet it pushes them invariably and inevitably along a path prescribed by their mission; through much tribulation, stoically or even comically endured, they reach victory.

Of this, the British troopship is a symbol. It churns the seven seas, heading perhaps for Calcutta, Melbourne, Vancouver, or Hong Kong, touching possibly at Gibraltar, Malta, Singapore, or Fiji, but it continues to play outdoor games even at sea.

The point which would-be makers of history overlook is that the British Empire is not the out-

come of human will power, or an ingenious contrivance for preventing the sun from setting upon the earth. Humanly speaking, the British Empire happened. Nobody thought it out. It just grew unconsciously as the flowers grow, obedient to some secret necessity. It cannot be imitated, because it does not know itself how it came into being, and nobody can fathom the *modus operandi* of untold millions, working unconsciously toward a goal hidden by a veil which can only be lifted when the task is finished.

We are in August of 1919; on the troopship *Caledonia*. Every morning there is parade, which means that all passengers, both of the army and navy and all civilians in general, present themselves on deck with their life belts for inspection alongside of the troops. The terrible lessons of submarine attacks and floating mines have left their mark in these special precautions.

The aftermath of the great war pervades the troopship in other respects also, but not openly. It is only seen by degrees, under the calm exterior of the people who do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. Here is, for instance, a major many times wounded; a lieutenant who was in the first detachment which marched into Jerusalem: a boyish captain who served all through the terrible four years on many fronts, but it takes much probing to find this out.

One morning, five days after leaving Marseilles, the first faint indications of Africa and Alexan-

dria break the horizon. Alexandria is reached, the home of Cleopatra, the port of call for Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Augustus Cæsar, the seat of classic learning and of the greatest library of antiquity—the Levantine gateway to Egypt.

The time of the arrival of our party in Egypt was not accidental. It proved to be at a psychological moment. The expression, "self-determination," issuing from America, had had its effect upon the Egyptians, as upon other national groups, which had suddenly discovered that it would be very pleasant to call themselves independent, without having a proper realization of what independence, with reference to the great world, really entails. The propagandist was busy depicting Americans as upholding Egyptian independence and the British as resisting it, whereas, as a matter of fact, sensible men in both branches of the English-speaking race would have been glad to have the Egyptians exercise self-government just as soon as they showed any aptitude for it. So far the reverse had been the case, and since great international interests were, and still are, at stake in Egypt, it behooved the well wishers of Egypt to go slow.

It was the talk of the street in Cairo that the United States Senate had recognized the independence of Egypt. I wrote at once to Senator Lodge, asking for information on this point. In due time the Senator replied that the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate had heard

some one who appeared in behalf of the Egyptians, but that no change in the Peace Treaty in regard to Egypt was even suggested in the committee, nor would any amendment be made to the treaty. This reply reached me in Jerusalem some weeks later and its purport was then published in the first number of *Jerusalem News*.

In the meantime another member of our party and myself wrote letters to the *Egyptian Gazette*, the newspaper most extensively read in the Near East, and I wrote to the *London Times* besides, setting forth the view of an American traveller revisiting Egypt after ten years and noting the great benefits conferred by British rule upon the country.

Was it not our Roosevelt who said to the British, when he arrived in Egypt after issuing from Central Africa on his memorable hunting trip in 1910†:

“You have given Egypt the best government it has had for at least 2000 years. Never in history has the poor man of that country been treated with as much justice and mercy, under a rule as free from corruption and brutality, as during the last twenty-eight years. You are in Egypt for several purposes, and one of the greatest is the benefit of the Egyptian people. You saved them from ruin; and if they are not governed from the outside they will sink back into a welter of chaos. Some nation must govern Egypt. I hope and

believe you will decide that it is your duty to continue to be that nation."

Our first call in Cairo had been upon our American Consul General for Egypt, Mr. Hampson Gary, whose family was just then in the United States, and who did us the honor of accepting an invitation to dine with us at the Hotel Continental, where we were staying until we could secure the necessary permits to enter Palestine.

Mr. Gary was a few minutes late to dinner, explaining that he had been delayed by the necessity of correcting the false statement that the American Senate had come out for Egyptian independence. He had been obliged to send an official communique to the newspapers, denying the report. At table the conversation turned naturally upon the need for correcting these constant, misleading rumors which were designed to alienate the Americans and the British from one another at the very time when there was a positive compulsion for them to work together for the peace of the world. As Mr. Gary put it, "The propagandist is going around whispering to the Americans, 'Do you know what the British are saying about you?' and to the British, 'Do you know what the Americans are saying about you?'"

It was enough to suggest that evil was being said, in order to create suspicion of bad faith, whereas, as a matter of fact, the Americans and the British were getting on most amicably in

Egypt; but it is to the interest of certain hidden influences to keep up this constant fretting and irritation in order to prevent, if possible, the whole English speaking race, acting together, from fulfilling its inevitable, righteous destiny.

Mr. Gary was able to do us many kindnesses during our stay in Palestine, not the least of which was to put us in touch with General Allenby. He appreciated the support we were able to render him in an unofficial way with reference to the stand for truth he took in his official capacity.

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE DESERT OF SINAI

THE permits for the train trip to Jerusalem were finally issued to us from the permit department in Cairo and the way was clear for the ascent unto the Holy City. The new railroad from Egypt across the desert of Sinai to Jerusalem was a military necessity. It was still under military control in the fall of 1919, being used principally for moving troops and their supplies. Civilians who obtained permission to use this road expected to submit to military exigencies. Therefore they could use this railroad only on certain days of the week and must have not only permits but also seats assigned to them by a special department in Cairo. Thence the trip to Jerusalem was marked by a succession of discomforts which no mere tourist on pleasure bent would have cared to brave and only those who had urgent business in Jerusalem were willing to face.

At Kantara West, on the Suez Canal, you left the train with all your belongings to cross the Canal to Kantara East. Before doing so, however, another permit must be obtained from a military officer who was sweltering in a shack

under the desert sun. You were then loaded into what we Americans call a truck and our British cousins call a lorry, bag and baggage, along with a motley collection of Syrians, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Armenians, etc. and transported amid much jolting across the Canal over a drawbridge constructed of pontoons. As it was the hour of the wind-up of the war, the motto seemed to be, let the worn out be worn out still, and let the rickety be rickety still.

Once across, the traveller found a vast camp strung over the blazing sands where the thermometer sometimes registers 120 degrees in the shade. Another halt, however, was made by the lorry in front of a capacious tent where an intelligence officer once more passed, in review, passports and permits and granted permission to buy railroad tickets to Jerusalem.

These formalities over, the time is seen to be 3:30 P. M., and the train does not leave until 11:30 P. M. Where, oh where, shall the long drawn hours be spent? There is a shelter not far off which has only a sand floor, but fortunately some chairs and tables. So thither the truck a "Peerless," by the way, transports the muddled, huddled civilians playing at going to Jerusalem. Refreshments of a kind are also procurable. The Egyptian custom house officials occupy the interval pretending to examine the baggage for export duties.

At length the desert day closes down with a

pleasant breeze from the Canal. There is a shrill whistle of the usual European tenor variety and the train which is to make the journey to Jerusalem as far as a station called Ludd, pulls up to the platform. Tickets are purchased with the aid of the permits, there is a confused dash for the train; everything seems to go wrong. The one car reserved for first class passengers is a very second class affair; it turns out to have no lights, the gas tank being "finished," as the Egyptian train despatcher explains. But this is all in the game of going to Jerusalem under war conditions. Someone finds a candle and, in the dusk, a primitive meal is eaten, made up of provisions brought from Cairo. After midnight the train is in motion. All is forgotten and forgiven because we are going to Jerusalem.

Day dawns as the train reaches Gaza, the fortified town which is the southern key of Palestine. Thence, up to Ludd, the train leaves the desert and reaches rolling land not unlike the range country of our own Far West.

At Ludd there is a change of trains. The game had grown too easy. The Pilgrims might have been lapsing into luxurious ease, therefore the struggle is renewed at this point for the final mounting into the heights of Judea. Once more, bag and baggage, the civilians are hustled across the tracks into another train. We plunge into a carriage reserved for the military. When we are settled in it, and breathing freely once more, the

R. T. O. (Railway Transportation Officer) informs us that the whole car is reserved for the military and we must move. Still there is a quality in the British character which repeats constantly, "Women and children first," so a glance at the American women of our party modifies the statement into an invitation to remain seated unless our places are absolutely required later on. As a matter of fact we were never after disturbed.

The train mounts in long windings to the rocky ridge, the backbone of Palestine, the mountain plateau of Judea where is perched the city which, fortified and consolidated by David, beautified by Solomon and destroyed or stormed by Romans, Saracens and Crusaders, has now seen its last capture.

The game of going to Jerusalem under war restrictions is worth the candle, even as a human achievement; but the real going to Jerusalem is an experience which all must have sooner or later. Every lover of God and man must some day rise above the ease of Egypt, pass through the desert of disappointed material desires, into the mountains of exalted thinking crowned by the new Jerusalem, the city foursquare, where dwell the called, the chosen and faithful. This city is fair and white in the pelucid atmosphere of divine intelligence, the balm of true love, the final rejoicing of innocence thrice refined through the human footsteps of humility, self-knowledge and compassion.

CHAPTER IV

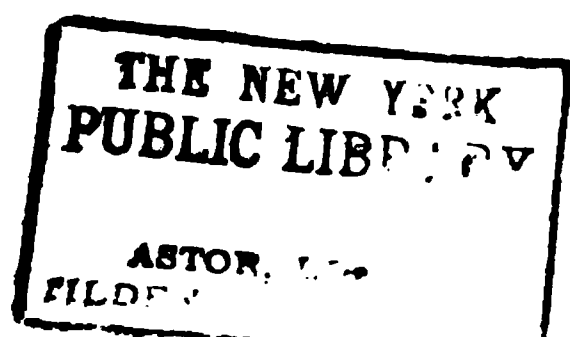
HOUSE HUNTING IN JERUSALEM

OUR original party of four arrived in Jerusalem on Sunday, September 7, 1919. We were met at the station by the proverbial man from Cook's and driven at once to the Grand New Hotel. I remember that, as we drove through the breach at the side of the Jaffa Gate, we were met by a detachment of British soldiers returning from Sunday service at Christ Church. As we later learned, these men were from the famous Yorkshire regiment, the officers of which we came to count among our good friends. There was something deeply impressive in the measured tread and the roll of drums of these liberators of the Holy City as they marched by. We saw in them a good omen, a sign of welcome unconsciously extended to their kin from across the sea at this meeting upon foreign soil.

It was observable that, although they had been to church, they were fully armed and thereby hangs a tale, for the habit of carrying arms to church subsequently played an important part in the Jerusalem riots which took place the following April. I was informed that regiments which had been in the Indian Mutiny were under orders to

THE CLOCK TOWER AT THE JAFFA GATE

**At the left is shown the breach in the wall made for the entry of
Ex-Emperor William of Germany in 1898**



keep their arms when going to church, because the Indian mutineers had taken advantage of the British soldiers being at church unarmed to commit the horrors of that desperate time.

The Grand New Hotel made us as comfortable as lay in its power. Some of us were even installed in the suite which had been set aside for the use of the Kaiser on his visit to Jerusalem in 1898. There were miniature crowns over the beds; but the Kaiser did not stay at the Grand New Hotel at all, preferring to use one of the numerous German houses for his residence during his stay in the Holy City. The hotel had been a Turkish hospital during the war, and this had left a trail of vermin which remained more or less in spite of all efforts to clean the place. The very fact that the ceilings and the floors were of wood, a luxury unheard of in Palestine, only aggravated the situation. It is only fair to say, however, that, at the time of our visit to Jerusalem, practically every house in the city was similarly infested,—as one English lady remarked *sotto voce*, “Even the house of the bishop has them.”

The Greek proprietors of the hotel had been exiled by the Turks during the war and had escaped from Damascus under the most terrible circumstances, reaching the British lines in a state of exhaustion. This experience seemed to lie upon them as a heavy burden, preventing enterprise and suggesting discouragement. Their electric dynamo had disappeared during their

exile, and could not be found, in spite of every effort on the part of the British officials who took the matter in hand at the request of the proprietor, backed up by our party. There being no general electric system in Jerusalem, the hotel had to depend for its illumination upon uncertain and smoky oil lamps, with the addition of an acetyline flare in the main parlor. The ladies of our party made numerous suggestions about the food and the arrangements in the dining room; but the cuisine remained quite native, *à la* Jerusalem, the prices of food stuffs being very high as a result of the war and the opportunity for a variety small indeed.

In the meantime, nearly everybody who came to Jerusalem stopped at the Grand New Hotel, until the opening of Hotel Allenby the next Spring, which offered somewhat better quarters at higher prices. It was the fashion in Jerusalem to be critical of the Grand New Hotel and to say that it was neither grand nor new, but our party were grateful to it for the food and lodging it afforded during those first strange months in Jerusalem. We recognized that the hotel was at the nerve centre of the city.

There it was that we met a group of Standard oil men and their wives, who were waiting, not too patiently, for permission to continue boring operations for oil, south of the Dead Sea. The Standard Oil Company had acquired a franchise from the Turkish government before the war, and

had already expended considerable sums in preliminary work when the war put a stop to further enterprise. The British Military Administration was in no position to issue franchises, its powers being limited to the administration of the laws it found in the land. Many exasperating situations were created by this fact, the British being obliged to enforce antiquated and inconvenient regulations utterly unsuited to modern conditions. Until the world powers could agree upon the terms of the British Mandate, Palestine remained under Turkish law, which was the law of the land.

To the Grand New Hotel also came Professor A. T. Clay of Yale with his wife and daughter and Dr. J. P. Peters of New York, since deceased, both of whom gave interesting talks during their stay in Jerusalem. These two noted archeologists made a trip to Bagdad and back while our party was in Palestine, in spite of the disturbed conditions in Mesopotamia.

To the hotel came also a Suneasi Sheik with a large retinue accompanied by Italian officers. British generals and their staffs were constantly arriving from the north, when the British, in accordance with a previous engagement, surrendered Cilicia and the Aleppo district to the French.

The Grand New Hotel had its decided advantages and its disadvantages; nevertheless our party, having entered into the educational and relief work mapped out for us by the authorities,

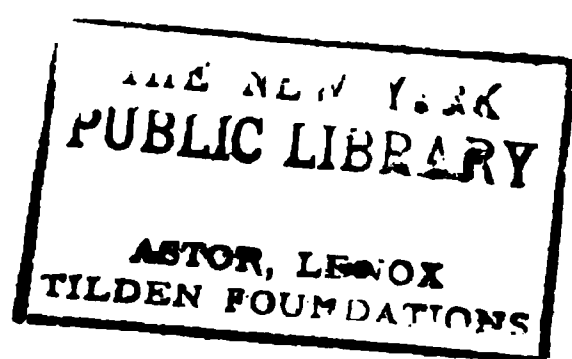
were now desirous of moving into a house which we could use as a centre of our various activities. We went house hunting. It amused us later to remember with what simple faith we entered upon this seemingly hopeless quest. Our first call was upon the American Consul, Dr. Otis A. Glazebrook, to whom I had letters of introduction. Unfortunately he and his wife were away on a trip to Damascus and, as we afterward found out, he was quite seriously ill at the time. In his absence the long-time dragoman of the American Consulate, Mr. A. Thomas Gelat, called upon us and took us under his wing in the most fatherly way. With him we visited several of the noted sights of Jerusalem, including the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Temple Area. He knew his Jerusalem as few men do and was greeted everywhere as an old friend, many welcoming him home after his exile in Asia Minor under the Turks.

Mr. Gelat tried to put us in the way of getting a house, but it was not till more than two months had elapsed after our arrival in Jerusalem that we definitely moved out of the Grand New Hotel; nor did we even then move into a house of our own, but into something yet more delightful.

This leads me to speak of Col. E. L. Popham and Mrs. Popham who early in our stay became our friends and never ceased to extend to us the kindest hospitality in the ex-German consulate which was their residence in Jerusalem.

But, before speaking of this friendship, just a

INTERIOR OF A PALESTINE HOME



word about General and Lady Watson. We had not been in Jerusalem many days when we called upon Sir Henry Watson, the Chief Administrator of Palestine, to explain the nature of our mission, and the next day came an invitation to take tea at Military Headquarters in the German Hospice on the Mount of Olives. We sat out in the open behind the hospice overlooking the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, in the rarified air of that altitude, discussing the scene and its meaning, while some of the younger officers were playing tennis close by. Lady Watson was a woman of executive power clothed in great kindliness. She and her daughters gave a pleasant tone to the social festivities in Jerusalem as long as the Watsons stayed and were much missed when they left. One of the daughters later married the General's A. D. C., Major Badcock, and remained in Jerusalem after the rest went to India.

It was on our return from our official call upon General Watson that we met Col. and Mrs. Popham. Col. Popham was the Assistant Administrator of Palestine and, during Col. Storrs' temporary absence in England, was also Acting Governor of Jerusalem. We finally found his house after much questioning, the house in which we were later to spend such happy and busy hours. Mrs. Popham came to the door at the call of old Mohammed, the Egyptian butler, and we stated to her that we were looking for a house. She regretted that Col. Popham was not in, but we would

find him at his office in the Governorate. Then she added, "But do you realize that it is almost impossible to get a house in Jerusalem?" She called a policeman who was on duty at the house and sent us off down the street to the Governorate under escort. Imagine us, therefore, marching along the dusty highway proceeded by an armed policeman; we felt as though this was the nearest thing to being actually arrested for committing crime which had ever come our way and were correspondently elated at our experience.

Arrived at the Governorate, we were ushered into the presence of Col. Popham, who proved to be a most charming man, expressive of the best traditions of the British army, and who listened most politely to our tale of what we hoped to do in Jerusalem in the way of educational and relief work. This introduction led in course of time to the placing of our delegation upon the Joint Committee for Relief, but it also led to dinner parties and teas at the Pophams, and culminated in an invitation to occupy their house while they took a trip north, into Galilee, on a much needed vacation. Col. Popham had managed to secure a new Ford car from a consignment recently arrived from the United States via Egypt, and was eager to try it on the roads of the north. They placed their house at our disposal during their absence, with its six servants and its two saddle horses and groom.

Those were golden days in the ex-German con-

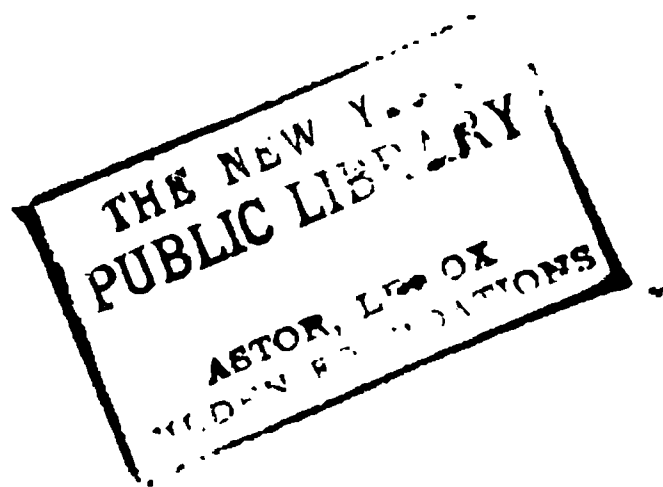
sulate! There it was that we entertained at dinner General and Lady Bols who succeeded the Watsons on the Mount of Olives; there it was also that we gave a real American Thanksgiving dinner and party to the British officers of the mess at the Governorate, the first of the kind any of them had ever known, at which all the American indoor games we could think of, and which could be prepared for in Jerusalem, were introduced to our British cousins, including the game of pinning the tail on the donkey. Palestine had been scoured for two turkeys, which were finally brought from Beersheba, and were carved at table in the approved style.

There it was that the Grand Mufti, his eldest son, Tahir, and his cousin, the Mayor of Jerusalem, dined with us, as did also our American consul and Mrs. Glazebrook and Col. Edwards, the Colonel of the Yorkshire regiment.

Upon his return from England, Governor Storrs and his sister came to see us at the ex-German consulate, the first of many mutual calls and good times. General Bols, told us that he had slept in this very house the night of the taking of Jerusalem. It was in this house also that *Jerusalem News* was planned and arrangements made for the first issue on the anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem by the British forces.

Col. and Mrs. Popham were gone about a month on their vacation and returned with some exquisite water color sketches of the hills and the lake

Jerusalem and Mizpah From the Mount of Olives.
From a Painting by John Fulleylove, R. I.



previously, was one of the best constructed houses in Jerusalem. It had been built for himself by a German connected with the work of the Syrian Orphanage. It had an admirable cistern and, wonder of wonders, a bathroom! On one corner a tower rose proudly into the Palestinian blue, while around two sides ran a balcony from which a superb view could be had. At the back the outlook roamed over Mizpah and Ramallah. To be sure the house was bare of furniture, but it was scrupulously clean and it had good German porcelain stoves. It could be made into a real home for our party and we moved in with full hearts, adding one stick of furniture after the other, as it could be procured in a city which had been virtually stripped of household effects during the war. A room in the basement contained personal effects and furniture belonging to the German family which had been banished by the war; the fact that the door was sealed by the Spanish consul who had charge of the German interests added an air of mystery to this room.

In front of the house stood some cypresses and cedars and olive and eucalyptus trees; further down the hill there was a vineyard. We were told that the ancient name of this hill was Abraham's Vineyard. I never ascertained with what reason it was so called, but a number of rock tombs in the garden certainly indicated great age; they could be reached by stone steps. Under the military administration no excavations were per-

mitted, so that we never thoroughly explored these antique sites.

At the back of the house, in the foreground of a truly magnificent outlook over the hills of Judea, we had a dismal reminder of the war, a graveyard of German motor trucks captured by the British and now going to pieces under the action of sun and storm; powerful and costly machines which apparently nobody wanted, or at least nobody dared dispose of.

The whole of the grounds of the Syrian Orphanage was enclosed by a high stone wall; the gates were locked every night, while jackals would sometimes be heard howling as they skulked over the hills on the outskirts of the city.

Close to the grounds of the Syrian Orphanage was the Howard Home for truant boys, in whose gardens seedlings were raised of almonds, apricots, olives and fig trees, of date palms, cypresses, cedars, eucalypti and various flowering plants.

We were permitted to remain in this delectable house on the hill to the end of our mission in Palestine, through the ensuing severe winter, amid fierce wind blasts, rainstorms and snow storms, until the spring flowers bloomed upon the surrounding rolling lands, the vivid red anemone, the pale magenta cyclamen, the white narcissus, pink-edged daisies, maiden-hair ferns and a multitude of others, so numerous that a separate book would have to be written to do justice to them. We stayed until the harvest of May and June was

garnered. Then, our work done, we left this height and headed for home. Thus ended our house hunting in Jerusalem; but it was succeeded by a period of housekeeping which is worthy of special mention elsewhere.

CHAPTER V

HOUSEKEEPING IN JERUSALEM

THE household in the little house on the hill, in the grounds of the Syrian Orphanage, consisted of ten persons, six members of our party and four servants. To this number must be added an occasional eleventh, who usually lived at home; Anton, the messenger who went to the Mount of Olives and to the Governorate for *Jerusalem News*, and waited at table when we had dinner parties. He was a most reliable man, spoke a little English, had made a trip to the United States and was always longing to get back there. He found a position in the Jerusalem postoffice before we left.

To complete a full dozen in the house I must mention another addition to our number, which soon took a very important position in the household, though beginning at the very bottom of the ladder as the most insignificant of all. One day the child of one of the Popham servants brought into the main room a puppy for sale. It was the most frightened and yappy little thing imaginable, in appearance a cross between a Scotch terrier and a poodle. We later discovered that it was a Maltese terrier.

It promptly ran under the lounge and from there surveyed the details of the sale with terrified eyes. Not having the least idea what a dog of this kind could be worth in Jerusalem, Abdul, the Egyptian cook, was called in and consulted. As is well known, the Moslems have no respect for a dog, indeed their epithet of lowest opprobrium is "*kelb*" (dog). Abdul kept his distance from the puppy and then gave us to understand in Arabic that he would not give a *millieme* for it, this being the smallest coin in the Egyptian money current in Palestine. This was translated to us by Martha, the little girl who waited on table, and I promptly declared that we would name the puppy Millieme, and Millieme he remained to the end. A fair price was paid to the child, who went off with a final caress for the puppy.

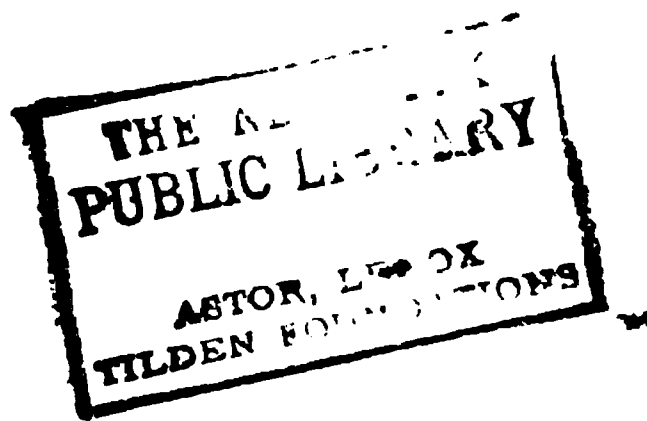
Under judicious training Millieme grew into quite a trick dog. He could walk across the room on his hind legs and would sit up sedately while we counted ten in Arabic. He was the most engaging little fellow. I can hear him now dashing to and fro on the balcony, barking joyously at the pretty parti-colored birds of Palestine. He would accompany me every morning to the press room of the Syrian Orphanage, where he was a favorite with the boy apprentices employed there in learning the trade. Even at the worst of the famous blizzard which overtook Jerusalem in February of 1920, Millieme followed me through

the snow. I can see him now struggling over the drifts, disappearing at times under the snow until I had to take him up in my arms. One of the ladies tied to his neck a little silver bell which she had bought in Chamouny, on her way through France, and thereafter his little tinkle resounded cheerfully through the house. Another member of the delegation had a small collar made and affixed a one *millieme* coin to it, so that the puppy was now duly and properly inscribed.

Abdul, whom I have already mentioned, belonged to that swarthy tribe far up the Nile which seems to supply all the cooks of Egypt and many of those in the Near East. He was a fellow tribesman of Mohammed, the Popham butler, and was recommended by him. Abdul knew his business as far as the limited and expensive market of Jerusalem gave him scope for his talents, and he maintained a strict watch upon expenses, often refusing to buy while prices were unreasonable in his judgment. He was as neat and orderly as a Dutch house wife, never demanded evenings out and had no relatives calling in the kitchen. He smoked constantly but was never seen to eat.

Abdul slept in a garret room and near him a most curious member of our household, little Suleiman (Solomon), a negro boy whom one of our ladies had found at the Jaffa Gate, living in rags and ekeing out a precarious existence carrying occasional bundles and bags for the soldiers. Solomon was one of a group of street urchins, real

SOLOMON



street Arabs, who hung about the Jaffa Gate and slept there on the hard stones wrapped up in gunny sacks or burlap coverings. This lady had his long, kinky hair shaved, then his whole body bathed in kerosene and placed upon him some of the American clothes which were now reaching us from home for distribution among the destitute. Thereafter he remained among us to clean the shoes, to help Abdul, run errands and play the phonograph when we had guests at afternoon tea, as we generally had. All that we could ever find out about Solomon was that the Germans had brought him up from Beersheba when they retreated with the Turks from that point as the British advanced; that his parents were dead, and that his uncle refused to look after him. He may have been the child of some negro slave in a Bedouin household.

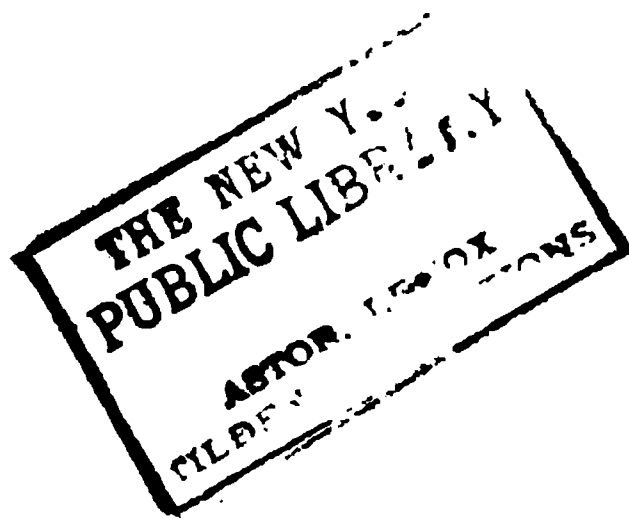
Solomon once tried to run away, for the nomad streak was strong upon him, but we managed to get him back with the aid of the police. In leaving Jerusalem we made arrangements to have him enter the service of the manager of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, but it appears that he ran away and the last that was heard of him was that he was living a sort of a Robinson Crusoe life in a cave, surrounded by a band of like minded young ruffians, enjoying their sense of liberty. We had a very soft spot in our hearts for Solomon; he said he wanted to go to America with us, but it was hard to imagine into what place this stray

little nomad would have fitted at home, and so he was better off in Palestine. Among his virtues was the fact that he sufficiently overcame his Moslem prejudices, if he had any, to be very fond of Millieme.

The third member of our servant corps was a Russian woman whose name none of us were ever able to decipher. She was one of that large number of Russian pilgrims who were caught in Palestine by the war and were a considerable charge upon the charity of the city until work could be found for them. Her name sounded a little like Rachael to us and this name we generally used, but we sometimes varied it with Katrinka, as that was the name which most frequently appears in Russian novels. She had a mania for scrubbing. All that was necessary was to wave your hand over the floor and Katrinka was down on her knees at once, scrubbing as though her life depended upon it. She gloried in work and was almost abjectly grateful for the least gift. Indeed she had the habit, most disconcerting to Americans, of kissing your hand and occasionally even of prostrating herself upon the floor and kissing your feet, when you did her a favor. As far as I can remember the only request she made for special consideration was permission to stay away occasionally so that she might pray all night in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The fourth servant was a girl of about fourteen, Martha, the little maid who lived with her

**DESTITUTE SYRIAN GIRL, BEFORE ADMISSION TO THE
ORPHANAGE**



parents in one of the houses belonging to the Syrian Orphanage and came daily to wait on table. Solomon would hand in the dishes through a convenient window giving out on the kitchen balcony, and Martha would call out *khalass* (finished) when we were through with a particular course.

On the whole they were a fairly contented company in the kitchen, though I suspect that Abdul kept them on as short rations as they would stand. He seemed to feel that there was always the danger that Rachael might get too much sugar or might be tempted to take a little food to her Russian friends, who were leading rather a hard life in the city; Solomon also had to be watched because he had boon companions to whom he liked to take matches for lighting cigarettes. Martha, as we have heard, has since been betrothed with much ceremony according to the custom of the Greeks, so that she is now really grown up in the eyes of the Near East.

The fruits and vegetables of the Jerusalem market were a boon to our housekeeping. Abdul went to market every day with a basket and made his purchases with discretion, according to the season. In the fall there had been the luscious grapes of Palestine, the figs and the dates. In the winter came the Jaffa oranges, then in the spring the extraordinarily good apricots of the land, the *mish-mish*, which appeared for sale on the street in great baskets, casting salmon-yellow notes of color among the blue of the peasant cos-

tumes. There were excellent tomatoes a good part of the year, the best coming from Jericho in February, and further supplies arriving from other quarters as the year grew older. Abdul used to get fine cauliflowers for the table at 15 cents a head, then a kind of sweet cucumber, also vegetable marrow, oyster plant, besides potatoes and plenty of lettuce.

The meat was not of the best, though Abdul did wonders with it; chickens were lean and bony and lamb sometimes tasted like goat; fish was almost prohibitive in price; we had some from Jaffa when we could get it, but it cost from seventy-five to ninety cents a pound, so that it was cheaper to buy canned Yarmouth bloaters from Lipton's on the Jaffa Road.

There came a day during the height of the blizzard when it was a question whether we could get anything at all to eat, so, leaving Abdul at home on that occasion, another member of our household and myself, armed with baskets, struggled over to the small Jewish shops on the Upper Jaffa Road to see what we could buy. The country road was filled with huge drifts from wall to wall, so that we had to climb to the top of the wall to make our way at all. Here the fierce gale caught us with full force and my companion took a header into the deep snow below. Foot by foot we fought our way to the meat stalls, bringing back among other purchases a muscular leg of mutton which later defied all efforts of the cook to

soften it into the semblance of a proper roast. **Some** eggs at exorbitant rates, a few vegetables and a bag of chestnuts rewarded us for our foray into enemy territory. Next day the clouds lifted, the wind ceased, Jerusalem began to dig itself out of the snow, and Abdul once more assumed full charge of the marketing, which he did to the end of our stay.

CHAPTER VI

Jerusalem News

(THE FIRST DAILY IN JERUSALEM PRINTED IN THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE)

Jerusalem News sprang from necessity. There was urgent need for a newspaper which could maintain a policy of impartiality among the conflicting races and religions of the Holy City. *Jerusalem News* was born under great difficulties, and kept going only by the most strenuous efforts, but it had a mission to fulfill and it did not stop publication until its work was done. It was evident that the British Military Administration, to hold an even balance over the contending factions and to mete out justice, was not generally understood, and certainly not greatly appreciated, either by the Moslems, the Jews or the native Christians; only a few seemed to have any gratitude for the services rendered. It is difficult for the Oriental mind to accept the practice of equal rights in governmental affairs, since it has never known equal rights to be applied by any government of its own experience. All sides were suspicious of the administration and inclined to look behind its simplest acts for subtle, sinister motives.

Jerusalem News adopted as its motto Abraham Lincoln's all-sufficient summing up of genuine impartiality, "With charity to all, malice toward none," and printed this on every issue. When, in the second number of the paper, I published an editorial entitled, "Impartiality," a strong partisan in the city hurried to a friend of mine and wished to know what I could mean by impartiality. What kind of a new Propaganda was that? His feelings were outraged that any one should attempt to talk of not favoring any particular party in the Holy City, of being unprejudiced. This was probably some deep and sly scheme directed against some one or something which did not appear on the surface! Indeed, with the very first issue, the question was generally asked in Jerusalem, Against whom is this thing? To the end of its life *Jerusalem News* was never quite able to persuade the native public that it was not against anybody, but in favor of all high ideas.

At the request of the founder of the paper, Mrs. Elizabeth L. McQueen, I wrote a letter to Governor Storrs on November 11, 1919, being Armistice Day, outlining the proposal for the first daily newspaper in the English language ever published in Jerusalem. It was suggested that the first issue should appear on December 9, 1919, the anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem by the British forces. I added, "It will be an American paper, upholding the ideals and best

traditions of the English speaking race. It is proposed to issue it at the price of one piastre (1 P. T.) a copy." One piastre is equivalent to about 5 cents. That same afternoon General Watson, Chief Administrator of Palestine, and Governor Storrs, being present at the Armistice Fête organized by Lady Watson and Mrs. E. L. Popham, both signed the necessary permit for the paper.

General Watson remarked, as he signed the paper on his knee with an American fountain pen which I handed him for the purpose, "The time is too short between now and December 9 to bring out the paper, but if it's done, it will be a miracle." As he walked away he turned and said with a smile, "But if anybody can do it, you can do it."

In the meantime I had made arrangements to have the paper printed at the Syrian Orphanage and to have a bookseller on the Jaffa Road attend to the distribution. The master printer at the Syrian Orphanage was a man from the Lebanon, himself a graduate of the institution, by name Chalil A. Haddad, who supported me in the most faithful manner through all the vicissitudes of this journalistic enterprise. He spoke no English, only Arabic and German; and so it happened that because I had learned German at school, I was able to bring out in Jerusalem the first daily ever printed there in the English language.

Haddad had a family of seven children. He

told me that it was an invariable custom for him to douse them every morning with cold water, while they stood stripped on the kitchen floor, and then to give each one a small cup of olive oil to drink. This was his method of hardening them and certainly they looked a sturdy lot of youngsters.

He got together for me four typesetters, one of whom had picked up a little English while working for the government. But this slight knowledge was not sufficient to make him know how to split up words at the ends of lines and our staff always had a struggle to get even a reasonable division. We generally required three proofs of the paper and sometimes four, before it could be allowed to go to press, and I question if any issue was ever entirely free from typographical errors. Our friends sometimes horrified us by finding the most ludicrous ones, as when one day *Jerusalem News* was made to refer to a tree called “*seucalyptu*,” the typesetter, in rearranging his type after the last proof, having borrowed the “s” from the end of “*eucalyptus*” and placed it at the head.

The typesetters arrived every morning at 7:30 and by that time I was obliged, if possible to have all copy for the paper in the hands of Haddad ready for the day. The typesetters could not set up from long hand, so everything had to be supplied in typewriting, except the Reuter telegrams, which reached me by mail and in print. During

the winter months of 1920 there was an unprecedented amount of snow in Jerusalem. The typesetters had great difficulty in breaking their way through from the old city within the walls, where they lived, up to the storm swept height upon which the Syrian Orphanage is situated; periodically they threatened to stay away if it snowed again.

The press was run by a gasoline engine which had a trick of getting out of gas or out of order just as *Jerusalem News* was finally ready to be printed in the late afternoon. The press room would grow dark early on winter days. All that could be procured were two feeble oil lamps to illumine the last proof and the running off of the edition. It was a picture I shall not soon forget to see members of the staff of *Jerusalem News* peering through the semi-darkness over the final corrections of the proof sheets, or standing on the running board of the press, holding lamps for Haddad or his son as the issue was being run off.

After all, *Jerusalem News* was a little thing, a veritable baby among newspapers, even though, when it reached America, the *New York Evening Sun* photographed it as a novelty, the *Literary Digest* reviewed it most favorably, and many periodicals throughout the world commented upon it. It consisted of only a single sheet, printed on both sides, but it contained a weather report, local notes, Reuter Telegrams, Editorials, a column called Flashes of Light and a funny column enti-

tled Buzz-Buzz, besides advertisements, and it appeared every day except Sundays and holidays. Our friends used to hold up their hands in wonder. "Every day," they would repeat in amazement. One could imagine printing a paper in English in Jerusalem once in awhile, but every day!

Of course there was a military censorship which grew more severe after the riots of Easter time, 1920. It was often difficult to determine what news could be safely printed. The tone of the paper was steadily maintained at the point of impartiality, as set forth by its motto. This attitude was honestly carried out against great odds, in spite of constant efforts to force the management to direct the paper against the Jews or against the Arabs.

As the British were in Palestine to exercise impartial justice, I had numerous interviews with high officials relative to the advisability of printing various items of news. It is a pleasure to be able to record that confidences were never betrayed by us, even unwittingly, and that General Allenby, in Cairo, and General Bols, in Jerusalem, were both moved to thank the editor for the impartial help rendered during those trying times at the close of the military administration of Palestine.

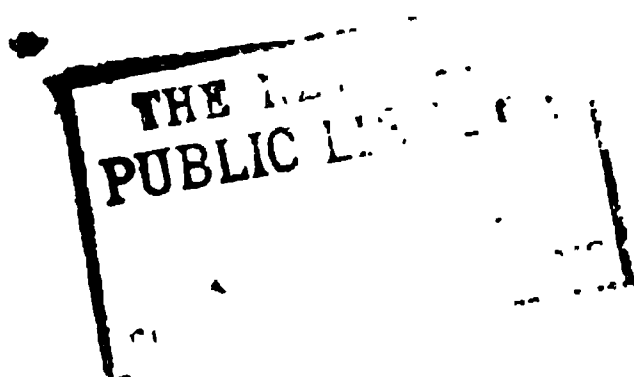
News was gathered by sending a member of the staff to Military Headquarters, on the Mount of Olives, and to the Governorate, in the city itself. Sometimes I would go myself, but we finally tried a native messenger and he labored day after day

up to the Mount of Olives on foot until we conceived the idea of getting a donkey for him. The after-the-war-donkeys of Jerusalem were rather pitiable objects, a sad remnant, under-fed and without ambition. On his return from his first trip up the Mount of Olives with the donkey, the messenger brought the poor beast to the door and displayed it with a sad wave of the hand. "Donkey go up again to Mount of Olives, he die," was his simple comment. After that experiment we abandoned the donkey plan. This same messenger, returning from the Post Office with our mail on the worst day of the blizzard, burst into the house declaring, "I dead I am, I dead." It was difficult to reassure him that he was not really dead, but only exhausted after his hard fight against the elements. The peculiar effect of the snow upon the unprotected natives was due to its rarity.

The first issue of *Jerusalem News* appeared as had been planned, on Deliverance Day, the anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem.

The first words in the first column were from Field Marshal Allenby. Then came a letter from our American Consul, Dr. Glazebrook. I give these two letters here, as they appeared in *Jerusalem News* in that first issue.

MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JERUSALEM



18th Nov. /19

THE RESIDENCY.

CAIRO

HIGH COMMISSIONER
FOR EGYPT

DEAR MR. MCCrackAN: On the occasion of the first issue of the *Jerusalem News*, I offer you my sincere congratulations and my hearty wishes for the success of your enterprise. I note that the date of its first appearance is the anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem, a day of happy augury.

Yours sincerely,

ALLENBY
F. M.

A WORD FROM THE AMERICAN CONSUL IN JERUSALEM
DR. OTIS A. GLAZEBROOK.

"The *Jerusalem News* is the first daily newspaper ever published in Jerusalem exclusively in the English tongue. 'The Occupation' has brought this tongue into a prominence which it never had before. This is evident from the fact that parents have been so insistent upon their children learning the English language that in many schools the study of English has been added to the curriculum. It would appear, therefore, that there is an exceptional opportunity for an English paper in this community.

"This opportunity carries with it, necessarily, the gravest responsibilities and a distinctively English speaking publication should be characterized by the broadest spirit of charity, the truest conception of justice, the severest condemnation of illiberality and un-

qualified committal to the advocacy and maintenance of those principles upon which alone the noblest ideals of true civilization can be realized. Such a publication deserves success and will doubtless meet a sympathetic response in the hearts and minds of all men consecrated to furtherance of those ideals which make for the best in human development.

“A keen and observant writer began a charming brochure on Palestine in these words: ‘There is probably no country about which most of us have read so much and of which we know so little as the Holy Land.’ This statement is absolutely true. Therefore any additional lamp which can increase the illumination of the hidden wonders of the Holy City is a distinctive gain. We welcome *Jerusalem News* as another means to such an end and bespeak for it kindest reception at the hands of the people of this community independent of race and creed.”

By degrees *Jerusalem News* acquired regular correspondents in Cairo, Beirut and Luxor. It gained quite a list of subscribers in the United States and other countries, beside the local list. When it stopped publication with the incoming of the Civil Administration of Palestine, it had recorded as fairly and justly as it had known how a certain historical period which will never return again, namely, the period of preparation leading up to the great experiment which is being conducted now under the mandate, the first years of Palestine's freedom. It had established the fact that a daily newspaper in the English language could be brought out in Jerusalem to

voice the ideals of the English speaking people. It could make its farewell bow, wishing all men in the Holy City, irrespective of race or religion, health, happiness and prosperity.

Haddad, the printer, was greatly disappointed when I told him of the stopping of the publication of *Jerusalem News*. He came over to the detached house where the staff of the paper was housed to say farewell. We sat in the fading light of a superb June day on the balcony which overlooked a part of the city, the winding road to Jaffa, the settlement of the Bokhara Jews and the impalpable Moab Mountains, growing more and more translucent as the day waned. The stars of the East were all ablaze in a liquid sky. Haddad is a genuinely religious man. We talked of what it had meant to bring out a newspaper in the Holy City which had expressed some of the good will toward men which is the sign and symbol of Christianity. We promised then to write to each other, and we have done so since my return home.

CHAPTER VII

RELIEF WORK IN JERUSALEM

EVERY well-wisher of Jerusalem,—and who is not a well-wisher of the Holy City?—must realize that Jerusalem is not self-supporting and cannot expect to be, unless some hitherto untapped natural resource should unexpectedly disclose itself. Jerusalem is as distinctly a residential city as is Washington in the United States. Its only assets spring from its religious history and its religious attractions; it lives on the devotion of the world to its Christian, Hebrew, and Moslem holy places. It is distinctly a place of pilgrimage and for many centuries its only local industry has been the manufacture of souvenirs, besides a little weaving and some pottery. Its trade barely suffices for its local needs and it is not situated on any route of commerce. The climate of Jerusalem, however, is delightful, so that under stable conditions there is no reason why the city and surroundings should not become a favorite climatic station.

Jerusalem lies on a limestone range which was created in the geologic past by an upheaval of the crust of the earth. An arch was formed which dips by stages westward to the Mediterra-

nean Sea and abruptly eastward to the terrific cleft in the earth's surface, known as the Jordan Valley and the bed of the Dead Sea. The principal crop on the top of the range is a bountiful one of rocks of all sizes. By dint of great labor, carried on over many centuries and in some places assisted somewhat by the wash from copious rains, some of this rocky surface has been heaped up into piles, and some of it has been used for building material or for the retaining walls of terraces, leaving small stretches of hard-won soil for cultivation, where olive trees and vegetable patches thrive under the glorious sunshine when the rainfall is sufficient. No method of irrigating the top of the range has ever been devised, apart from the very crude one of gathering the rain water in cisterns, but as this barely suffices for drinking water, little water is left for distribution over the land.

To sum up the economic situation of Jerusalem, one may say that the site might support a village, or possibly a small town of not more than ten-thousand inhabitants, living off the production of the high plateau; but Jerusalem before the war had about seventy thousand inhabitants and though this number was much reduced during the war, the above figure may be said to be fairly accurate for the present time also. It was always difficult to establish a correct census for Jerusalem. Not only has the city been in the habit of harboring many passing pilgrims but under the

Turkish régime there were always people in hiding who seemed to disappear into the dark passages and loop-holes of the old city without apparently leaving any traces behind them. It was assumed that as soon as the British administration passed from the military to the civil stage one of its first efforts would be to obtain a reliable census of the inhabitants.

The war cut off Jerusalem's principal sources of revenue, the pilgrims and the tourists, and they had not yet begun to return on account of unsettled conditions both in Palestine itself and in the world at large. It must not be forgotten that Palestine was still technically occupied enemy territory; special permits were required for all travel, even down into nearby Egypt. This state of affairs could not be expected to change until the League of Nations determined the political status of Palestine and then only by degrees as the native population settled down into acquiescence to the arrangements arrived at. Probably no pilgrims or tourists could be expected in Palestine that winter, but it was during that coming winter that the need of relief in Jerusalem promised to be acute. The position of the poor and destitute called for prompt help from all lovers of Jerusalem, wherever they might be.

When the war broke out the value of foodstuffs rose at once, and in some cases as much as four hundred or even two thousand per cent during

the course of the war, and prices had not yet returned to normal figures at the time of my visit. They had halted about midway between the pre-war figures and the highest figures reached during the war. I was fortunate in securing the following facts and figures from official sources to place before the general public as illustrating the special needs of relief in Jerusalem at the time.

Since the British occupation in the winter of 1917 the income for the poor of Jerusalem during the period from Christmas, 1917, to the 1st of June, 1919, was derived from two sources, i. e., from Relief Societies and from the British Army. The largest organizations for relief work in Jerusalem were the Syrian and Palestinian Relief Commission, a British body, which carried on relief work in the shape of gifts, orphanages and classes; and the American Red Cross Commission, whose activities consisted of work shops, laundries, clerical work, hospitals, relief of the aged and decrepit and various other enterprises. Assistance was also rendered by the Zionist Commission and Medical unit.

The main sources of revenue from the army were wages earned for labor on roads and railways, and incomes derived from shops and bazaars, or earned by guides, donkey boys, owners of carriages and porters. As the fighting troops moved north, the necessity for labor of a military character diminished. This loss was not felt to

any great extent at first, as the activities of relief commissions and the amount of money spent by individuals in Jerusalem increased. The first great loss was the withdrawal of the Syrian and Palestinian Committee, then the gradual removal of troops to other areas, and lastly the complete withdrawal of the American Red Cross, which had been carrying on the relief work of the Syrian and Palestinian Relief Committee, as well as increasing its own activities, up to the middle of May of 1919.

By the first of June of 1919 all relief organizations had withdrawn their activities from Jerusalem with the exception of the American Near East Commission, which supported the large Syrian orphanage on whose grounds we lived, and the Zionist organization. Under the circumstances the arrival of our relief party was timely and welcome.

The Moslem community, numbering in all about ten thousand persons, received a sum of money from the Administration for the relief of their poor, a sum similar to the one formally granted by the Turkish Government and based on pre-war prices of foodstuffs. This money was spent in soup kitchens for the Moslem poor. The Moslems received a loan of three hundred Egyptian pounds, approximately fifteen hundred dollars per month from the Administration, which was distributed in gifts of ten piastres, fifty cents, per month to some three thousand poor. Some

HOME OF AUTHOR, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE SYRIAN ORPHANAGE

THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

of these Moslems lived in homes free of rent.

The Latin Community, including Arab-Syrian, Armenian and Abyssinian Catholics, numbering in all three thousand two hundred and seven, received funds from France, Spain, America and other parts of the world. The relief given by this Committee was as follows:—for soup kitchens seven times a week, one loaf of bread a week and free houses. The state of this community resembled much more pre-war conditions than that of any other.

The Greek Orthodox Community, numbering five thousand three hundred and eighty seven persons, gave free houses to a few. Practically all funds of this community came from Russians in pre-war days; a certain amount from Greece. The Greeks gave L. E. 160 (about \$800) worth of grain per month to their poor, amounting to some one thousand persons. This sum was made up as follows: L. E. 60 (about \$300) supplied by the institutions and revenue of the land, L. E. 100 (about \$500) loaned by the Administration.

The Syrian Orthodox and the Abyssinian Orthodox Communities might be taken together, and they represented respectively one hundred and sixty-five Syrians and sixty-nine Abyssinians, a total of two hundred and thirty-four persons. These communities were once rich, but lost greatly during the war. All hope of funds coming from Syria and Mesopotamia was practically extinct,

owing to the sufferings and hardships of the people of those countries during the war. The Abyssinians ceased to distribute any relief at all. The Syrians received a gift of L. E. 5, (about \$25) per month from the Military Government, which was given in relief at the rate of P. T. ten, (about fifty cents) per person per month to some fifty of the poorest Syrians.

The Coptic Community, numbering one hundred and forty, was receiving funds from Egypt, and was able to carry on its relief work. The Copts were industrious and appeared to have a considerable amount of helpful comradeship amongst themselves.

The Armenian Community, numbering nine hundred and twenty-eight, carried out its own relief work amongst the few poor Armenians in Jerusalem. All Armenians appeared to have found something to do, and were able, more or less, to look out for themselves.

The Russian Community, numbering roughly six hundred, which was distinct from the Greek Orthodox Community, had certain property and lands in and around Jerusalem. These people, who were almost all women, had free houses, but no money or food, except that supplied them by the Administration, which amounted to a total of L. E. 274 (\$1370) per month.

Summarized, the situation as it existed when our war relief party arrived in Jerusalem was as follows:—

- (a) Communities which did not need assistance, Latins, Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians.
- (b) Communities which received assistance from the Administration, Moslems, Greek Orthodox, Syrian Orthodox, Russian Destitutes.

The relief given by the committees amounted to from P. T. 10, (about fifty cents) to P. T. 25, (about \$1.25) per month per person. No one could live on this alone in Jerusalem. Some of these people had been living on the proceeds obtained from selling their household goods.

The question of the Jews in Jerusalem could not be considered in conjunction with any of the above communities. Their case differed in many respects from all the cases dealt with above. The Jews who came to Jerusalem all had money in their pockets, either of their own, or derived from others who were supporting them. The Orthodox Jews were the traders and small merchants of the place. Throughout the last half century large sums of money had been poured into Palestine in behalf of the Jews, and during the war, when two shiploads of food for the Jews had actually arrived in Jerusalem. The Zionist Commission was continuing this support in the main.

A big difficulty in the relief problem of Jerusalem was represented by the death or disappearance of a large number of men, the bread-winners and supporters of families, who had left their former dependents destitute. Those men,

who had returned from exile or from enforced military service under the Turks, were often so benumbed by their experiences that they were of little value for awhile. They had been demoralized by want and suffering and needed time to recover. It was quite a common thing in reply to the question, "Where were you when the British took Jerusalem?" to receive the answer, "I was away in prison in Asia Minor." Many were dragged away to Damascus to Gallipoli and other points and made to fight against their eventual British deliverers. Others spent all they had in bribing Turkish officers to make their lives tolerable, so that they might survive to reach home some time; many were permanently incapacitated, and many of course, never came back, but died from wounds, exposure and starvation.

Too much praise cannot be given to the remarkable American relief work supervised by Dr. Otis A. Glazebrook, the American Consul in Jerusalem during the war; but the time came when he, too, was forced by the Turks to leave the country.

We offered our services to the British Military Administration to help in such ways as they themselves might select, paying our own expenses and acting entirely unofficially. The greater part of mankind has been taught from childhood to look to Jerusalem as the home of the greatest good which has come to the world. Multitudes hope to visit the city some day; but the security and sta-

bility which are needed to render such a visit pleasant and profitable could only be attained by systematic relief work during the transition period.

CHAPTER VIII

THE JERUSALEM RELIEF LAUNDRY

THE old Serai, or Turkish Government House, is a truly impressive building, in the best Saracenic style. One of the guide books states that it was built in 1390 by a wealthy Mohammedan lady whose tomb is shown on the opposite side of the street. Before the war it was used as a combined court, prison and barracks, and was one of the few buildings to be looted by the mob during that brief interval between the leaving of the Turks and the arrival of the British forces.

Here, in the old Serai, was planted that truly original institution, the Jerusalem Relief Laundry, designed to give employment to the destitute women of the city who were on the relief list of the Administration. Incidentally it formed a common meeting ground for the various races and religions in the much divided city. On the Joint Advisory Committee for Relief which had sanctioned this enterprise there were Col. Popham and Capt. Pollack, representing the British administration; the Mayor of Jerusalem, a Moslem; the Syriac Bishop; the Chairman of the Greek Committee; the Coptic representative; members of the Jewish communities and of the American Colony; the

dragoman of the American Consulate; and representatives of the Latins; besides three members of our own party.

The British administration had been considering for some time the advisability of giving employment to the women on the relief list, instead of supporting them in idleness. The Moslem authorities in control of the Wakf, those ecclesiastical funds left for charitable purposes by devout Moslems, had offered the old Serai property free of charge for the use of a laundry and their offer had been accepted; but the everlasting Jerusalem question of water at first interposed a barrier to further progress. At length it was discovered that the ancient cistern underlying the Serai would probably suffice for the purposes of the laundry and that, if more were needed, it could, in an emergency, be brought from the vast underground reservoirs beneath the open space of the Haram-Es-Sherif, the temple area which was not far off.

There was an informal preliminary meeting at the house of Col. Popham, and a formal one at his office at the Governorate, at which, in his capacity of Acting Governor, he requested Mrs. Elizabeth L. McQueen to become Honorable Secretary. The Joint Relief Committee unanimously accepted his choice.

The street of the Serai, so-called by the natives, is the Via Dolorosa of the pilgrims. It became our daily route down to the laundry and a portion

of it was most trying to us on account of the bad smells, until we complained to the street cleaning department, when the offensive condition of affairs was improved, and thereafter we could go to our task with head erect and what was more to the point, without holding our noses. Surely what Jerusalem needed was, first of all, cleanliness, that cleanliness which is next to Godliness, and it was our hope that the laundry would help to this end.

Imagine yourself, then, standing before a massive stone building of great age, crowded into a narrow street within a short distance of the site of Solomon's Temple. The Serai has a fine and lofty Saracenic portal, nobly arched; on both sides of it some medallions match each other and a grated window pierces the wall with sombre and mysterious aspect. Great wooden doors, heavily barred, dispute your entrance through the portal. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a laundry! Troy, with all her laundries, cannot match this building, and possibly might not wish to, for, in spite of its undoubted archeological interest, the old Serai is about as unfitted for a laundry as a museum would be.

We knock loudly on the door; the sound reverberates ominously through the hollow interior. After a while, the rattle of a great bolt is heard; a fierce looking Bedouin, with a cast in one eye, and dressed in long robes and turban, presents himself. He is prepared to look truculent and to de-

mand our business; but he recognizes us as the Americans who, for some inexplicable reason, are taking an interest in this ramshackle old place and visit it every day on business. His threatening expression relaxes quickly and, with truly Oriental salaams, he admits us into the interior court. As the doors close behind us we leave the modern world outside. We are back in the fourteenth century, when the good Moslem lady built this place and thus handed down her name for many generations.

On three sides of the court are vaulted chambers, bare, neglected and filled with rubbish; on the fourth side an arch leads into another court, where an ancient mulberry tree rises from amid the flagstones, the tree under whose shade many a Turkish judge has rendered decisions in the past. In this second court is the cistern which is to provide the water for the laundry. Sombre vaulted chambers issue from it, where it is hoped to install the washerwomen. Back of the central court we enter a long passage way with side stalls and iron rings still hanging from the walls. These were the stables for the mounted police of Jerusalem; but what the laundry can do with this stable space does not appear. There are other large enclosures and smaller, dungeon-like, rooms. The Bedouin guardian of the building is keeping chickens in one apartment and sheep in another. He is very much surprised that any one should object to this, for the natives are very cozy about

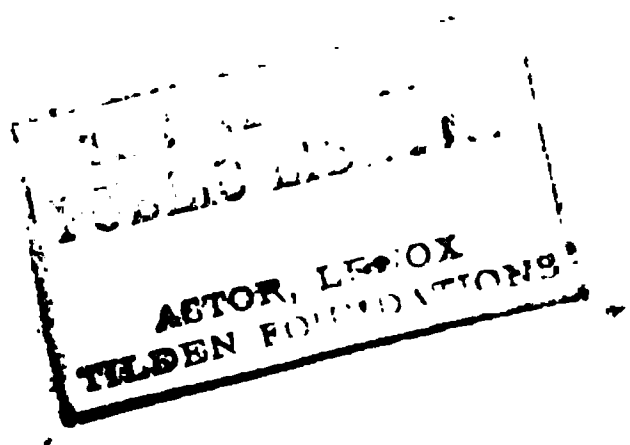
their domestic animals. Perhaps we ought to be happy that he does not keep donkeys and camels hidden away in some other part of the Serai.

Quite in keeping with the character of the place, we stumble upon the enclosed tomb of some Moslem saint tucked away in a corner at the back of the second court. It is technically a small mosque, and so can never be used for a laundry. Once a mosque, always a mosque, is the saying in the Moslem world. A flight of steps leads from the central court up to some sunny terraces above; even a novice in laundry matters can see at once that these terraces are going to be the natural drying places for the wash of the whole establishment. With this, our preliminary inspection is complete.

On a certain Saturday, on the edge of the former rains, late in October, there was enacted a scene behind the stone portal and the wooden folding doors of the Serai which, though connected with so humble a theme as the starting of a laundry, was really symbolical of a new unity in Jerusalem.

In the centre of the great court, on the flagstones, stood a small table at which sat the Honorable Secretary, the treasurer, and a clerk from Capt. Pollock's relief office, ready to take down names. Col. Popham and Mrs. Popham, the latter in light muslins, thrown pleasantly into relief by the sombre walls, hovered near to give

COLONEL AND MRS. E. L. POPHAM



assistance. Capt. Pollock was examining sundry lists.

When all was ready, the stalwart Bedouin door keeper—in the United States he would have been called the janitor—threw open the doors and a motley group of women of all shapes and sizes crowded up to the table to get their names on the list of laundry workers: Moslem women, wearing veils; Greeks, Latins and Jewesses, these last with their hair bound in long nets hanging down their backs. Some claimed to have had experience in doing laundry work for the American Red Cross; some frankly stated that they had no experience at all; but most of them wished to do the more lady-like work of mending rather than washing. Some could iron, two even had irons of their own at home which they could bring if it were desired. Most of them were war widows with children; yes, they could leave their children with a grandmother, or an aunt or possibly with an older child until provision could be made for a day nursery.

By degrees a few scrub women were selected and put on the list; others were picked out to do mending and ironing; a forewoman was chosen in the person of a Jewess, a gentle Rebecca-like woman; an accountant also was selected, a young woman who had refused to work for the Tobacco Regie on account of its poor pay. She spoke several languages, but not English. Another woman knew only German, beside her native

Arabic. There was a regular hurly-burly of languages.

The women pushed closer and closer against the table with one predominant question on their minds and on their lips. What were they going to be paid? The Moslem women pushed up their veils in their eagerness. The Bedouin door keeper rushed in and drove the women back by main force; they yielded for a moment, then returned to the charge.

We looked at each other inquiringly, passing the question from one to another. What were they to get? Some one began to ask those who stood nearest what they wanted; but this fatal mistake was immediately corrected. This was relief work, they must accept what the relief funds could offer. Special salaries were arranged individually for the headwomen; but, as for the rest, they must accept seven piastres, about thirty-five cents, a day, to begin with and, if they proved themselves to be good workers, they would receive more.

At this there arose a great hub-bub of voluble expostulation.

"Why, that is only just enough to buy bread for the day," said the woman who spoke German. Others turned away dramatically in disgust. The pressure against the table relaxed. The women gesticulated; the terms were impossible; they would starve etc. They stood around in groups, the Moslems, the Greeks and all the others, evi-

dently in an attempt to bargain in the Oriental way, forgetting that they were destitute paupers and that the dole given was merely to keep them alive until better times.

Capt. Pollock, the Relief Officer of the Administration, remained unmoved and pleasantly obdurate; he had not been relieving the poor of Jerusalem during many months for nothing. He knew that they were all receiving help from other community funds.

Col. Popham continued to smile benignly.

"Tell them," said Capt. Pollock to his clerk, "that they are all off the relief list. They will either take this pay or they can go."

The women hesitated. The Honorable Secretary instructed the clerk to say to the women that our party had come from America to help them, and that the money offered was all that the British administration could give at first. The women nodded and began to understand the situation. They once more consulted with one another and gradually advanced towards the table. The upshot was that each woman was asked individually whether she accepted the terms offered and, upon her agreeing, she was told to return on Monday morning ready for work. Thus was started the Jerusalem Relief Laundry in the old Serai; but it was only started, for the place was almost in ruins.

A week later, noticeable improvements could be registered. We knock once more at the great

doors and are admitted into the open court. In a little side room we are shown an iron bound chest, studded with nails and provided with a padlock large enough for a fortress gate. It looks as though it might have been there since the days of the Saracens. This used to be the city treasury safe; once it was filled with clinking gold and silver. The Bedouin guardian points proudly to it and the little accountant produces from somewhere an enormous key which fits into the padlock. There is heard a great scrunching noise as the key turns in its socket; the guardian lifts the weighty lid and, behold, in this massive chest now repose rows of cakes of soap and gross upon gross of clothes pins. This is the peaceful mystery of the ancient chest under the new régime of modern relief work.

Everything in the Jerusalem Relief Laundry had to be kept under lock and key, for a certain local propensity to appropriate what lies about unprotected in this city which lives so largely upon charity has been much sharpened by the evil effect of the war.

In a room abutting on the inner court, and open to the sky, washerwomen are now squatting on low stools against the walls with huge shallow pans and basins before them on the flagstones, soaping, pounding and rinsing the dirty linen. Just now they are engaged upon a regimental wash of four companies of soldiers who have been in tents for a long time and whose

clothes show it, for they are alive in a way that the world war has familiarized us with, shirts, socks, trousers, coats, towels and all. First in order of washing come the things of the Tommies, then those of the sargeants and then lastly the wash of the officers of the regiment.

In the interior tribunal rooms, where judges used to sit and pass judgment, women are now ironing and mending in the most home-like manner; carpenters are busy putting up shelves, pigeon holes, counters, benches, window sashes, in fact replacing all the wood work which the enraged populace, suffering from the cold, tore from the building on that winter day when Jerusalem surrendered to the British and there was no fire wood to be had in the city.

In another enclosure a mason and his assistant are bricking in copper cauldrons, veneered with tin or zinc, to be used for the hot water boilers. I noticed that these cauldrons are inscribed in Armenian, evidently having once belonged to some monastic institutions, for the laundry equipment has been brought together from all quarters. The large chambers under the terraces are being cleaned and whitewashed and the flagstones of the pavement repaired. It is a busy scene of renovation; soon the old Serai will not know itself. Already the clothes are out on the line, drying in the crisp air and brilliant sunshine on the terraces above. The contractor, who has the repairs in charge, knows the ground like a book, for his

father and his grandfather before him were treasurers of the city and had charge of the ponderous chest where the soap is now kept.

Finally, when the laundry had proved itself by running consecutively for about ten days without a break, though not without many a hitch, for it was constantly threatened with an interruption of the wood or the water supply, we asked Col. Storrs, the Governor of Jerusalem, to pay the institution a visit. He came with the reassuring news that he did not come empty handed, but had been able to secure a further supply of olive wood for the laundry. We showed him the place with pardonable pride. He had a special admiration for the architecture of the old Seria; in fact, I remember his saying that, when he first came to Jerusalem, he contemplated using it for his residence, had not the old place been in such a very tumbled-down condition. He also did us an important service when he remarked in Arabic *sotto voce* to the Bedouin guardian that if he did not take his chickens out of the place, the American ladies would ring the necks of every one of them found anywhere in the building. Up to that time the guardian had seemed to get the better of us by shifting his chickens from one room to another and so keeping them hidden, but he understood the Governor's warning and thereafter gave us no further trouble with his hennery.

Col. Storrs was accompanied by his cousin, Lieutenant Cust, wearing a military tunic which

had been washed and ironed for him by the laundry. The Governor chatted with the workmen and asked the women their religions, being evidently pleased to learn that they represented all shades of belief.

As the days went by one excitement succeeded another at the laundry. It was quite the habit in the Jerusalem of the military administration to use the prisoners for public works; this gave them an opportunity to get out into the world, nor was there as much disgrace connected with being put into prison as in other lands, for the Turks had so long locked up people for trifling offences, or no offences at all, that the supposed deterrent effect of prison life upon public opinion had largely ceased, except perhaps upon newcomers. It was, therefore, no unusual thing to see a company of prisoners dressed in their blue jeans march into the laundry, accompanied by an armed guard, and go to work cleaning out the rubbish which had accumulated in all available corners, since no one knows when, under the Turkish régime.

One day a number of prisoners filed in carrying a pump and some pipe lengths to connect the cistern with the wash boilers. As one of the prisoners passed the door of a room where the women were working, an elderly dame dashed out, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him loudly. Tears rained from her eyes as she pressed his face between her hands and murmured her joy,—

he was her son. She had not known where he was, whether he was alive at all; for the war had wiped out so many men and scattered so many more. It was a touching little scene; we were glad that the laundry had begun its unifying work.

On another occasion one of the young women employed announced that she would not be able to continue working in the laundry because she was going to be married to one of the prisoners when he was free. Another woman was seen to run away and hide herself whenever the prisoners came into the place. It appeared that her case was the very reverse from that of the bride-to-be; one of the prisoners was her husband and she was afraid of him. So the human drama unfolded itself in the laundry. It even happened one day that a prisoner met his own child and was seen taking it on his lap and playing with it.

On regular days there would drive up to the great portal a military mule wagon laden with the regimental wash. Some turbaned Indian troopers and an English corporal would generally be in attendance, the latter making amusing Cockney comments on this strange style of laundry. It used to be a happy day of relief when the administration sent down the much needed wagon loads of olive wood for the wash boilers, without which the laundry must have gone out of commission and this relief experiment come to an end.

The contractor would drop in frequently and dart in and out among the workmen and women.

After considerable hesitation the rule had to be established that the women must not smoke while at work; they could smoke during the noon hour at lunch time, that was all.

The problem of vermin was an acute one for the laundry, as it was for every household in Jerusalem which minded such little things. At first it was found necessary to detail some women to go over the soldier's wash when it came in and to do by hand what is technically called de-lousing in military science; later this was done chemically by the military before the wash was sent to the laundry.

I had it from an American resident that at the time of my visit to Jerusalem, conditions had improved immensely since the liberation of Jerusalem.

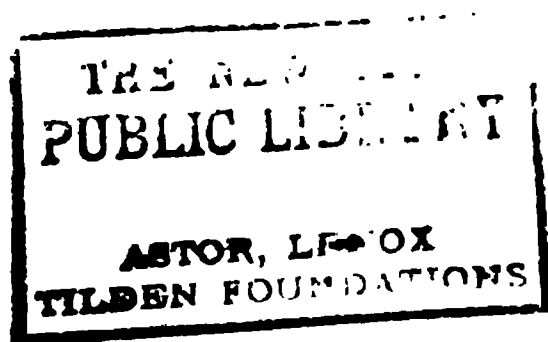
"The problem of vermin is still a very bad one," he said, "but multiply it a million times and you will not be able to appreciate the quantities of vermin which used to be upon the people. You were never safe when rubbing against people on the street."

By degrees the news of work at the laundry circulated freely through the unemployed women of the city and the surrounding towns and villages, and they began to storm the place with determination to get in, somehow. It seemed unavailing to try to make them understand that only a limited number could be used at first, until more work came in.

There came a day when our ladies found a veritable mob collected outside the portal clamoring to be put on the list. When the regimental wash came that day the doors had to be thrown open and they rushed in helter-skelter, past the East Indians and the Tommies. A girl fell and bruised her foot; there was a great outcry. Some Moslem workmen in the court, reinforcing the Bedouin guardian, tried to beat the women back; finally these men threw water upon the women and, after a hand to hand struggle, drove them out of the Serai. The women already employed in the laundry, frightened by the rumpus, were let out by a back way and our ladies locked up the place and I went for the police. Thereafter for several days a policeman was stationed at the gate, but there was no more trouble after that with the women, though the incident served to illustrate the pressure of poverty in the city and the need for relief.

The Jerusalem Relief Laundry became, in the course of time, a going concern, assisted by the military administration and by such funds as a committee of Jerusalem ladies and gentlemen could collect locally and our party could collect in the United States. Between forty and fifty women were employed and the pay improved as the work increased. A general manageress was eventually engaged, so that the arduous work of constant supervision was somewhat lightened. Everybody agreed that, if there was anything

MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.



which Jerusalem needed, it was washing, and so everybody entered heartily into the plan. It was comforting to know that somewhere between the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar (so called) there was an institution in which the church and the mosque could both take pleasure. Thus the humble laundry became a sign, certainly one of the first in the history of Jerusalem, of unity and co-operation among its multifarious races and religions. Hundreds of articles of clothing were distributed among the women and children, irrespective of their affiliations with church or mosque.

I must not forget to mention that, before our party left Jerusalem, the women of the laundry clamored for something they had heard about, but never experienced, namely a picnic; and where does the reader suppose that this act of special gaiety was performed? In some public park? Jerusalem had none to speak of then, and probably has none yet. Along the banks of some rustic stream? Jerusalem has no stream to offer picnickers. Under the trees near the city? Yes, but, can you imagine it? The manageress selected for this frolic, this occasion of extreme jollity, the grounds of the Greek church just above the Garden of Gethsemane, because, forsooth, some of the very few shade trees of Jerusalem were to be found there.

So thither they came, the once frightened and starved destitute war widows with their children,

bringing with them their hubble-bubble pipes, their earthenware drums, jars with skins drawn tightly across their mouths. They sang in their own way, which to our unaccustomed ears sounded more like shrieking; they danced in the usual oriental fashion; they recited little pieces. The old woman who had found her son again among the prisoners danced with special nimbleness. One of her most successful numbers was when she had reversed her clothing and danced with what seemed to be her feet in the air and her hands on the ground. These hilarious women were no longer the sickly women who were liable to faint over their washtubs months ago. They had renewed their youth.

Then came the feast. A sheet was spread on the ground for a table cloth. The women all squatted around the sheet, while the prisoner's mother walked down the center of the table cloth in her bare feet, distributing bits of meat to each person out of a pan with her fingers. At dessert time a large box of real American candy was passed around so that each woman might have some. It was the first time any one among them had tasted such sweets, and it proved a fitting climax to this day of sweet liberty under the trees.

At the close of her stay in Jerusalem the Honorable Secretary was the recipient of a most gratifying testimonial to the usefulness of her work. The Mayor of Jerusalem presented her, in the name of the city, with a richly ornamented silver

jewel case of Damascus work and the Mayoress with an inscription from the Koran framed in olive wood. Col. and Mrs. Popham threw open the hospitable doors of their residence for this little ceremony, inviting the Mayor and his wife, along with the members of the Joint Advisory Committee for Relief, to be present. Col. Popham opened the proceedings with a charming tribute to the support given to him in caring for the destitute. He then presented framed photographs of the committee and the laundry women.

The Mayor, following, spoke in Arabic, his speech being translated sentence by sentence by one of the members of the Committee, and at its close he made the presentation of the jewel case. This was inscribed on the cover in English with the words, "Presented to Mrs. McQueen from Municipality Jerusalem, 15 June, 1920." The equivalent of these words appeared in Arabic on the inside edge of the case and there were some words in Hebrew on the cover, so that all the three languages which have now become official in Palestine were connected with this testimonial, very appropriately too, since people speaking all these languages had been benefited by this work.

There were mutual expressions of good will from the members of the committee and the unfailing cup of tea was served to place the seal of kindly remembrance upon the occasion. Thus ended our connection with this truly original work in behalf of the destitute of the Holy City.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST ARMISTICE DAY IN JERUSALEM

Now to return to some of the first public celebrations held in Jerusalem under the new freedom.

There had been some anxiety about the weather for Armistice Day, November 11. The Biblical former rains had begun to fall on October 26 and there had been several rainy days since, but November 11 turned out to be a typical Palestinian day after all, cloudless, the sun being hot but the air cool. There would be no difficulty in holding the outdoor fête which Lady Watson and Mrs. Popham had organized in behalf of the Y. W. C. A. and which was to bring together for the first time in the history of Jerusalem representatives of all races and religions in a public fête.

I had business that morning on the Mount of Olives concerning the issuing of *Jerusalem News* and decided to walk up, as the day was so fine. I passed through David Street to the Temple Area, out of the city by St. Stephen's Gate, skirted the Garden of Gethsemane, and climbed up by the foot path to the top. My business done, I came out of the German Hospice and found General Watson just starting to ride down into the city

to participate in the festivities of the day. With him rode his A. D. C. and his two daughters. The cavalcade was a brilliant one, though small, the two riders in uniform having just that touch of splendor which the British army can put on at formal moments, when taken off its guard, as it were. There was only time for the general to shake hands with me and promise to see me later at the fête; then the riders took the road north and I walked south to return into Jerusalem by the same path as I had ascended. This time I stopped at the Garden of Gethsemane to gather a bouquet of crysanthemums from the hands of good old Fra Julio, the care-taker, on whom I used to practice my somewhat scanty Italian, pieced together on visits to Italy and from the reading of Italian newspapers.

The reason why I dwell upon these details of my walk to the Mount of Olives on Armistice Day is because they led up to a dramatic moment, when I was about to enter the walls of the city. I had reached St. Stephen's Gate, when all at once the bells of the many church city burst forth into a tumultuous ringing which dispelled a great stillness which had preceded it, like a roll of angelic music after the ominous hush of some restraining fear has been broken.

This was in accordance with a prearranged plan. The Chief Administrator, acting upon a message from the King of England, had directed that there should be silence in the Holy City for

the space of two minutes while the bell at the military headquarters on the Mount of Olives tolled eleven times, as a signal, at 11 o'clock precisely. This was a somewhat shorter period of time than that mentioned in the Apocalypse, when there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, but the quality of this impressive hush in Jerusalem was, I believe, inspired by a touch of the same reverential feeling. To me the wild commotion of the bells seemed like a sweet welcome as I entered through the gate. It recalled the first Armistice Day at home, when I had ridden on horseback in the procession through the streets of Boston, passing the State House and down the familiar thoroughfares of that city.

In the afternoon came the long expected outdoor fête in the grounds of the Jerusalem Sporting Club where we were in the habit of playing tennis.

This fête was unprecedented in the annals of Jerusalem. Under Lady Watson's lead, assisted by Mrs. E. L. Popham, everybody worked together and made the fête a success. Everybody's susceptibilities were courteously considered in the arrangements made. The Governor of Jerusalem introduced Lady Watson, who opened the Bazaar. The Sporting Club grounds looked their best, the ladies vying with the flower beds in color and beauty, and the handsome sum of nearly £600, about \$3000, was netted for The Young Women's Christian Association and placed in the hands of Mr. D. C. Salameh, treasurer. The speech of the

FETE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE JERUSALEM SPORTING CLUB



Mayor, Musa Pasha al Husseini, in offering a vote of thanks to Lady Watson, was a fit expression of the feelings of the community and deserves to be placed on record. It is hereby appended in translation from the Arabic.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“You are undoubtedly aware that the greatest act of humanity a person can do is to help the poor, assist the afflicted, and give a helping hand to the oppressed, and it is natural that God helps the person that renders help to his brother.

“The respected Lady Watson has noticed this fact and has consequently exhausted her endeavors in collecting relief, and organized an excellent Bazaar for the sale of same. She has organized this admirable meeting which has had no precedent in the past. I, therefore, on my behalf and on behalf of my countrymen, thank her for her good endeavors. I also thank all those that have helped in this benevolent act.

“It is no surprise, as the said Lady belongs to the category of nations whose wish and desire is to help the weak, assist the afflicted and allow the nations that had been affected by the circumstances to develop.

“We hope that with the help of God and the British Government the country will in the near future develop, and the inhabitants be happy, and in conclusion I pray the Almighty to give the said Lady and her respected husband happy days and crown their deeds with glory.”

The Mr. D. C. Salameh, mentioned in this account was our good friend, the manager at Cook's, who in many ways helped our party during those early days and, when the time came for us to leave Palestine, did his best to find the next to impossible thing, namely, passage on a ship leaving the country.

The Moslem Mayor of Jerusalem took one of our ladies off to introduce her to his wife and daughter, who were present behind the scenes, in one of the tents under the protection of the "Purdah," where they could see without being seen. This introduction led in a few days to a formal tea on the part of our ladies with the wife of the Mayor.

In the evening there was a final entertainment at the Zion Cinema, at which Miss Watson played the violin most charmingly and Mrs. Pollock, the wife of Capt. James Pollock, sang delightfully. The entertainment, after that, dragged out its length with a seemingly endless play acted by a professional Arab troop who rendered a mediæval piece the bearing of which I unfortunately could not get through my head. I was assured that the Arabic used was of the finest type, there being, as I found out to my cost when I undertook to learn a little of that language, several kinds of Arabic; the literary kind being a language of great finesse, of subtle shades of word plays as keen as the edge of Damascus blades.

This reminds me that later in our stay in Jeru-

saalem, on a day in the following March, some of us were enabled to hear the very quintessence of Arabic diction at a reception given to Selim Effendi Sarkis, often designated as "The Arabic Mark Twain." A hundred or more friends of this noted literary personage gathered in the grounds of this same Sporting Club to do him honor on his passage through Jerusalem. There were poems and speeches of welcome to which the guest replied in an address which, our Arabic friends told us, was brim full of the special thrusts for which their language is justly noted, sparkling with humor and caustic wit peculiarly Sarkissian. Sarkis spent several years in the United States in virtual exile, for, as a patriot, his own country was made too dangerous for him by Abdul Hamid *et al.*

Late in the night of Armistice Day the audience filed out of the Zion Cinema homeward bound, through the unlighted streets of pre-Mandate Jerusalem days, stumbling into mud holes, stubbing its toes against the hard, hard stones of Jerusalem's streets, under the stars nevertheless of that glorious land hallowed by the Prince of Peace whose advent had been heralded by the angelic host announcing "peace on earth, good will toward men."

I felt very confident then, and my conviction has grown stronger and stronger as events in Palestine have succeeded each other under the Civil Administration, that there will be no peace

there, any more than elsewhere on earth, until **all** men and nations understand their kinship under the one God whom they all profess to worship.

CHAPTER X

THE FIRST DELIVERANCE DAY OR THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM

THERE was no formal official celebration of the first anniversary of this great historic event in 1918; perhaps the authorities were too busy at that date trying to bring order into the disturbed after-the-war conditions of the country; but in 1919 it was decided to mark the anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem by the British forces with a public holiday and a review of troops. It is not the British way to make much display of troops at any time; still there are exceptions to be admitted when even this national aversion to putting on military airs must be set aside for the sake of the natives who dote on the pageantry of government and are sometimes more wholesomely impressed by a little march past of soldiers than by any other means.

Like Armistice Day the fairest of fair weather greeted the occasion of this first celebration of the anniversary of Jerusalem's liberation day. General Sir John Shea, who had accepted the surren-

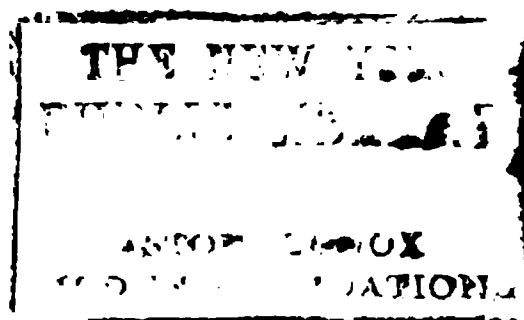
der of Jerusalem, came up from his station at Bir Salem, near Ludd, the ancient Lydda, to inspect the parading forces and to take the general salute as the guest of General Bols, who had been General Allenby's Chief-of-Staff in the Palestinian campaign, and had now succeeded General Watson as Chief Administrator of Palestine. Lady Shea and Lady Bols were with their husbands in the open space of the Russian Compound where the review was held.

Presently Colonel Storrs arrived, representing the city as Military Governor, and joined General Bols. General Shea, monocle in eye, was on horseback, the typical smart British officer, a general favorite whose bonhomie was proverbial in army circles and who, when we got to know him, delighted in any new Americanisms with which we were able to furnish him.

As these three men stood chatting together, awaiting the moment of the inspection, I thought of their historic significance with reference to the Holy Land: the chief-of-staff, the acceptor of the surrender, the governor of the captured city, not of an ordinary city, but of the one on which the whole world focusses its religious feelings, the centre of the world's ecclesiasticisms, for good or for ill. They played their part in that great drama of the last crusade.

It only needed the presence of General Allenby, Viscount of Megiddo, Field Marshal of the British Empire, the leader in that last crusade, to com-

MAJOR GENERAL SIR J. S. M. SHEA



plete the historic picture; but he was busy at the time in an unquiet Egypt as High Commissioner of that country.

A small boy, clad in the usual long garment and skull cap of the Arab urchins, is carrying a sign on a pole through the crowd and calling out something which is evidently foreign to his tongue. He carries a bundle of newspapers under his arm. The great day of our endeavor has come. The sign reads in large letters, *Jerusalem News*. The paper is out on schedule time, on the day promised. We buy a few copies from the small boy, trying to look quite unconcerned and casual, as though acting solely out of curiosity, but we read again every word which we have already read so often in proof and sigh with relief, the worst of the typographical errors have really been corrected. The deed is done.

The grounds of the Russian compound are filled with troops and with invited guests, while the surrounding roofs are lined with the general public. One of our party takes photographs of the principal personages in this celebration, the only photographs taken of this remarkable occasion at close range, from the vantage point of the reserved seats.

There are Arabs in the habitual tarbush, Armenian priests in their black hoods, Greek priests in their tall, stiff felt hats, Latin ecclesiastics in browns and blacks. The Grand Moufti of the Moslems is there wearing the turban, and Dr.

Weizmann, the President of the Zionist Commission in ordinary European clothes.

It is quite a racial and religious tinder-box, if one wishes to look at the gathering from that point of view; but Colonel Percy Bramley is there also on horseback, the British Chief of Police in Palestine, whose sunshiny face and hearty manner were as unlike the traditional eagle eye and lowering looks of the professional tracker of crime as may be. He is observant, but in a very cheerful and good humored way, as though he had never known anything of the devious methods of Oriental conspirators, either in India or in Palestine.

Not far off is another man on horseback whom our party had learned to know favorably, Captain Moss, the little man who is chief of police for Jerusalem itself, and rides through its streets every night to see things for himself. I happen to know that as he sits there he is hiding a sharp pain which comes from having broken some ribs in a bad fall from his horse, nobody can understand how, he himself least of all, for he is as much at home on a horse as he is afoot.

It was Capt. Moss who had the management of a somewhat delicate religious dispute to settle awhile before, when Cardinal Justiniani visited Jerusalem. It appears that the Roman Catholics had tried to place a white cross in the already over decorated Church of the Holy Sepulchre to celebrate that visit. The British have inherited from the Turk the somewhat unwelcome task of

policing this church, for there is always need of some display of force to keep the Christians from flying at each others throats in this holy place. Capt. Moss suggested a conference between the Greeks who saw in this placing of an extra cross a usurpation of their rights to equal treatment. Capt. Moss suggested a conference between the rival religious bodies. The Greeks were willing, but the Roman Catholics were not. There remained nothing to do but to maintain equal rights, the last thing which anyone in Jerusalem seems to want, and to order the cross down.

The chief of police therefore said very simply to the over zealous religionists, "You will have to take the cross down within twenty-four hours, or I will have to have my policemen do it." This was done, but what a spectacle to be enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre of the Holy City in the Holy Land!

In the meantime Capt. Moss sits on horseback, secretly nursing his aching side without anyone suspecting his pain except the few who know of his mishap. The good little policeman soon after went home to England on leave and Cardinal Justiniani, it appears, judging by the newspapers, did not long survive his mission to Jerusalem.

Now comes the inspection and the march past. There are the men from the Yorkshire regiment and Indian troops. Col. Edwards leads his regiment. There are also the small French and Italian contingents which are regularly main-

tained in Jerusalem. Not many men in all, when the vast armies of the great war are considered, but the significance is there, the historic aspect of it all, the deep meaning for the whole world. Jerusalem has been freed from the Turks; it is under the protection of the power to which prophecy has assigned this task. We Americans are witnessing the public spectacular announcement of this established fact which has cost many lives and great treasure and which is still very expensive for the British tax-payer. As the troops march off to pass down the Jaffa Road with the band at their head our hearts respond to the call and the rhythm of our race.

CHAPTER XI

ALLENBY'S PALESTINE CAMPAIGNS

I

DELIVERING JERUSALEM

WITH the aid of a good map and Allenby's despatches home to the Secretary of State for War in London, it is not a difficult matter to reconstruct the masterly campaigns which delivered Jerusalem and the whole of Palestine from the age-long oppression of the Turks, and swept the latter out of Syria altogether.

Allenby assumed command of the Egyptian Expeditionary force on June 28, 1917. Under this name the great army collected from all quarters of the British Empire for the purpose of the conquest of Palestine operated and won its victories. The Turks had already made two ineffectual attempts to cross the Suez canal into Egypt and the British under another commander had failed twice in attempts to force the southern key of Palestine, the heavily fortified ancient city of Gaza. When Allenby took command he found the Turks holding a strong position, extending from Gaza on the Mediterranean Sea inland about

30 miles to Beersheba, the place associated in the Bible with the name of Abraham's well and referred to as the southern limit of Palestine in the words "from Dan to Beersheba." The British were extended from near Gaza on the sea some 22 miles inland. After consulting with Major General Sir Philip Chetwode, who had been on the ground for some time acting as commander of what was designated as the Desert Column, Allenby decided to put into force the latter's recommendations and to capture Beersheba first, with its springs of water; then to roll up the Turkish forces from East to West, upon Gaza through Hareira and Sheria, and finally to storm this place with the aid of British war ships bombarding from the sea.

As in subsequent operations, so in this, Allenby succeeded in deceiving the enemy as to the point of his first and main attack. The Turks expected this to be Gaza, and were unprepared to protect Beersheba with sufficient forces; this was captured by the British on Oct. 31, 1917, after a gruelling night march in the desert. Hareira and Sheria fell into British hands as planned, and on Nov. 7 Gaza was stormed against strong opposition, thus forcing open the southern door of Palestine. From that date until Nov. 16 the British advanced up the coast through the land of the Philistines, and on this last date took Jaffa, the small city which acts as the port of entry for Jerusalem. Many desperate rear guard actions were fought

by the Turks during this advance of the British up the coast. At Huj, notably, there was a superb charge of some squadrons of British Yeomanry which effectually broke up one of the fiercest of these actions. By the capture of Junction Station, the point where the railroad to Jerusalem branches off from the main line running up the coast to Haifa, Allenby broke the force of the enemy in two, one part retiring up the coastal plain, the other turning east towards Jerusalem. In fifteen days the British had advanced 75 miles and captured some 9000 prisoners, besides many guns and large quantities of ammunition and other stores.

For a time the troops, after their terrible experiences in the desert, rested among the orange and olive orchards of Ramleh, Sharon, and Ludd, and rejoiced in the vineyards of Richon Le Sion, a prosperous Jewish colony which made them welcome. There was a pause while supplies were being brought up on the railroad or landed on the coast. The next operation was to be of an entirely different kind from any which had preceded it in this campaign: the British army, leaving the desert and the level plains, was now to penetrate eastward into the rugged hills of Judea and fight its way up to Jerusalem, some 2500 feet above the sea level; and it was to do this in winter, through chilling rains and mists, suffering from the cold as it had previously suffered from the heat.

There was only one road passable for wheeled transport up into the heights, the main carriage road which has since been placed in excellent condition by the British, but under Turkish rule was hardly more than an unsatisfactory cart track. The railroad had been put out of commission by the Turks, and until repaired could not be used; the rest of the approaches from the coastal plain of Philistia into the heights of Judea, the actual limestone plateau which is the backbone of Palestine, were mere tracks in the defiles, very steep and difficult to climb in good weather, and almost impassable for an army with its supply and ammunition trains in wet and stormy weather. Moreover, the main road some few miles from Ramleh enters a narrow rocky pass called the Bab el Wad, and continues for four miles therein. This place of great strategic importance was heavily held by the Turks, who had to be dislodged from it before it became available for the advance. Even before this defile is reached, the Ramleh-Jerusalem road is exposed to attack from a low ridge the site of ancient Gezer, a point which has been fortified from time immemorial to check invaders and was now held in force by the Turks. It required a brilliant charge of mounted troops to clear this ridge and thus open the way for the advance into the heights.

Roughly speaking, the plan of Allenby for the taking of Jerusalem was to press up into Judea by all available routes, and to throw a force into

the rocky country north of Jerusalem astride the Jerusalem-Nablus road, with the purpose of forcing the Turks out of Jerusalem without allowing them to make a stand and fight in the Holy City itself. This plan was eventually carried out, the details being varied according to the resistance of the enemy and the climatic conditions encountered, and in so far as the topography of the ground permitted. From Nov. 17 to Dec. 9 the British were occupied in bringing this plan to a successful conclusion. Every inch was tenaciously disputed by the Turks, fighting on the defensive on ground admirably adopted for the warfare in which they excelled. Early in these operations the British gained a foothold on Neby Samwil, the Mizpah of the Bible and the home of the Prophet Samuel, from which they were never after dislodged in spite of repeated counter-attacks by the Turks, who duly appreciated the strategic value of this height. It lies some six miles north of Jerusalem and is visible from many parts of the city. Neby Samwil became for the people of Jerusalem, until the taking of the city, a veritable military barometer, registering the rise and fall of their hopes of deliverance according as the Turk or the British seemed to gain an advantage. The British were not, however, able to retain a position astride the Jerusalem-Nablus road until the very day of the surrender of Jerusalem.

On December 8, 1917, the British forces were ready for the converging movement which was to

end in the deliverance of Jerusalem. In spite of many temporary checks they had forced their way up from the plain to the plateau, and were within a few miles of the city on the west and the south. They had managed to use the narrow tracks, and to hold them and make them more or less passable for the forwarding of supplies. A force was marching up from Bethlehem on the south; on the west and northwest they had reached a line roughly indicated by the following names of places, so familiar to visitors to the Holy City; Ain Karim-Kolonieh-Lifta-Beit Iksa-Neby Samwil. As usual, when an army of the Allies was to undertake an important movement, the weather turned bad. The weather broke on December 7 and it rained for three days almost continuously; mist settled upon the hills; the tracks became running brooks, in many places entirely impassable for motor trucks and for the camels, from which much had been expected. Nevertheless, the advance was pressed, and on the morning of December 9, 1917, the British had isolated Jerusalem. A force had penetrated north of the city and was at last astride the Jerusalem-Nablus road, while another force had occupied the Jericho road east of the city; a complete ring had thus been placed around Jerusalem. About noon of that day the Mayor of the city surrendered Jerusalem; the Turks had escaped during the night without fighting in the city itself. Allenby's strategy had succeeded in sparing the Holy City, even though

this had necessitated the loss of further British lives and the renouncing of a certain number of Turkish prisoners.

This is the barest outline of the military operations which resulted in the taking of Jerusalem. It was a great historic moment when Allenby passed through the Jaffa Gate into Jerusalem and took official possession of the Holy City. The native population had long since become convinced by his very name that he was a deliverer sent from God. The name Allenby sounded to them like the union of two Arabic words: *Allah* (God) and *Neby* (Prophet). He was thus for them the prophet of God, sent to deliver them from the Turkish yoke.

The taking of Jerusalem was a notable feat of arms, but it was more than that; it was the fulfilment of prophecy. Nothing more spectacular, more sensational, if one wishes to use the word, resulted from the World War. Future ages will give this event its rightful place and the logic of events will explain its true meaning.

II

OFFICIAL ENTRY INTO THE HOLY CITY

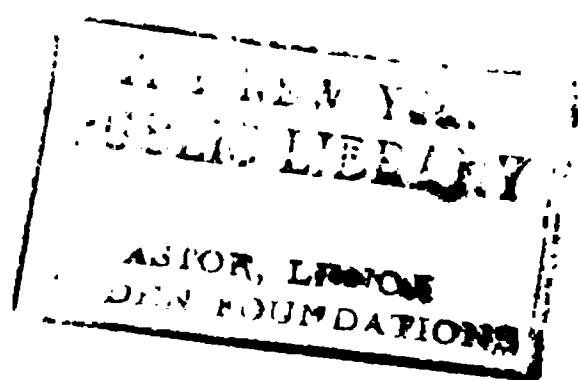
Allenby's official entry took place on Dec. 11, 1917, two days after the surrender. It was a simple and modest ceremony and took hardly more than a quarter of an hour.

The Commander-in-Chief was escorted by a small guard of honor, all on foot, composed of English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh troops, Australians, New Zealanders, and East Indians. He entered through the Jaffa Gate by the iron doors marked with the Turkish star and crescent, not by the breach at the side now used for wheeled traffic. He was accompanied by the commanding officers of the French and Italian Palestine contingents, by various military attachés, including our own American military attaché, Col. Davis, and by M. Picot, Political Commissioner attached to the staff of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. In the procession marched also Generals Clayton and Bols, mentioned later in this book.

On the steps of the citidel, in the presence of the notables of the city, a proclamation was read placing Jerusalem under martial law, advising the population to pursue its lawful occupations, and assuring protection for the holy places. The proclamation was read in Arabic, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, Greek, and Russian. In the barrack square of the citadel Allenby received the Mayor of Jerusalem and the heads of the religious communities. After this, Allenby left the city as promptly as he had entered it, by the Jaffa Gate, and the dignified little ceremony came to an unostentatious close.

THE JAFFA GATE

Through which General Allenby made his official entrance into Jerusalem




III

THE MASTER CAVALRY STROKE

AFTER the deliverance of Jerusalem there followed a long pause in the carrying out of Allenby's plans. It was an intermission between the acts in the great drama which unfolded itself in the Holy Land and determined its destiny. It lasted during the rest of the winter of 1917, through the following spring and summer and into the month of September, 1918. Then took place Allenby's master cavalry stroke, the most brilliant military movement on the side of the Allies in the World War, perhaps the most extensive cavalry operation in the annals of military history.

Not that the pause mentioned above was spent in idleness. The British had no sooner taken possession of Jerusalem than the Turks delivered a powerful counter-attack in the hope of regaining the city. This took place on the two days succeeding Christmas, and was fortunately completely frustrated by the dispositions taken in good time by the British. There was much anxiety during the attack on the part of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who dreaded the thought of Turkish revenge, if they came again under the rule of their former masters. The outcome of this attempt on the part of the Turks was that they were thrown back a sufficient distance from



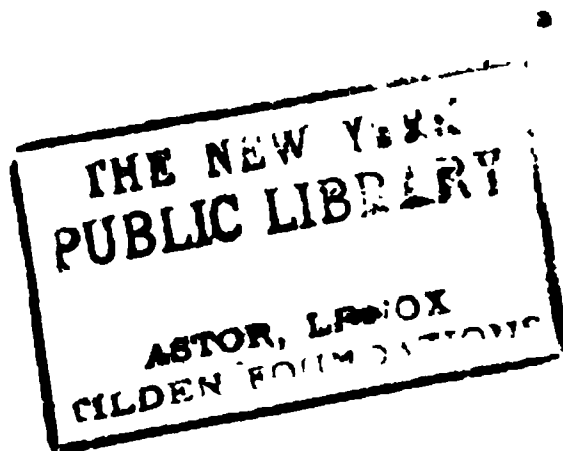
Jerusalem to give the British a fairly safe front. The ensuing months until the fall were used by the British to consolidate their positions; to bring up supplies; to improve all their avenues and means of transportation; to secure even further their front in Mount Ephraim, and especially to extend their eastern flank in the Valley of the Jordan. In accordance with the latter purpose Jericho was occupied on February 21, 1918; at the end of March a raid was carried out against Amman on the Hedjaz railroad, and at the end of April another one against Es Salt; in the former raid a portion of the railroad was temporarily put out of order, and both raids had the effect of diverting the enemies troops from the military operations of the Arabs under Sherif Feisal, later better known as Emir Feisal, and afterwards created King of Iraq, or Mesopotamia. With the assistance of Col. T. E. Lawrence, whose romantic experience in consolidating the warring Arab tribes against the Turks reads like a story out of the Arabian Nights, Sherif Fesial during this time had steadily gained ground in Moab and in general in the lands across the Jordan, and was getting into position to coöperate with Allenby in the final great rush upon Damascus.

But for the present the temporary interruption of major operations was imposed by another factor which did not come from the actual conditions in Palestine, but from the battle front in France. The critical situation there made it

necessary to withdraw large bodies of troops from the Palestine fields, and so stripped Allenby of some of his best and most seasoned men. He was thus obliged to wait until he could be reinforced before he could put into execution the great cavalry stroke which was to place the British in occupation of Syria as far as Damascus and Aleppo. In the meantime the dispatch of British troops to France placed the British in Palestine on a basis of active defence instead of active offence.

The time for Allenby's great offensive came when the British troops, of which exigency in France had deprived him, were replaced, principally by East Indians. He was then ready to execute his plan. This, in a word, was to make a hole in the Turkish line with his infantry and to let a flood of cavalry through the gap. As at the time of his first advance upon Gaza, so in this instance he deceived the enemy; he caused him to believe that he would make his advance up the Jordan valley, whereas he purposed to break through along the coast and, swinging around back of the Turks with his cavalry, to capture their army as it retreated through Samaria into the Plain of Esdraelon. In the rear of the Turks were two important places on their lines of communication which he ordered his cavalry to take, El Afule, in the Plain of Esdraelon (a junction on the railroad from Haifa to Damascus, from which branched the line to Samaria), and Beisan, in the

The Lake of Galilee, Looking North From Tiberias.
From a Painting by John Fulleylove, R.I.



terrible execution among the retreating Turks caught in the mountain defiles.

Within the next few days followed the capture of Haifa and Acre on the Mediterranean Sea, and of Tiberias on the Lake of Galilee. On the East of the Jordan, the Arab army, advancing northward, coöperated with the British in capturing Maan and Amman. The next phase was the taking of Damascus and Beirut, followed soon after by the march into Homs, Tripoli, and finally into Aleppo on Oct. 28, 1918. In a little more than one month from the initial blow on that fateful September 19th the British had swept the whole of Syria free of an ancient despotism which is destined never to return. On October 31, 1918, the Armistice between the Allies and Turkey came into force, putting an end to organized military operations in this part of the world, and acting as the first unmistakable sign that the strength of the Central Powers was crumbling.

CHAPTER XII

PIPING THE NILE INTO PALESTINE

WHEN the British forces captured Palestine they took the waters of the Nile with them. This was one of the notable achievements of the great war on the extreme right flank. The Desert of Sinai is not absolutely devoid of all water, but there is so little of it, and its quality is so brackish and unpalatable, that the enormous number of troops employed, with the equally enormous number of laborers and men connected with supply trains, could not expect to depend upon it. Therefore the audacious scheme was devised of carrying the waters of the Nile across the desert to supply the needs of the men and the railroad which was being built as the advance progressed. The system used is thus described in the official account of the expedition issued under the supervision of General Allenby:

“On the west bank of the Suez Canal, at its northern end, runs the Port Said branch of the Sweetwater Canal which carries the water of the Nile to that town. In the autumn of 1916 a plant to filter 600,000 gallons of water a day was installed on this Sweetwater Canal at Kantara, and the purified water was pumped through siphons

under the Suez Canal into masonry reservoirs on the east bank. From Kantara, east, a water supply main of 12-inch, 10-inch, and 8-inch steel screw-jointed pipes was laid into El Arish, in four sections, each about 24 miles long. Duplicate engines and pumps drove the water from the reservoir at Kantara to a reservoir at the end of the first section and thence it was pumped forward through the next section of pipe and so forward, section by section, until it reached El Arish."

Before the pipe line was laid, water had to be carried forward in tank trains and then distributed by camel and donkey convoys to the troops, a most laborious method, but after the capture of Beersheba, the wells of that place, famous since the days when Abraham watered his flocks there, became available. The British, also sank many wells in the sand and pumped and piped water from all sides into reservoirs to quench the desert thirst of men, horses and camels. In the foothills this supply began to be sufficient for the needs of a part of the army. In the attack upon Gaza, where the British forces were twice repulsed into the desert, water was much needed. One of the picturesque sights of this desert advance were the drinking places of the animals, sometimes carefully prepared with masonry, at other times mere troughs where camels, donkeys, sheep and goats crowded each other for access to the precious fluid.

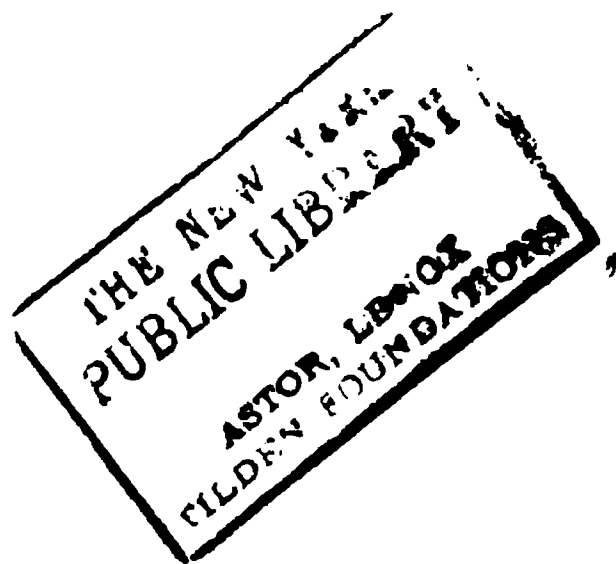
Great credit is given by the British military authorities to the substantial service of the Egyp-

tian labor corps, which worked on the railroad and laid the water pipe line across the Desert of Sinai. These men were recruited along the Nile. The writer frequently heard words of gratitude expressed by officers and men for the help rendered by this corps. From Egypt also were brought vast herds of camels and droves upon droves of the famous Egyptian donkeys, reputed to be the best in the world, splendid little animals, extraordinarily enduring and alert in their work. It was a common saying among the British at the gates of Jerusalem that it was the donkey work which won the war in Palestine: these animals were able to clamber up the seemingly inaccessible stony sides of the Judean hills, when the storming of those rocky fastnesses became necessary. As a matter of fact the crowning success of the taking of Jerusalem, and later of the conquest of the whole of Palestine, was the result of splendid teamwork on the part of the many elements engaged and General Allenby, in his dispatches, is careful to make this clear in his characteristically kindly fashion.

It is pleasant to be able to add that the American Standard Oil Company had a share in this wonderful achievement of piping the water of the Nile into Palestine. The pipes which that company had at the port of Alexandria, waiting to be used in its project for boring for oil in Palestine, were purchased by the British authorities and laid in this enterprise, which proved to be a necessary

Photograph by Reed

LAYING A WATER-PIPE FROM THE NILE ACROSS THE DESERT OF SINAI



preliminary to the wresting of the Holy Land from the grasp of the Turks, its age-long exploiters. To-day water is being conserved with more care than ever in Palestine. The country receives a greater rainfall than California, and there is no reason why with the expenditure of money, raised by loans, large reservoirs should not be built to store this water for the rainless season, and cause even parts of the desert to blossom as the rose.

The Egyptian labor corps was drawn from the peasants of that country, the fellahin, who in the old days were so terribly oppressed by their Turkish masters. They could withstand the intense heat of the desert and maintain their vigor and usefulness. The Indian troops also shared in this advantage, but when the fighting was transferred to the Judean hills, both Egyptians and the Indians were greatly inconvenienced by the rain and cold of the Palestine winter. The Egyptians were clad in loose, baggy trousers, and tunics, their heads were protected by turbans and they worked in bare feet, but as they mingled with Europeans, they added all kinds of non-descript clothing to their national dress, presenting often a ludicrous aspect.

Of the difficulties of working in the desert no one can speak with exaggeration, for to the heat must be added the softness of the sand, the presence of all manner of insects, scorpions and snakes. In order to enable the Ford cars and the many trucks to be used, it was necessary to lay

wire netting on the sand, but even so there were times when transport would have seemed impossible to any people less intrepid than the conquerors of Palestine. Sudden sandstorms would arise and change flat plains into broken ground, dotted with hillocks. This was the desert in which the children of Israel wandered for 40 years, but the British army crossed in a few weeks after the signal for the advance had been given.

CHAPTER XIII

AT ALLENBY'S GATE

DAY by day my acquaintance with Jerusalem ripened into friendship. While still at the Grand New Hotel I had many opportunities of studying street types.

Imagine a city of seventy thousand inhabitants without street railroads, public telephones, electric power or electric lights. At night occasional lamps suspended from convenient corners cast a faint glimmer on the irregular pavement. There was no other light unless it was the glorious moonlight of the Holy Land. Such was the Holy City.

Jerusalem has seven gates, and a transportation problem handled at present, as of old, along purely Eastern lines. There are donkeys, horses, camels—even carriages and the ubiquitous Ford—and all that traffic concentrates naturally at the gates, just as, to increase its force, water used to be made to flow through a small opening in the old-fashioned tide mills at home. As for telephones, who that can shout from roof to roof and down the echoing streets should trouble himself to whisper into a funnel?

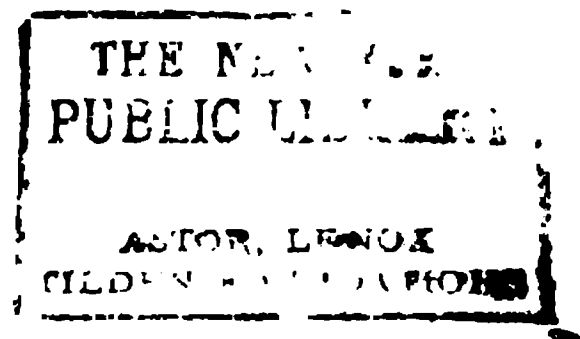
My windows are well placed, for I can watch the crowd thronging in and out of the Jaffa Gate.

That is the widest opening the city has, since Wilhelm II of Prussia had it enlarged to permit his spectacular entry—a symbolical pageant that he staged to represent his taking possession of the Holy City by agreement with the Sultan in Constantinople. But wide is the gate which leadeth unto destruction. The real Jaffa Gate is a narrow one at the side of the wide passageway.

At five in the morning I am called to my window by a terrific clamor of wordy battle. The country people are bringing in provisions for the city's needs—grapes, figs, pomegranates, tomatoes, cucumbers, gourds and also charcoal for the cooking. The camels, with heads held inquisitively high, sway forward and backward on padded feet, little bits of donkeys picking their way daintily among them like women on high-heeled shoes. A rider from the desert with a gun of some sort strapped across his shoulders gallops by on a high-stepping Arabian horse. He shouts to the camel-men to clear a way for him; but under the British rule all men on the road have equal right of way, and they give him the retort discourteous, in which pedestrians join, taking sides as the fancy seizes them. A veritable pitched battle of words under the window rends the quiet of the morning.

There is a drama of sorts below, played by a stock company consisting of three men in ragged country clothes, three camels laden with produce, and a splendid gentleman in turban and rich silk robes, all of whom occupy the stage at once. The

OUTSIDE THE JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.



splendid gentleman taps one of the saddle bags, maintaining an air meanwhile, and using a gesture of bottomless contempt, only surpassed, possibly, by the grimace of the camel that bears the burden. The Arabs say something that I cannot hear. The splendid gentleman goes over to the parapet close to David's tower and leans wearily upon it, the picture of despair, a man undone. The three enraged Arabs raise their voices in terrific chorus, which in almost any other city would bring out the police reserves and start a society for the suppression of street noises; but suddenly, for no apparent reason, all is still. The splendid gentleman with the silken robe forsakes his picturesque attitude, seizes the rope of one of the camels, and the little procession departs up a side street amid the impressive lull that follows a storm. The plot must be imagined. What the trouble was all about does not appear.

But the lull does not last long. Some women squatting on the pavement with baskets in front of them piled high with brilliant vegetables suddenly fall into violent altercation with a man who may be an ordinary purchaser, but who succeeds in creating in my mind the impression that he is a middleman. The trouble is evidently the price. One woman—better actress than the rest—seems to be trying with emphatic pantomime and a perfectly amazing flow of words to impress upon the middleman how difficult it was to grow and gather the tomatoes piled up before her. As I watch, I

can see the whole process, so vivid are her gestures, and my heart is touched by the recital. But the middleman looks disgusted and goes off to one side to squat against the wall and meditate, perhaps to evolve another line of attack.

Let us leave him to his discreditable thoughts, for one of the women sets us the example. First she puts her baby into a sling like a tiny hammock, made of goats' hair, not unlike the sling in which David carried stones when he went forth to slay Goliath, only a little larger. She throws the sling over her back, adjusts the band of the sling over her headdress, and throws back the cloth that she uses for a veil so that the end of it covers her baby, protecting it from sun and flies. But that is only the beginning of burdens. Next she lifts an enormous basket filled with primitive crockery, balances it on her head and, rising cautiously, walks off erect and powerful, carrying both baby and stock in trade with the same sort of head power that an ox uses in pulling the plow.

Meanwhile, the throng coming through Jaffa Gate does not pause for an instant, but grows more and more dense and variegated—Parthians, Medes and Elamites—a motley gathering of nations, with some Europeans prominent among them, looking like early birds in white. The Jews are not so numerous as one might expect in Jerusalem. They are outnumbered, according to the records, both by Christians and Moslems throughout the whole of Palestine. At the Jaffa Gate,

however, there are many foreign Jews in long coats and comical black hats, with a lock of hair trained to fall over each ear. One shudders to think of the fate of a boy dressed like that in boys' school in America. These imported Jews are mostly Polish, and have not come in contact yet with the New World youth. Then there are native Jews, hard to distinguish from the Moslems, who are mostly of Spanish origin and wear the fez.

Next through the Jaffa Gate comes a man who walks beside a horse loaded with fresh goatskins, and on top sits a black kid blissfully ignorant of the fate in store for it. Then a brassy blare and roll of drum precedes a squad of British soldiers, steady and slow, both men and officers in "shorts," showing their lean, sunburned legs.

After the soldiers comes a porter carrying on his back furniture enough to fill a small van in America, brushing by heavily cloaked and turbaned figures in front of the cafés just outside the gate, who are taking what has to pass for breakfast in Jerusalem. A native policeman in khaki with astrakhan skin around his cap stations himself on the corner and yawns. A seller of water crosses in front of him, carrying on his back an inflated goatskin tied at the corners, a hideous object that is rapidly disappearing since the British brought with them a water supply.

The chimes of the Greek Church are ringing in a wild jangle as though to deliver an important

message. On inquiry I learn that today's tumultuous clamor is in honor of the feast day in Athens of the young King of Greece.

For many centuries Jerusalem has been crowded with churches, convents, monasteries, schools and missions; but all those did not avail to give it even the cup of cold water that the British have provided in a few months. The long continual presence of the churches did not clean away as much of the filth of Jerusalem in a year as, under the instance of British occupation, the street cleaners now remove in one morning.

Noon comes at the Jaffa Gate, and for a while there is less animation. The oriental squatters, men and women, seek the shady side streets and rest on the cobblestones in positions that would mean excruciating agony to the occidental, their feet under them Turkish fashion, as we say. A little boy lies stretched full length in the shadow of one of the pillars of the Gate, a little fist stuck in his eye to keep the flies out. Bless him! May his future be brighter for growing up in a Jerusalem freed from the butcheries of the Turks and protected by the Golden Rule. May his limbs grow strong in the race for righteousness. May his bright little eyes never lose their vision, and his quick mind be obedient to the only true God, like the little Palestine boy who followed the commands of the Father and talked with the learned men of the Temple. May this youngster honor his mother, and help to set woman free in this

Orient that is perishing for want of woman; and may he thus find his own womanhood, without which he cannot grow up to be a real man!

There is so much to be done to rehabilitate Palestine that one hardly knows where to begin. The land is still so full of the recollection of Turkish brutalities that it cannot lend itself suddenly to reforms. Said a Pasha to a prosperous man one day during the war, "I must have wood to run the steam engines of my trains. Bring me three tons of wood a day, or I will use the bodies of men for fuel." When someone complained to him that there was famine in the land, he sneeringly replied, "I have not yet heard that a woman has eaten her child."

There was public hanging of deserters and malefactors in Jerusalem during the war, but Turkish justice is such a curious thing that it is quite as likely to work backward as forward, suddenly becoming retroactive and *ex post facto*. For instance, an unattached soldier from northern Palestine was caught in Jerusalem and haled before the military authorities. He claimed to have leave of absence, and the natural method would have been to inquire into the facts, and if he were found to be a liar, then to hang him. But the Turkish officers in charge hanged the man first, and then inquired of the proper authorities whether he had leave of absence. When it was found that he actually did have it, the whole affair was dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders.

Such were daily events only a short time ago, and a people that has lived under the yoke and lash so long should not be expected to leap into new civilization in an instant. But now for a time the fear is lifted from the land. The strong, calm hand of even justice soothes the turbulent tempers of religious misunderstandings. There is hope of better things, and the throng at Allenby's Gate is cheered by the thought that the hour of deliverance has come.

CHAPTER XIV

BEAUTIFYING THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM

SHORTLY after his return to Palestine from a visit to England, the Governor of Jerusalem said to me, "We have a work here, which, I believe, will interest you. It has to do with beautifying the walls of Jerusalem." These walls, so often destroyed in the past, are to-day intact. This places the Holy City, both from an archaeological and artistic viewpoint, in a choice and dwindling group of the world's treasure cities.

My conversation with the Governor led to an early morning call from the civic adviser of the British military administration, a well-known authority on city planning, and presently we found ourselves, at 6:30 a. m. of an exquisite Palestine October day, standing on the platform of the portal leading to David's Tower, where General Allenby had caused a proclamation to be read at the taking of Jerusalem. The present citadel building is a mediaeval structure, but is built principally of stones dating from the time of Herod, i. e., from the time when Jesus walked the streets of Jerusalem.

"All that we have done here as yet has been by means of destitute labor," explained the civic

adviser, "female labor, mostly. They receive from 5 to 6 piastres a day (25 to 30 cents) and that seems better than to pauperize them by giving doles with no return on their part. And if the wage is low, that prevents government relief work from interfering with the labor market."

We passed through the portal of the citadel on to a rough wooden bridge and looked down into the moat. On one side was the ditch of the unregenerate Turkish days, but cleared by the British of some of its worst offenses against decency; on the other side—behold! a garden, a thing of beauty, a sweet maze of cosmos, tall as a man's head, crysanthemum, geranium, marigold, morning glory, lemon verbena, hollyhocks, petunias, bamboo, and other plants.

A glimpse into the two parts of the moat gave a picture which might have been entitled, *Before and After the Occupation*. Walks have already been laid out in the garden with the aid of broken stone, as this is the nearest approach to gravel which Jerusalem possesses. Low border-walls take the place of hedges, and stone seats are waiting to be capped with marble, when funds permit.

Women and girls, watering the plants, rose to greet us with their gentle "Saida." We replied with the same beautiful salutation. They are as courteous as in the Bible days, and there the West learns from the East.

The civic adviser laughed as he explained where the water comes from. "The Citadel has stood

A GARDEN IN THE MOAT OF THE CITADEL

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

a hundred sieges. Each different conqueror added to the previous supply—cisterns—cisterns—cisterns—rain water all of it.” We stood looking down into a deep well, evidently the opening into one of the cisterns. Ain, the Arabic word for a well, also means an eye, but it takes only a minute’s thought to realize how appropriate that is. Far down on the sides of the well grew tufts of maiden hair fern clinging to the chinks in the wall.

My guide continued his explanations while we descended a steep flight of steps, ducked our heads under a low portal, and suddenly found ourselves in the garden itself, at the bottom of the ancient moat. All around us were high walls, and hidden from public gaze was this garden in the wilderness of stone, the beginning of the beautifying of the Holy City. It is not only hidden from the public gaze, but barred to them, too, at present, for the natives were educated Turkish fashion and have little understanding of their share in protecting public property. The new education, already beginning, will be pressed, and open parks will be more than a probability.

The moat garden followed the contour of the citadel and presently we found ourselves at the edge of a chasm spanned by temporary scaffolding. “Is your head pretty steady?” asked my guide. “Then, come on.” We crossed by dizzy planking to a rough terrace overlooking the road to Bethlehem as it emerges from the Jaffa Gate.

You could tell where the gate was by the nondescript houses and cafés that mark the approach to it. A string of camels was slowly crawling up the hill, laden donkeys were ambling by, women with grapes, figs, and vegetables in the baskets on their heads strode among the crowd, erect and classic. In the distance the outlines of the Judean hills stood out with that sparkling clearness which they gain from the atmosphere at this altitude.

“This terrace, I think, could be used for receptions and garden parties,” explained the town planner. I thought it needed the eye of an artist to predict such a future for this terrace in the rough. Two large trees, mercifully preserved through the destruction of the Turkish régime, represented the sum total of green things wherewith to begin the beautifying. The Moslem masonry at the edge of the terrace had crumbled, and lay here and there in crushed heaps upon the ground; the sparse bits of grass which had survived the long rainless summer had baked into a deep brown. Only true love of the beautiful and grand could discount present conditions and picture a future brilliant aspect for this terrace.

We retraced our steps across the scaffolding, looking down as we went upon the glacis of the citadel fortifications and into a deep ditch filled with débris which the workmen are to clear away for an approach to the gardens. Beyond were the barren slopes leading to the city wall at the top of Mount Zion; at this time these slopes looked

more than usually forbidding, before the rain had touched them into some semblance of green.

There is a path making the whole inner circuit of the walls of Jerusalem. A flight of steps turns abruptly to the south, and there we paused. "We have removed many obstructions and put in solid iron railings here and there. You can already begin at Herod's Gate and go to St. Stephen's Gate without coming down," said the civic adviser, "and there are other stretches already complete which we are uniting, so that it will soon be possible to complete the round."

I have left him with a vision of the future in his practical-looking eye, almost oblivious to my congratulations, because the little hitherto accomplished only called to his imagination the great part that still remained to be done.

A few days after this delightful introduction to the walls I repaired to Herod's Gate, and leaving the white road outside the walls, passed through the gate, turned sharply to the left, and mounted to the top of the wall. What a strange conglomeration is this modern Jerusalem! Not many yards away, in the interior of the city, people jostled each other on David Street and parallel streets, and a babel of tongues rose and fell as the polyglot crowd bought and sold, protested and quarreled. But high on the walls there was freedom and freshness and a great quiet. The sun shone directly upon the walls' crenelated tops and upon the path just beneath the summit of the wall,

where archers and watchers used to go the rounds in olden times. Outside lay the rolling highlands of Judea, and the Mount of Olives, with the dark trees of the Garden of Gethsemane at its feet; inside was all that remains of ancient Jerusalem, many times destroyed and many times rebuilt.

Close to the walls on the city side were patches of cauliflower plants waiting for the rain to give them their growth; there were clusters of domed Moslem houses partly in ruins, from between which peeped fig trees, flowering oleander bushes, and hedges of cactus. I walked along the wall path, dimly conscious of Jerusalem's many pasts, of the times of the Jebusites, the Israelites, the Roman's, and the Byzantines; of the period in which the great Teacher walked and worked here; of the times of scourging by the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Persian and the Turk. Now had come a new conquest, a liberation, and one of its first works was to tame these formidable walls by beautifying them.

As I walked eastward, the openings at the top of the wall gave clearer glimpses into the terrible valley of Jehoshaphat, the abode of tombs. On the inside of the wall a horse, tethered under a mulberry tree, was munching chopped hay, a flock of goats was roaming over the vacant places, perforce content with very poor picking. Doves flew from trees to housetops; two ravens, flying as though they were resting on the breeze, were cawing and calling for the rain. The hum of the city

seemed distant and unobtrusive, for just here, within the city, there is still much vacant space, so that prickly pears ripen against the wall and lizards dart in and out of its crevices undisturbed.

At St. Stephen's Gate I had to climb down in order to enter the great inclosure of the Harames-Sherif, the site of Solomon's temple.

But what is here now! The Dome of the Rock, the shrine miscalled the Mosque of Aksa, with its exquisite tile work, covers the sacrificial altar; to the south, the Mosque of Aksa has risen on the site of a Christian Church; there are some portals leading to the platform on which the tiled shrine stands, and rows of small cell-like houses for students of the Koran, but the rest is a great open space, for the most part neglected, ready to be beautified. A few fine olive trees and shrubs and superb old cypresses invite the landscape gardener to make of this waste place a delight, an abiding place of peace and beauty, a refuge from overcrowded, packed Jerusalem with its foul corners. Here, too, piercing the walls, but always kept closed, is the Golden Gate, a survival in Roman style concerning which a volume could be written.

I roamed about this open space, not as a tourist sight-seer, but as one having a plan and that plan a hope, the hope of seeing the rejuvenated Jerusalem arise out of the ages of neglect and ignorance. The hope seems likely of fulfillment, by degrees, under those who are anxious that the

world which loves Jerusalem may find them faithful servants.

The walk around the city walls and the beautifying of Jerusalem's waste places abutting on the walls are only part of a greater project contemplated by the Pro-Jerusalem Society. Jerusalem is to have its park system like an American city. The open spaces which lend themselves especially to this system are already noted on a comprehensive plan which includes the city outside the walls as well as inside. For instance, an unsightly vacant lot in front of the building now used as the post office appears in this plan as a charming sunken garden radiant with flowers, and a beginning has been made to realize this project. Bit by bit Jerusalem will be redeemed from the deplorable condition in which the Turks left it, when on that notable winter's day their last stragglers hurried through St. Stephen's Gate, hastening toward Jericho, leaving the city to be surrendered by the Mayor.

In a private report which the civic adviser prepared for the administration, and to which he kindly gave me access, Jerusalem's needs are set forth with great frankness. "Jerusalem," he writes, "is an artificial city, and in a sense parasitic." He states that it is "a city of relics and draws revenue from the rest of the world." Then follows the admirable recommendation. "Divert this world tribute to the ennoblement of the city, the preservation of its history, to make its popula-

tion happier, and to doing this particularly through their labor, agriculture and the crafts that they practice.”

Everyone who knows his Jerusalem knows the truth of the foregoing. The money which has been poured into Jerusalem in times past has been used for sectarian purposes, and the population has been pauperized thereby. The funds should be expended *pro bono publica*. Free water for the public has already been piped into the city from near Hebron; The British engineers reopened the great conduit originally built by Pontius Pilate. Further supplies will shortly be tapped so that an even more bountiful flow may be expected soon.

It is no longer necessary to buy water from the water-carrier with his goat-skin. The 5000 cisterns of Jerusalem went dry in the autumn of 1919. The military authorities were therefore petitioned, and the incredible happened, the cisterns of Jerusalem were refilled without a drop of rain having fallen, something which the oldest inhabitant will tell you has never happened before.

After Allenby's great victory in September of 1918, when the whole of Palestine was finally swept clean of the Turks, the Arabs organized a grand bonfire in the courtyard of the citadel. As they danced around the fire they extemporized a sort of a chant, the refrain of which was, “The British brought the water, the Turks are in the fire.”

To-day Jerusalem has a street cleaning department. It is much in evidence, for small boys with brooms and donkeys scour the city, and where are the small boys who are not noisy? There are watering carts, too. Perhaps Jerusalem may become a city of flowers. Public schools, as distinct from parochial schools, have already been developed upon foundations already existing. There should arise a civic consciousness in this population, now so radically divided on racial and religious lines. Speaking of proposals for betterment, the report of the civic adviser states, "It would be too sanguine to hope that all these things might be carried out in Jerusalem, but Jerusalem is unique: a 'City of the mind,' and in it as such, nothing is impossible."

Men and women of vision are needed to make a new Jerusalem out of the old, and with prophetic imagination they can perform this service for mankind. The first and immediate step is evidently the preserving and beautifying of the walls which stand round about the city and typify protection and distinction.

CHAPTER XV

THE JEWS OF JERUSALEM

ON the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles a group of Americans were standing near the Tower of David, watching the strange mixture of humanity which pours by that point minute by minute throughout the day. It was their purpose to maintain the mental attitude of those who come to help all men, irrespective of race or religion. They were about to turn away towards the Jaffa Gate, when the notes of distant music and of rude antiphonal singing caused them to pause and wait. Was it a wedding or a funeral approaching? To the occidental the two occasions seem to call forth about the same type of music in the Orient. There was the sound of violins added to that of human voices. Presently the procession moved in sight, as incomprehensible a group as could well be imagined.

The most noticeable feature was a canopy of purple velvet, richly embroidered, carried on poles by four men,—but what was this under the canopy? A bystander said it was the scroll of the law, containing the books of Moses, called the Torah. Having been read each Sabbath throughout the year, this scroll had now been finished and

the ceremony which was being witnessed was a demonstration of praise, called the "Feast of the Law"; it was the taking of the scroll back to the synagogue where it would be rerolled amid special ritual.

Two fiddlers led the procession. From time to time they turned around and faced the followers. A grey bearded man carrying a scarf danced to the tune of the fiddle. He kept turning round and round and holding up the scarf in both hands like a trick dancer. The crowd closed quickly around the canopy with its scroll, men, women and children in serried ranks. In front some men kept revolving and shouting, to which the crowd replied in loud repetitions. But here was the difficulty, the men mostly wore the fez or tarboosh,—were they Moslems?

The bystander again explained that these were Jews of the kind known as Sephardim, mostly of Spanish and Portuguese descent, who had been so long under the Moslem that they wore his head gear and commonly spoke Arabic, though they tenaciously maintained their religion through good and evil report. The Jews who have emigrated from Germany, Poland and Russia are called the Ashkenazin. With some last strident notes of the violins and some last shouts from the crowd the procession entered the narrow part of David Street, where this dips down to the old city, and so was lost to view.

Here, then, were some of the Jews of Jeru-

salem,—how shall we appraise them? The question bristles with difficulties. The Jews of Jerusalem are still in the minority, being outnumbered both by the Moslems and the Christians. They are a mixed multitude, brought together from a world wide dispersion. Since Nebuchadnezzar drove the Jews from Jerusalem, they have been returning and then receding again, going out into an inhospitable world, wave upon wave, and ever trying to return. Under Solomon's son, Rehoboam, the Ten Tribes had separated from the House of David and formed the Kingdom of Israel. This Kingdom had a precarious existence for 240 years. In 721 B. C., Sargon, King of Assyria, led the Ten Tribes away captive and they never returned. What became of them? The Kingdom of Judah lasted 345 years, and was extinguished by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B. C. The remnant of this Judah Kingdom are the modern Jews, to whom Mr. Balfour, speaking in behalf of the British Government, has offered the opportunity of a national home in Palestine. But where are the Ten Tribes, to complete the Twelve? A restoration of two tribes only would not be a complete restoration. There is evidently something in this modern problem which does not at once meet the eye. Mr. Balfour may understand it; Bible students searching the prophecies may be able to explain it, but there is little evidence that the diplomats, who are apportioning the fruits of the world war to the different powers,

have yet found the Ten Tribes who await restoration along with the two.

For the present it suffices to examine the Jews of Jerusalem, as we find them to-day, in all their picturesqueness of costume and tradition.

On Saturday they come out in their native finery, especially the men. The distinctive male costume consists of a long velvet cloak over a silken vest, the whole held in by a belt. The head gear is a wide fur lined cap. Sometimes the cloak is of a rich orange color, often deep blue, and again simply black. The little boys are particularly amusing with wide felt hats, like Anglican clergymen, and with their inevitable side curls.

I went into the store of two Jews who kept stationery close to the Jaffa Gate. Their stock was practically all German, they had travelled Germany over as peddlers, and all their business success had been through German firms. They spoke Yiddish, but very little English. These Jews must begin life all over again on an Anglo-Saxon basis. Of course, they can do it, but it will take a long time. They are not as grateful to the British as they might be, because the British conquest of Palestine broke off all their business connections. There are also quite a number of British Jews,—some of them in uniform; and then there are the Zionists, but that opens up another story, an interesting one full of delicate situations and startling possibilities.

**"ON SATURDAY THEY COME OUT IN THEIR NATIVE FINERY,
ESPECIALLY THE MEN"**

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Therefore let us stop here with the Jews of Jerusalem as they are not as they are to be.

On another occasion the same group of Americans reinforced by one of the best instructed of the guides of Jerusalem visited the Wailing Walls of the Jews. The approach is through a line of beggars squatting against the wall with hands extended for alms. "A gift," they cry, "for the restoration." A tottering old man with a rattling money box makes the rounds. "I have been here sixty years," he claims with a quaver.

Here is a modern Jew who might have stepped out of Hester Street, New York, with a felt hat, collar and tie and white duck coat reading from the book of the Law. From time to time he beats upon his breast in an access of misery at the long waiting for the restoration. Close beside him a woman sobs hysterically with sudden outbreaks of heartrending wailings. Two other women go to her and lead her gently away,—she can barely control herself. A Jew who looks like an Arab, in Turban and long cloak, kisses the stones.

But here is another note,—a Moslem woman hurries by holding a cat tight in her arms. What are all the wailings and dronings to her? She lives in one of the dark cellars nearby, which pass for homes in this part of Jerusalem. Two old crones at the wall now interrupt their wailing long enough to take snuff together in a sociable way, exchanging snuff boxes as a sign of cordiality, and then down the path comes a group of

three generations, grandmother, daughter and little girl. The grandmother is a fine old Rebecca, the daughter is in the latest Parisian style, and the prettily dressed little girl looks on all these shoddy people with surprise. The Parisian mother does not kiss the stones outright, but merely touches them with her hands. She has evidently heard something about germs and will take no chances. There is water in a certain crevice in the rock. Many wailers go to this, dip their hands in it and wet their foreheads. At the entrance, also, there is a sort of a caretaker of the place, who keeps the wicks which the wailers buy, and for which they bargain in order to feel entirely at home.

Suddenly, from the far corner comes the passionate weeping of a woman who pressed a letter against the stone, praying and calling for an answer. I retrace my steps and glance over her shoulders,—the letter is addressed to someone in New York. Oh, America!—how the needy cry out to you and your bounty! I survey once more the whole scene in its astounding significance.

The great wall towers into the Palestinian sky, all that is certainly left of Solomon's temple. Leaning against the enormous stones of its foundation are the wailing Jews, men and women, and children, a pathetic remnant, nobly faithful to race and religion. A low murmur runs through the host. Those nearest to the wall put their fingers into the crevices, bowing and swaying as they

THE JEWS OF JERUSALEM 129

chant. Women with shawls drawn over their heads weep pitifully for the departed glory of the temple. Little boys marked as Jews by the curls beside their ears, recite from the psalter.

Suddenly a great crescendo rises from the crowd. It is an outburst of fervor. A reader chants the line. The people make answer.

Reader. "Because of the Palace which is deserted—

People. We sit alone and weep.

Reader. Because of the Temple which is destroyed,
Because of the walls which are broken down,
Because of our greatness which is departed,
Because of the precious stones of the Temple
ground to powder,

Because of our priests who have erred and
gone astray.

Because of our kings who have condemned
God—

People. We sit alone and weep.

Reader. We beseech Thee, have mercy on Zion!

People. And gather together the children of Jerusalem.

Reader. Make speed, make speed, O Deliverer of Zion.

People. Speak after the heart of Jerusalem.

Reader. Let Zion be girded with beauty and with
majesty.

People. Show favor unto Jerusalem.

Reader. Let Zion find her Kings.

People. Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.

Reader. Let peace and joy return to Jerusalem.

People. Let the branch of Jerusalem put forth and bud.

I am told that some of these Jews are hired to

wail by their coreligionists in other countries; that others receive money in wills to do this wailing, and it may be that some actually bump their heads against the wall in order to make themselves cry; but the wailing is not a show arranged for sight-seers, and real tears are shed by the women in their emotional swaying.

The harsh murmurs and outcries, uttered antiphonally, die down by degrees as the Jews bow and throw their weight from one foot to another. This age-long desire must find its mark. Other people may count their fidelities by the hundreds of years, the Jews have lamented the destruction of their temple for more than two thousand years. They lean their foreheads against the huge blocks (laid in five or six courses and some of them fifteen feet long, by three and four feet high) and hope that this massive foundation will serve for a future temple of great beauty where the Moslem Mosque now stands, usurping the site chosen by Solomon. They have been wailing here ever since Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the temple. They have mourned under the Persians, under the Macedonians left here as rulers by Alexander the Great, under the Romans, during the Crusades, and under the Turks. The present British Mandate, protecting all religions, should safeguard whatever rights prophecy has in store for them.

The glory of ancient Jerusalem can only be guessed from the few fragments which remain

· THE JEWISH WAILING PLACE

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among its mounds of rubbish. Not far from the Wailing Place, partly buried in the refuse heaps of modern Jerusalem, is the fragment of past greatness known to archæologists as Robinson's Arch, so named after an enterprising American scholar who labored here as early as 1838 to elucidate the topography of the Holy City. Here is the massive spring of an arch which once spanned the valley between Mounts Moriah and Zion, between the temple and the city of David. What grandeur must have marked Jerusalem in those days! The enormous stones upon which the arch rested speak of a noble structure, powerful and doubtless elegant, supported upon one or more piers. Again a few steps, and we find ourselves upon the wall of Jerusalem looking down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, into the gruesome depths.

A picture of ghastliness, such as Doré might have drawn, lies below, sown with grave stones on a barren soil, a valley of blight, grey, and decay. There is not anywhere on earth so terrible a dip into the pit of death, as is presented by this valley. There lie those graves, row upon row, drab and desperate. Here the Moslem, there the Jew, facing each other in an arid, acrid mood, generations of the dead claiming the valley for themselves, typifying the "dust to dust" of the Scriptures. Fortunately a Greek church community has pierced the gloom of the western slope with a wedge of cultivation in which olive trees have been trained to grow on the terraces. But all

the rest is a desert waste. The heart cries out in protest against the valuable spaces given to the dead, when the living must scrape the rocky soil for a scanty foothold. Tradition has done this. The Jews wish to be buried there in order to wait the coming of the Messiah. The Moslems believe that Mohammed will sit upon the wall of Jerusalem to judge the world, and that a horsehair will be stretched across to the Mount of Olives, and that on this horsehair all who hope to reach Paradise must cross.

The prophecy in regard to the Valley of Jehoshaphat bears out the Jewish tradition, for we read in Joel (3:2, 12) "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land.

Let the heathen be awakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat; for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about."

Again, to the north of our point of view, piercing the wall, lies the Golden Gate, "the gate of the outward sanctuary which looketh toward the east" as Ezekiel describes it. The prophecy concerning the Golden Gate reads, "Then said the Lord unto me: This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut.

“It is for the prince; the prince, he shall sit in it to eat bread before the Lord; he shall enter by the way of the porch of that gate, and shall go out by the way of the same.” (Ezekiel 44 2, 3.)

Tradition has it that Jesus used this gate on the occasion of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem and the expectation of many is that He will come the second time by this same gate. The Golden Gate has been walled up for many centuries. The structure itself is obviously Roman, a fine massive portal such as the masters of the then known world delighted to erect.

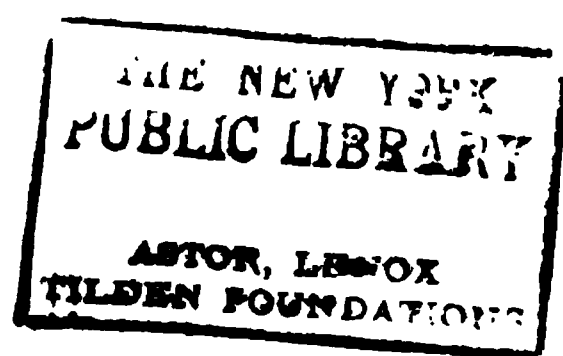
When will this dead soil of the valley of Jehoshaphat bear a living harvest? It forms the sad side of Jerusalem, for on its borders lies the Garden of Gethsemane, and Mount Olivet towers above it. The worst must some day be made the best, this is the reversal which good operates. When this black spot is cleaned, New Jerusalem will arise from the ashes of its old self.

Issuing from the Gate of St. Stephen, since the Golden Gate will let no one pass as yet, the visitor can skirt the Garden of Gethsemane and follow a foot path down the Valley of Jehoshaphat along the dry bed of the brook Kidron. This walk is between the bleak and forbidden slopes of Mount Moriah and Zion, and the west and the southern spur of the Mount of Olives on the east.

I remember once being caught there at nightfall, on this lugubrious seamy side of Jerusalem, with which so much of history is associated, and

Rock-Cut Tombs of the Valley of Jehoshaphat.
From a Painting by John Fulleylove, R.I.

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Arabic. The inhabitants of this village specialize in raising fruit and vegetables for the market in Jerusalem, to which the bottom lands lend themselves especially. From great destitution they have become rich according to local standards, that is, they have probably passed the margin of starvation into a condition of relative security.

From Silvan we turn to the right and climb through the Valley of Hinnom around the foot of Mount Zion to the Pool of the Sultan, and enter Jerusalem once more by the Jaffa Gate, but, as though the Valley of Jehoshaphat had not provided enough of the gruesome, there is pointed out to us southward the "Hill of Evil Counsel," where Caiaphas and the Jews met to plan Jesus's death, and also "Aceldama," the Potter's Field, which the priests bought with the thirty pieces of silver repudiated by Judas. This whole excursion around the eastern and southern slopes of Jerusalem is bitter with evil memories and this bitterness needs to be replaced by sweetness. A judicious use of water in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the planting of trees instead of graves, or the planting of trees among the graves, the construction of a carriage road to connect the Garden of Gethsemane with the Bethlehem road at the Pool of the Sultan, and the planting of the slopes of Mount Zion with fruit bearing trees would be some of the first steps in converting this weird region, now so suggestive of Dante's inferno, into

a vale of beauty and into the "Garden of the King," as much of it was once called.

Who shall do this? Who shall clothe once more the daughter of Zion in garments worthy of a bride? Who shall make Jerusalem a thing of beauty fit for the coming of the great King? These are questions of the hour in Jerusalem, but they involve the whole world in their solution.

CHAPTER XVI

STREET COSTUMES IN JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM presents the greatest variety of races and nationalities of any city in the world, all wearing their traditional costumes, so that the general effect upon the American who suddenly finds himself in the city is that of a costume ball. Eyes accustomed to the prosaic and the uniform garments of the West stare in amused wonder at men and boys in flowing robes, which look like dressing gowns, and at women dressed in similar vestments. Here, for example, come two women carrying baskets full of vegetables on their heads. The usual white cloth is draped about their heads and hangs down their backs, a protection against the intensity of the sun. They must needs stand very erect in order to balance their heavy loads; therefore the carriage of the women is noticeably fine, there is a swinging motion from the hips, while the upper portion of the body remains straight and undisturbed, so as not to shift the load. One of these women carries her baby on her back, slung in a small hammock of goat's hair which passes over her forehead under the big basket. Thus she has walked to Jerusalem from an outlying village, and thus she will return,

except that the basket will be full of purchases instead of garden produce. Many of these women also wear filets of gold coins on their foreheads—their whole wealth.

Now comes a man riding a donkey which carries big boxes of grapes instead of saddlebags. The boxes are covered with vine branches to shelter the grapes from the dust, and especially from the flies. He is taking these grapes to the dealer outside the Jaffa Gate, who will make him a price, and then will ensue a wordy battle reënforced by gesticulations of varying intensity, sometimes rising to a note of absolute ferocity, and again sinking to tones of the greatest depreciation.

Early every morning there are meetings of the dealers with the country folk at the different gates which are thoroughly amusing for people who enjoy a row. Here, for example, is a common episode: three women, dissatisfied with the price offered, are walking away from the dealer in high dudgeon, talking volubly over their grievance. Seeing this, the dealer makes after them and threatens them, thrusting his fingers into their very faces, expostulating, warning, pleading and trying to terrorize them. The women stand firm, they talk back and then raise their hands. There is such a medley that even the callous crowd waits to see the outcome. The women move away slowly, inch by inch, and the price offered by the dealers moves upward by pennies until the point of stability has been reached. The parties have

agreed, the dealers have climbed up and the country folk have climbed down. Now they meet on a common footing and, the battle o'er, the grapes are unloaded and the dealers reluctantly count out the greasy piaster paper money, as though they, of course, all along meant to pay the price agreed upon.

As I take my early morning walk by the American Consulate out to the barren stone ridges, two little boys are driving a flock of goats from house to house, milking them for their customers. Women and children come to the doors with pitchers for the goat's milk. It is interesting to watch the performance. One small boy keeps the flock together, while the other, milk can in hand, darts in among the goats and, seizing one, proceeds to milk her. She does not give enough to fill the can, so he catches another one, until the measure is complete. Meanwhile the prospective purchasers watch from their house doors. It is a case of getting your morning portion milked for you while you wait.

But here come the camels, a long string of them, headed by a swarthy man in white. What is there about the camel that calls forth wonder and pity? We are ready to admire the beast for its patient powers, endurance, abstemiousness, and the beauty of its fringed eyes, then suddenly there is a revulsion, this animal is the slave of man, it is abject, ungainly, ungracious, timorous. It has not the gallantry of the horse, nor the merriment

of the ass. We do not know quite how to think of the camel, whether to pat it or kick it, and so conclude that it is just itself, a beast of burden with its good points, but hardly lovable or fit for a household pet. There are, indeed, few household pets in Jerusalem, very few dogs for a place of its size, few cats and few birds. The despoiling of the place by ruthless conquerors, and equally ruthless governments, has largely driven away such luxuries as pets which need food and water, and both of these are hard to get in post-war Jerusalem. Besides, keeping pets would have been interpreted by the Turkish tax collector as a sure sign of hidden wealth, and would have brought its own punishment.

Much improvement is noticeable to-day in the manner in which the people treat their animals. The influence of some resolute Englishwomen, who were lovers of animals and lived in Jerusalem under the Turkish régime, made a great change for the better. A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was started, and did good work in forming public opinion, and now the local police are watching the cab drivers and loaded donkeys, but the native who is reprovéd sometimes takes revenge in a little witticism. A Turkish officer, who was becoming enlightened in regard to the prevailing cruelty before the war, once stopped a man driving an overloaded donkey and forced him to unload. As the officer was walking away, the donkey driver was heard to say to a by-

stander. "I did not know that my donkey had a brother here."

In outward appearance the son of Isaac makes a poor figure beside the Bedouin Arab, the son of Ishmael, though they both had Abraham for their father. But this is the hour of judgment, of adjustment and liquidation. This common ancestry may in these prophetic days provide for the coming together of these long separated half-brothers. There seems to be no quarrel between the Arab and the Jew who has been long settled in the land, the Jew who knows Arabic and can speak it, if he wishes. The strife of the Arab is rather with the new arrivals from Russia and other lands, the immigrants who are feared by him because it is suspected that they come in order to dispossess the old settlers. The question raised by this hostility is a difficult one to settle, but there is an answer to every question.

The visitor notices at once that in this supposedly hot climate the natives wear heavy garments. This does not necessarily mean that they dress warmly, for their thick cloaks and heavy turbans may be said to keep out the heat, but it does mean that they do not wish to expose themselves to sudden changes of temperature. The sun is very hot in the middle of the day in a downright, unmistakable fashion. A helmet is comfortable for the greater part of the year, even when a pleasant breeze is circulating, but with the afternoon a decided change takes place. Ladies are

cautioned to take wraps along with their parasols and every one does well to provide for the sudden drop of the temperature as the sun drops over the horizon. It cannot be too often repeated that Jerusalem has a mountain climate, in a latitude somewhat too near the equator to belong to the temperate zone, but benefiting from an altitude which guarantees cool nights and calls for blankets on the bed even in summer.

The well-to-do farmers who lead their camels to the gates of the city wear an impressive costume which on the stage or in a child's fairy book might clothe a grand vizier or a famous wizard. In addition to their flowing robes, the inner one of which is often of silk, they wear ample turbans wound round with orange colored bands. It looks incongruous to the visitor that any one thus attired should do any menial labor at all.

There are, besides, in Jerusalem, the cavasses of the legations and larger institutions. These in themselves constitute quite a numerous body. They wear the heavy embroidered coats with long sleeves, characteristic of the Turkish and Greek islanders; it is their business to accompany ecclesiastical or secular notables on their walks through the city, or to head processions of one sort or another. When on important duty the cavass carries a huge sword encased in an ornate scabbard. He would cover himself from head to foot with firearms, if he were permitted, but these are meant to be peaceful times in Palestine, and

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NATIVES OF JERUSALEM.



the authorities do not favor any provocative equipment.

From my window I can see occasionally a street entertainer with his assistant. They have with them a curious sort of contraption, as our colored friends would say, something like a Punch and Judy booth, and yet not quite that. It has three dolls fastened in front on a shelf, and two colored glass globes. There are also four peep-holes. The children pay their half piasters and glue their faces to the peep-holes. Presently the owner of the booth begins to recite a song in Arabic, which he evidently knows by heart. He does not pause until it is over. In the meantime the assistant manipulates some pictures from behind by means of strings. It is a crude sort of a stereopticon show. When the end of the story has been reached, the owner pushes each head away from the peep-holes, as much as to say that the show is over and the children must not expect more for a half piaster.

The street crowd wears on its head the tarboosh, the turban, the helmet, the military cap, the straw hat, the draped cloth, held by the strong cords of goat's hair, the felt hat, the skull cap or no cap at all. All these head coverings mean something in the way of race or religion. Therefore, even a view down upon the Jerusalem crowd from a balcony means an historical review for one who knows. The tall black hat of the Greek orthodox priest recalls Byzantium, the split in the Christian

church and the state church in Russia; the black hood, in the form of a pyramid, upon the head of the Armenian priest, calls to mind the tragedy of that nation under the Turks; an Abyssinian priest with a high black turban carries thought to that strange mountain corner in Africa, which supplies one of the sources of the Nile, where Christianity, of a kind, has survived all the waves of Muhammadanism which have come out of Arabia. A green turban in the crowd below tells of a man who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, which, by the way, can now be made by train, for the railroad comes down from Aleppo and Damascus and passes on the other side of Jordan along the edge of the Syrian desert to the Holy City of the Moslems.

As a matter of curiosity I take my stand by the window, watching the variety of the street costumes in Jerusalem. These are some of the sights I jot down in my notebook: A woman enveloped in white, showing a face as black as the ace of spades; a Jew with a long beard; two women dressed in black from top to toe, veiled, but talking volubly to each other; a peasant woman carrying a sack of camel food on her head; a string of 12 camels, each with two little bells making a pretty tinkle; a Jewish woman with a basket on her arm, her hair gathered in a long net behind her back and a dingy red shawl over her shoulders; a company of fellahin (country people), all the women carrying loads on their heads;

a small Jewish boy with curls hanging over his ears; a company of British Indian troops, spurred and turbaned; a soldier from Tripoli who belongs to the escort of a Senussi Sheik; a British officer swinging by, ruddy and erect, a stately Bedouin; a boy sitting astride a donkey and driving other donkeys before him at a trot through the crowd, etc., etc.

All day long the moving picture before my balcony tells of this mixture of races which is Jerusalem. After a momentary pause there is a sudden outcry. I look out, a boy carrying cooked meat balls on a platter has been pushed over by a donkey, the meat balls are in the dust; the boy gathers them up again and walks off to serve them to his customers, this time flavored with the traditional peck of dirt.

Jerusalem is a representative city. The whole world sends it delegates, generally instructed to further special interests; the rivalry is mainly religious, indeed the problem of Jerusalem is religion. Back of all its street costumes, the tenacity of its queer fashions, lurks religious belief of one sort or another. Why do the Jews wear their beards and curls? Conscience forbids them to cut off the hair of the face. Why do the Moslems wear the tarboosh at the hotel dining table in the presence of ladies? Because their religion bids them keep their heads covered. Why is business enterprise a secondary consideration in Jerusalem? Because the Moslem keeps his Sabbath

on Friday, the Jew on Saturday and the Christian on Sunday. Three days out of every seven are lost to business anyway, not counting the single days kept by the different religions as feasts, wherein no work can be done.

When I think of the variety of races and religions represented in Jerusalem I am reminded of a certain business house in Jerusalem in which an Australian manager employs a Greek stenographer who writes English on a German typewriter supplied with a French keyboard.

CHAPTER XVII

JERUSALEM TRADES AND INDUSTRIES

IN Jerusalem there are no street cars, therefore within the city walls every one takes to the middle of the street and shares it with the donkeys and camels. Provision stores, workshops, and booths open to right and left, generally displaying their wares without windows or show cases, after the manner of all oriental bazaars. Here a harness maker sits mending a bridle, there some carpenters are at work on small boards of olive and acacia wood. Lumber is very scarce in Jerusalem, and one wonders why a good-sized American sailing ship does not land a large consignment of lumber at some Palestinian harbor and reap the harvest. Vendors of fruit, of strange sweetmeats and sweet cakes, of several varieties of flat bread, are crowded into every available nook.

Here are some Moslem ladies, in silken robes and black veils, fingering the stuffs of a draper's shop, and bargaining with the merchant from behind their veils. The British authorities now require every store to be painted or whitewashed, which makes for increasing cleanliness, but the fly of Palestine is surely the stickiest of the race. Window screens are much needed in Jerusalem.

As it is, many people carry switches of horses' tails to keep off the flies, showing that the need for getting the better of the fly is recognized.

Incline your head and stoop down through a narrow doorway. In a dimly lighted workshop a man is cutting out, fitting and polishing olive-wood souvenirs, brackets, bookholders, or small tables with the name "Jerusalem" painted across the surface. These will eventually pass through the souvenir stores into all the world and be treasured in many homes. At the door of another shop sits the worker in brass, designing, engraving, soldering, and mending those brass cups, urns, and pots so much fancied by visitors. Most of the best brass work comes originally from Damascus, but Jerusalem has also a small share in the preparation of these wares. Just now the brass shells left by the British and the Turks in the late wars are for sale, elaborately carved or hammered, but there are practically no tourists in the land as yet, British officers and their wives forming the principal buyers of these souvenirs, with occasional Americans who come and go on relief work.

Under the stimulus of the Pro-Jerusalem Society a weaving school has been established in the covered street leading to the temple area, identified as the "street of the house of God," mentioned by Ezra (10:9). It is now called by the Arabs the Cotton Market.

There has also been revived in the Holy City the

NATIVE WOMEN MAKING EARTHEN JARS

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making of pottery, patterned after the famous blue tiles of the Dome of the Rock (erroneously called the Mosque of Omar), which covers the site of the ancient temple altar. Sauntering through the old city, one finds its trades and industries cropping up in the most unexpected places.

Not far from the Jaffa Gate, at the intersection of David and Zion streets, sits a woman of Bethlehem, selling bread. She is conspicuous on account of a tall, white headdress, reminding one of the hoods worn at a certain period by mediæval women in Europe. Bethlehem is much occupied in the manufacture of beads for necklaces and bracelets, made of mother of pearl which comes principally from the Red Sea. These wares are much in evidence in the souvenir stores of Jerusalem. Hebron also sends to the Jerusalem market interesting and primitive glassware, especially many glass rings which are worn as ornaments by the peasants, and are for sale on the street near the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Under the shadow of David's Tower peasant women sell those great earthen water and oil jars which are indispensable in every Palestine household. Wherever there are any building operations going on, it is interesting to watch the masons at work, carrying heavy stones on their backs or balancing them on their hips, in a manner which strikes the westerner as most original. Such a thing as a wheelbarrow or a horse and cart

to help in this arduous manual labor does not seem to be required by these workers in stone.

Between noon and 2 p. m. a hush settles upon the garrulous city, all public places are closed, not only the banks, but all the stores and even the post office. There is no use planning to do business during that time; you will find no one at work. The market people are lying in the shade waiting for the cooler hours of the day. Even on David Street there is a great lull. Americans are somewhat inclined to be contemptuous about the narrow streets of the old world, because of their own wide avenues at home, but it must be remembered that there are at least two perfectly valid reasons for the narrow streets of ancient cities in the East: they are more shady, and they take up less room within the walls. It would evidently have been folly from the point of view of the defense of the city to make its streets broad and thus greatly increase the area to be defended and the length of the walls. Therefore let us be sure we give the people of the East credit for some common sense.

Grapes are for sale in Jerusalem quite six months in the year, for the vineyards at different altitudes on the backbone of this land ripen at different times. It is noticeable that the vine branches are not tied up as in Europe, but are allowed to trail on the ground, the reason for this being that the vines may lap up every bit of the dew which falls at night. Experts at dry farming

ought to succeed in Palestine, because one of the main difficulties in its successful prosecution in America is absent from Palestine, namely, the scarcity of labor. Dry farming requires a great deal of tilling of the soil in order to keep the surface broken up very fine. The patient fellah of Palestine ought to make a good dry farmer under instruction and supervision.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AND THE MOUNT OF ASCENSION

SCENICALLY the view from the Mount of Olives upon the plain of the Jordan and the Dead Sea is one of the great views of the world. Considered from the standpoint of religious history it stands alone. Many a time during my stay in Jerusalem I repaired to that marvelous height, on horseback, on donkey back, in a carriage or in a Ford car, more rarely on foot; sometimes to call on the British officials at Military Headquarters in the German Hospice, sometimes for receptions or social functions in the great building or to gather information concerning war relief work. The view was always a little different according to the time of day or the season of the year; the tints on mountain and valley, on sea and city, sky and atmosphere varied ever, and the trip was always an experience full of surprises and wonders.

The very day of our arrival in Jerusalem we drove at once out to that ridge which crowns the horizon eastward from the city and is 240 feet above it; which lies 2680 feet higher than the Mediterranean and affords a glimpse more than 4000 feet down into the deepest rift in the surface of

the earth, the valley of the Jordan and its continuation lower and lower in the basin of the Dead Sea. The view from the top is comparable to that of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, though the depth is not so great. If the visitor to the Holy City is limited in time for sight-seeing, let him not miss this, whatever else he must forego. The white road leads out from Jerusalem, past the Damascus Gate, the Governorate, the Anglican cathedral, and the American Colony, over a little bridge which spans the course of the tiny Brook Kidron, then up the slope of Mount Scopus, past the house of the Moslem Grand Moufti, standing alone among its olive trees, up and up to the ridge of the Mount of Olives, passing the British Military Cemetery, where are buried the mortal bodies of the many who gave their all to free Jerusalem and Palestine from the Turk, and so to the German Hospice on top of the ridge and to the point known as the Mount of the Ascension.

The full name of the German Hospice is Empress Augusta Victoria Sanatorium. In the spring of 1910 Prince Eitel Friedrich, one of the ex-kaiser's sons, was in Jerusalem. On the 9th of April the prince inaugurated this German Hospice on the Mount of Olives, the foundation stone having been laid on Easter Sunday, and on the 10th of the same month the large church and convent on Mount Zion which form such a conspicuous landmark in the picture of Jerusalem were consecrated in his presence, on land given by his father

on the occasion of the latter's notorious visit to the Holy City some years before. Somewhere along this ridge of the Mount of Olives, as we proceed towards the German Hospice, there bursts upon our sight that marvelous downward prospect upon the Jordan and the Dead Sea. As we look over the edge a fox slinks off among the rocks. The course of the Jordan is clearly marked by a green line of vegetation, the trees and jungle bordering the winding river, the home of multitudes of birds, of the jackal, of the hyena and the wild boar. I remember that on the 7th of September there was a cold wind on the ridge, although we were then in the midst of the dry hot weather, and I have been up there in the winter when it was hard to face the terrific draught which is sucked up from the great gulf beneath, the bitter wind which connects the Mediterranean with the Dead Sea. In the early spring of 1920 the water of the Jordan could actually be seen in places from the height, as a result of the unusual rains and snows which had caused the Jordan to overflow over a large area. From the ridge a portion of the Dead Sea, lying exquisitely blue in a lambent atmosphere, can also be seen, fifteen miles away as the crow flies, yet appearing to be close by, so clear and rarified is the air. At the point where the Jordan flows into the Dead Sea the water takes on a gentle green, indicating shallows and the murkiness of the inflowing water. The crowning glory of this unforgettable view is the mountains

SHIPPING WHEAT ACROSS THE DEAD SEA

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across the Jordan, resting on the Transjordan plateau, the mountains of Gilead and of Moab. They stud the horizon like jewels, most often like opals, but on certain days, under certain atmospheric influences, like sapphires of rich blue and towards evening often like gigantic amethysts reposing softly against a golden sky. The mountains of Moab, visible from many parts of Jerusalem, are a background of never-failing interest to the lover of beauty and even to the more prosaic discerners of the weather. They glisten or fade according to the amount of moisture in the air; they seem to advance or recede with the barometer.

On the occasion of our formal visit to British Military Headquarters on the Mount of Olives, the Chief Administrator of Palestine, Sir Harry Watson, courteously took our party to the pavilion in the grounds especially built for the view. Below us lay the rocky sides of the mountain, the wilderness of Judea, barren except in rare spots where goats and sheep were grazing. The road to Jericho could be traced here and there, and below, on a spot of red earth, was the Inn of the Good Samaritan. Over the shoulder of the mountain lay Bethany, and on the way to it the site of Bethphage. A considerable part of Palestine, certainly most of Judea, could be measured by the eye. One turned away with a deep respiration, a catch in the throat. This was the Holy Land. What an empty shell this land would be

without the memory of Jesus! It would not be worth writing about, but with his history to hallow it, and his healing works to glorify it, what a light shines round about its simplest features.

The Master used to frequent the Mount of Olives; it was a place of refuge for him into which he could retire from his labors among the people; it took him above the city of his enemies, the scenes of his struggles. We read, "And in the day time He was teaching in the temple; and at night He went out and abode in the Mount that is called the Mount of Olives." That this was an habitual place of retirement for him is shown from another statement, "And He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives." Elsewhere we read, "He sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple." This description is literally true. Turning our backs upon the view down into the Jordan valley, and facing west, we find the whole of Jerusalem outlined before us, the most conspicuous feature being the Moslem Dome of the Rock built upon the site of the Hebrew temple in which Jesus taught and healed the sick.

From the ridge of the Mount of Olives the whole of that series of events invested with poignant interest in the life of Jesus which began in Jericho and ended in the temple can be traced. The Master had been down there in Jericho where he abode in the house of one Zacchaeus; he had then ascended up to Jerusalem following in general the

line of travel indicated by the modern road which the British have metalled and made available for motor traffic, and which is used also by long trains of camels and pack trains of donkeys. We read, "And it came to pass, when He was come nigh to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount called the Mount of Olives," that is, when he had reached those houses down there under the shoulder of the Mount, he sent two of his disciples to get the ass' colt upon which he was to make his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Riding under the acclamation of the multitude, he drew near to the city and we are told, "wept over it," prophesying the complete destruction which was to overtake it soon after. Once having arrived at the temple he seemed to be seized with a holy zeal for the destruction of evil, and swept the money changers and them that sold doves from that same temple area which, as we gaze, more than nineteen centuries after the occurrence of these events, lies over across the intervening valley of Jehoshaphat, as clearly defined now as it was in Bible times. Elsewhere we also read that after denouncing the Scribes and Pharisees for their hypocrisy, he uttered that heart-rending lament over the obdurate city, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" How true this arraignment of the merciless spirit

of Jerusalem! The Garden of Gethsemane, there at the foot of the Mount of Olives, bears witness to the scene of the agony and the supreme spiritual victory of the greatest of all the prophets sent unto her.

There is another story connected with the Mount of Olives which is rarely noticed by Bible students and which associates David with this mountain at a crisis in the King's life which probably entailed more suffering of the heart than any other experience in his stormy career. There is a striking parallel between the lives of David and Jesus. Both were born in the same place, Bethlehem, a thousand years apart; both were of the royal house of Judah; David reigned thirty-three years and prepared for the building of the great temple; Jesus finished his ministry at the age of thirty-three; both wore the crown, though that of Jesus was plaited of thorns; both knew what it meant to be outlawed by the constituted authorities of their own people, both entered Jerusalem in triumph, and both had their experiences of betrayal connected with the Mount of Olives. It is recorded in II Samuel, chapters 15 and 16, how David was forced to flee from Jerusalem on account of the rebellion of his own son Absalom. We read, "And David went up, by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered

every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." When the good king reached a place called Bahurim in his flight, "behold thence came out a man of the family of the house of Saul, whose name was Shimei, the son of Gera: he came forth, and cursed still as he came. And he cast stones at David, and at all the servants of king David: all the mighty men were on his right hand and on his left. And thus said Shimei when he cursed, 'Come out, come out, thou bloody man, and thou man of Belial.' " In view of David's unexampled magnanimity towards the house of Saul, Shimei's accusation was particularly undeserved. There followed another incident which carries out the parallelism with Jesus' experience in his betrayal in the Garden of Gethsemane, when the impulsive Peter cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant, and was rebuked for so doing. We read that while these indignities were being practiced upon king David, one of his entourage asked him, "Why should this dead dog curse my Lord the king? Let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head." But David said, "So let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, 'Curse David.' Who shall then say, wherefore hast thou done so? . . . Behold my son, which came forth of my bowels, seeketh my life; how much more now may this Benjamite do it? Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him. It may be that the Lord will

look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day." There gleams through these words some of that spirit which made Jesus cry out on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It only remains to quote an astounding prophecy concerning the Mount of Olives found in Zechariah 14 : 4. Referring to the coming of Christ, he predicts, "And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the East, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south." Tradition also records the Ascension as having taken place from some point on the ridge of the Mount of Olives towards the southern end of it. No contemporary has actually identified the spot. There is a chapel of the Ascension where an obviously artificial footprint of a right foot is shown as indicating the exact spot from which Jesus ascended. This chapel is surrounded by an Arab village and is itself the property of the Moslems. Close by, in the grounds of the Russian buildings is another spot marked by an enclosed stone which is an equally strong claimant for the correct site of the ascension. The scriptural account states, "And He led them out as far as Bethany," when he ascended. In any case, Bethany being just over the brow of the mount, the

The Mount of Olives From Mount Zion.
From a Painting by John Fulleylove, R.I.

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actual site of the ascension is close to the sites generally pointed out as the correct ones, and we are entirely justified in speaking of the southern spur of the Mount of Olives as the Mount of the Ascension. From some spot in the neighborhood the disciples were found gazing up steadfastly toward heaven by the two men in white apparel who assured them that He would come in like manner as they had seen Him go into heaven. From the lofty tower of the Greek building a superb panorama is unfolded, a bird's-eye view of the whole of Jerusalem and its surroundings. The city itself literally lies at our feet. The valley of the Kidron, also called the valley of Jehoshaphat, alone separates us from it. Ancient Jerusalem stood on four hills, now almost entirely moulded together and the intervening valleys filled with débris. Mount Zion is that height on the southwest, the city of David, made conspicuous to-day by the towers of the German ecclesiastical buildings for which the ex-kaiser gave the land. Mount Moriah is on the east, the site of Solomon's temple, separated from Mount Zion by the valley of the Tyropaeon; Mount Bezetha is on the north and Mount Akra on the north-west; the two latter representing the crowded quarters of the modern city. There it lies completely laid out for inspection as on a map. I remember a moonlight night in September, when a party of us walked up to the Mount of Ascension by the rough path which rises from near the Garden of Gethsemane to the top.

We emerged from the city through St. Stephen's Gate, and were guided by one who had been born in Jerusalem. It was so light that one could read by the moon. Jerusalem looked like a golden city, gleaming in the reflected splendor, transformed from its hard appearance into something approaching mercy and love, this city of many sieges. Always rebuilt after every disaster, yet as much in need of redemption to-day as it was in the Master's time. It is a satisfaction to know that whatever changes may have taken place in the Holy City itself, the mountains that stand round about her are the same to-day as yesterday. The Mount of Olives and the Mount of the Ascension on which we tread are those which the Master knew.

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

As all the world knows, the Garden of Gethsemane lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives. From the dragoman of the American consulate our party carried a note to the custodian of the garden, and we found Fra Julio, the kindly little Franciscan, all smiles to welcome us. The flowers gave a keynote of joy to our visit. Jerusalem after the war was very bare of flowers, but outside the walls the Garden of Gethsemane had bloomed throughout the conflict. Flowers need but little attention except water, and Fra Julio, who speaks Italian, assures us that the British brought good fortune indeed to Jerusalem, for they brought water with them. Before they came, he tells us, there was much suffering for lack of it.

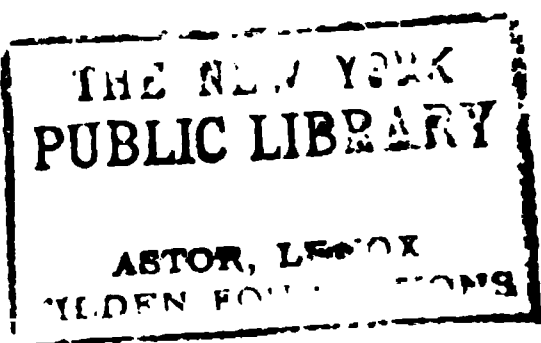
The visitor must bow his head as he enters the low gateway—an act of humility that may well seem to him to be symbolic. But loving remembrance of him who was so desperately tried in this garden does not preclude delight in the flowers and in the twittering birds intent on picking up seeds that Fra Julio scatters. He laughs with great delight about the birds, and we all laugh together in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The birds, it soon appears, are afraid of nothing. The guardian has placed big red flags here and there to frighten them away from the garden seeds, but they are no more afraid of flags than he is. They swoop down in joyous companies and gratefully pick up the feast provided.

Our guide points out the eight great olive trees that have survived the centuries. They are indeed massive, gnarled specimens, and their progenitors may well have been contemporaries of Jesus. The special tree of the agony is vastly interesting as the king of the collection, but we prefer to go on to the flowers. They are joyous symbols, unreminiscent of the terrible hour of betrayal.

Fra Julio takes us with pride to a bed of immortelles, not of the usual gray, but of an intense violet color verging upon red. He picks a handful, discoursing lovingly on their virtues. He says they can be sent to America, and after that long journey will keep their color for a year—two years—many years, remaining ever the same, for they are everlasting. We take some to send to our friends as a token that in this moment of joy we have not forgotten them. Close by stands a pomegranate, a tree that one member of the party has never seen before. Nothing will do, therefore, but Fra Julio must pick for her a specimen of the big, round scarlet fruit. Then, leading from wonder to wonder, he takes a chair, places that on a bench, and stands upon it on tip-

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE



toe to reach some delicate flowers growing on vines: They are as delicate as orchids, and like lily cups with bluish edgings; suspended within the complex of their whiteness are little spirals like steel springs. Fra Julio tells us that in order to provide for the delicious fragrance of the flowers to be, the seed of this wonderful vine is kept in rose water for forty days before sowing. He thinks the flower indigenous to Palestine; he cannot remember having seen it in Italy; and we Americans feel sure we have never before seen it.

While we talk with the genial custodian of the place, a gardener has been picking for us a gorgeous bouquet—dahlias, asters, begonias, salvia, marigolds of many colors, several varieties of geranium leaves to give fragrance, and more of the brilliant immortelles. Our host insists that the huge nosegay makes only a poor showing because, he says, we have come between seasons. But we assure him that this is the happiest day we have yet had in Jerusalem.

While leading us to the low entrance under which we must bend our heads once more, he talks to us about the rascally birds that bring him so much happiness. Some of them are simply plebian sparrows that do not know their place, but plenty of them are olive birds with a dot of red on their heads and a feather or two of yellow. At certain seasons the males sing like canaries, and boys near the Jaffa Gate sell them in cages. The customer must take his chance on their sing-

ing, but he naturally feels that a bird caught in the Garden of Gethsemane, even if it should only twitter and refuse to perform in bird opera, has a value all its own. So, although the birds twit Fra Julio about his innocuous red flags, he knows a way of having the better of them and laughing last.

Fra Julio always laughs. Convention and ecclesiasticism require a long face, but we laugh with him, wondering what it is that has made us feel so happy in the garden. We are joking as we bid him good-bye, and he forgives us with a merry twinkle in his eye the very bad Italian in which we thank him for his friendliness and his flowers. But the very next moment we laugh no longer, for the view of Jerusalem as one leaves the Garden of Gethsemane draws the heart with sympathy. The walls rise severely above bare slopes where nothing grows, for it is outside the city proper that Biblical prophecies of the desolation of Jerusalem seem to be fulfilled. To-day the city stands midway between the horrors of the Turkish régime and the promised good of the British mandatory rule. Very little has been done as yet in a public way to beautify the city. North and west the houses straggle outside the walls; on the south, forbidding slopes border the road to Bethlehem; and on the east lies the terrible Valley of Jehoshaphat—a valley of dry bones.

So it is well, as we leave the gentle allurements

of flowers in the Garden of Gethsemane and turn toward the city, that our hearts have first been filled with serene joy. We regard the fearfully tried city with something of the compassion that the Master felt for it. Seventeen times destroyed—bitterly hated—anxiously sought—how desperate a history since Nebuchadnezzar captured it more than twenty-five centuries ago.

Redeemed to-day, but in her nakedness, Jerusalem waits to be clothed. She has as yet no grace, no covering for her ugly wounds. Some day her sides will glisten with the brightness of a heavenly radiance; she will be washed and anointed like a bride waiting for the bridegroom.

CHAPTER XX

THE GARDEN TOMB

STEP aside with me out of the glare of the white roads and no less white houses of Jerusalem to gather refreshment in a place where the general thought of mankind might not expect to find it, in a garden beside a tomb.

We are at the Damascus Gate; that will indicate to you our position. We turn our backs upon the gate and face the Governorate, formerly St. Paul's Hospice, and then take the road to Nablus in front of us. Just beyond the Governorate a blind alley opens to the right and conducts us to the entrance of the garden in which is situated the tomb which some scholars believe to be the tomb of the great Master, instead of the one shown in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Back of the garden and its tomb rises a precipitous hill, a cliff of some forty to fifty feet high, rounded at the top like a skull. This is "The place of a skull" spoken of by Mark, Golgotha, outside the city wall, but not far from it, the reputed place of stoning from which the Jews were wont to throw down their malefactors, in order that they might despatch them the more easily with stones at the bottom, a sort of public place of execution.

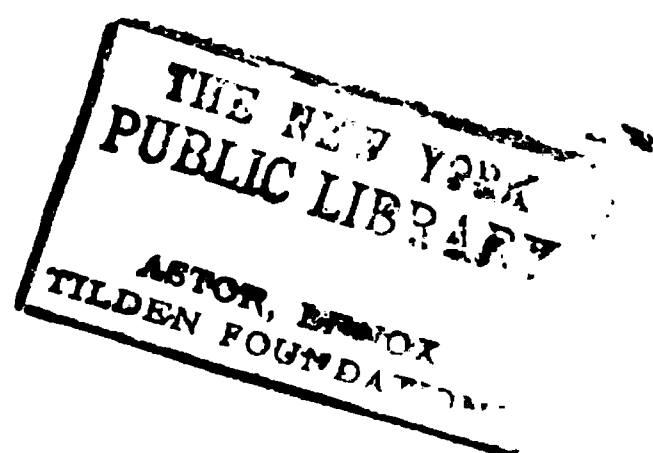
This hill of the skull is accepted by many as Calvary, the actual site of the crucifixion. There are numerous impressive reasons why this judgment appears conclusive. The side of the hill which is turned towards the city bears a certain fantastic likeness to a human skull, with caverns for eyes, nose and mouth. It may be a freak of nature, possibly intensified by an earthquake, but the resemblance is there, quite as strong as is to be found in most of the nature resemblances which are commonly noticed in different parts of the world. The Scriptural account tells us that Jesus was taken to the place of a skull; that he was crucified "nigh to the city" (John 19 : 20), and evidently close to some public highway, for it is recorded, "And they that passed by reviled Him." (Matt. 27 : 39.)

General Gordon, of Khartoum fame, was the originator of the explanation that this hill was the true Calvary, and therefore it is now called generally Gordon's Calvary in his memory. An ancient Moslem cemetery has occupied for many centuries the eastern slope leading up to the rounded summit; perhaps this fact may have been an added protection to the site of Calvary, because it could not be built upon. Gordon's actual statements on the subject are to be found in his, "Reflections in Palestine" and "Letters to His Sister"; he visited Jerusalem three years before his death, which occurred in Khartoum under well known tragic circumstances.

Archæologists maintain that the question of the correctness of Gordon's Calvary as the site of the crucifixion is distinct from the question of the Garden Tomb, some holding to the first rejecting the latter, but I confess that after my visit to the localities and a study of the Biblical evidence, I felt satisfied that both the crucifixion and the burial of the body were more likely to have taken place at the sites here described than under the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Among those who hold to the validity of the site of Gordon's Calvary may be mentioned Mr. Rider Haggard, who has written at some length on the subject in his, "A Winter Pilgrimage in Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus"; Dr. Selah Merrill, at one time U. S. Consul in Jerusalem, Sir Charles Wilson, Major Conder, Dr. C. Schick, Lawrence Oliphant, and even Renan in his "Vie de Jesus."

The evidence for the tomb may be less conclusive to some explorers, but it was nevertheless very convincing to me when I read the Scripture reference connected with the burial. John tells us, "Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand." In Mark we read that they "laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepul-

ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN TOMB



chre.” The Garden Tomb lies at the foot of Gordon’s Calvary, under the very brow of the hill of a skull, carved out of the cliffs which act as the face of the hill itself.

Nothing more satisfying to the conditions described in Scripture could be imagined, and so following the efforts of an English lady, Miss Louisa Hope, supported by many dignitaries of the Church of England, the Garden Tomb property was purchased in 1894 and is now maintained by a Society, the funds being subscribed by persons from all over the world who are interested in the preservation of this important site. It is remarkable that the Garden Tomb was not publicly known or considered until 1867, when it was accidentally discovered as reported in the Quarterly Statement of The Palestine Exploration Fund of April 1892. In the Trust Deed of purchase are these devout words, “That the Garden and Tomb be kept sacred as a quiet spot and preserved on the one hand from desecration and on the other hand from superstitious uses.”

At the time of our visit to the Garden Tomb an English lady, a Miss J. K. Lomax, was in charge in behalf of the Society. She occupied a meagerly furnished little house within the enclosure, and gave her whole time and thought to the care of the property which meant so much to her. As future events showed, she gave even her life for the cause which she had at heart.

The forces of evil have seemed determined from the very start to keep this place as a place of tragedy. The Palestine Weekly for June 10th, 1921, reports, "Jerusalem Society has been inexpressibly shocked at the brutal murder of an English lady, Miss J. K. Lomax, which took place over a week ago. Miss Lomax was superintendent of the Garden Tomb, sometimes referred to as Gordon's Calvary, the spot having been identified by General Gordon. She lived alone on the site, which is near the Governor's House, and when her servant received no reply after ringing the bell it was assumed that Miss Lomax was not at home. The following day, however, neighbors entered the house and found that Miss Lomax and her horse were missing. A search was made in the countryside on the assumption that she had been injured by a fall while riding. Further search on the premises however resulted in the discovery of the body of the victim in the well, on the mouth of which a large stone had been placed. A medical examination showed that Miss Lomax had been first drugged. She would otherwise doubtless have saved her life, as she was a very brave and energetic woman who knew how to use arms. Her gardener who had alleged a grievance in the matter of payment has been arrested on suspicion." It remains to be added that later information from Jerusalem states that this gardener has confessed his crime and awaits punishment therefore.

If this garden be indeed the site of the Master's burial, it is also the site of the resurrection. To this same garden once came a weeping Mary who at first mistook the risen Saviour for the gardener of the place, but she corrected her mistake. Is it perhaps possible that the ecclesiastical systems which quarrel for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre are mistaken in their choice of the site and also have mistaken the gardener for the Master? The predecessor of Miss Lomax, a Major Fielding, was expelled by the Turks and died in Egypt. Let these sacrifices suffice, and let the Tomb and its Garden be henceforth the abode of life and beauty, acting as mute witnesses of the resurrection.

We stroll through the grounds, rejoicing in the well chosen flowers, some native, some obviously of English parentage, striving to express the home land of the preservers of this property for the enjoyment of the whole world. The garden is planted in rotation, according to the seasons. There are grottoes with maiden hair fern, rows of geraniums, many wild flowers of the country, the iris and the narcissus, sweet peas presented by one of our party, English wall flowers and stock. There are two cisterns, one of them among the largest in Jerusalem; a mustard tree overhangs it, "the greatest among herbs," which "becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." We carry away with us some grains of this mus-

tard seed," which indeed is the least of all seeds," to transplant elsewhere. And so we come to the Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which was lent for the burial.

The Garden Tomb is hewn out of the living rock and contains three divisions. It is generally recognized as an ancient Jewish tomb which has been put to Christian uses, for inside were two crosses in red paint when the tomb was first discovered in 1867. There is a modern door and likewise some modern masonry designed to preserve the interior; on the right is a small opening like a window, through which one could look into the tomb, and a sort of a trough has been carved out of the rock on the ground in front of the door. If this was not the actual tomb in which the body of Jesus was laid, then a similar one must have been used in this very locality. It is good to come here and to remember. The place is quiet, secluded, enshrined amid a bit of nature; it invites meditation, gratitude, communion and love. Let us come here often in thought, if not in person, to sweeten our Jerusalem days with holy memories; we need to do this, for Jerusalem is a city of sudden trials and tests, a city of rumors: of waves of good and of evil which seem to pass over it coming from unseen sources. There are times when the glory and grandeur of it overpower, satisfy, and still misgivings; then come days when the sordid, malodorous fumes of persecution seem to rise to

the nostrils. We would not miss the good impressions for all the evil depressions, the moments of exaltation for all the plungings into the depths. Jerusalem days must forever remain a reservoir from which to dip out draughts of the water of life, spiritual apprehensions of truth and startling liftings of the veil of material existence.

CHAPTER XXI

BETHLEHEM AND BETHANY

I

BETHLEHEM

THE newly arrived wife of a prominent official said to me, "Bethlehem is the only place in Palestine, mentioned in the Bible which has not disappointed me." The truth is that Palestine is sure to disappoint the visitor who looks to outward physical appearances to establish his interest in Bible history. The traveller must maintain a superiority to matter in Palestine or he will lose the spiritual message of the country, just as he must hold his religion high above the conflicting ecclesiastical systems in Jerusalem, if he would keep his faith simple and sweet.

Bethlehem lies south of Jerusalem, about an hour's drive by carriage out of the Jaffa Gate, past the so-called Sultan's Pool and along the white highway which forms the main artery on the Judean backbone. We pass Rachel's tomb before we rattle through the particularly narrow main street of Bethlehem, which winds its way into the large square of the Nativity.

GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM

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It is Sunday. There is an unusual gathering of country folk for the weekly market, driving the usual black goats and fat tailed yellow sheep to be bought and sold. Primitive pottery and no less primitive household utensils, even articles of wearing apparel, are for sale in the square.

But the most conspicuous objects when approaching Bethlehem are the tall headdresses of the women, consisting of a white cloth raised to a peak above the head and falling gracefully upon the shoulders—an original feature in the local costume, a touch of ancientry amid the modern complexity of Palestinian dress.

David and Jesus were both born in Bethlehem, one thousand years apart, these two who were of the same tribe and family, and who so strongly resembled each other in certain characteristics and even in some of their experiences. A millennium separated them, “but what are a thousand years in thy sight?”—even a day or an hour carved from eternity.

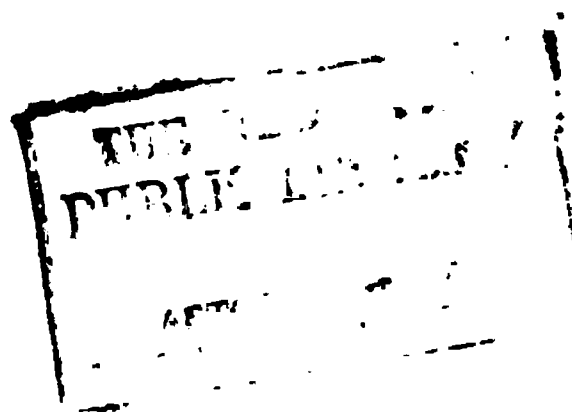
A little Arab boy runs along by the carriage carrying a pair of precious shoes in his hand and looking up to our driver with a merry face and gleaming teeth. The man says something in Arabic, slows down the carriage, and the boy leaps upon the box seat, all smiles. We teach him to say “thank you” in English, gratitude seeming to be the most conspicuous need of the East. He proves willing enough to learn, even if he beams a little superciliously from his perch beside the

driver at less highly favored mortals and especially at boys of his own age paddling along in the dust; but his chief care is for the shoes, which he keeps tucked away back of his naked feet, apparently for mental comfort and not material use. In the outskirts of Bethlehem he hops down with the well learned "thank you," leaving behind him a savor of gratitude that the young and tender of this land have been redeemed at last from cruel masters. We feel as glad about the "lift" as he.

The guide books describe in full the Church of the Nativity with its grotto and manger, both overlaid with the decorations of the Greek Church. We take candles and go down into the gloom, but the babe Jesus is not there. It is with us as with the women at the sepulchre when the angels said to them, "He is not here for he is risen." Again it is with us as with the men of Galilee at the ascension, when two men in white apparel said to them, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" We mount once more into the main body of the church, where an elaborate marriage ceremony is going on, but somehow we cannot realize Mary and Joseph present there, and shortly after we find ourselves in the open air of the square once more, breathing more freely.

Everyone to his own taste and desire; ritual for the ritualist, ecclesiasticism for those who hope for salvation in organization; but for those who are led out from the gloom of dim interiors let

WITHIN THE GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY



there be the new-old religion of out-of-doors, with its stories about the fig-tree and the olive-tree, the sower who went forth sowing, the good shepherd and the sheep lost and found, the wheat and the tares and all the country sights which illustrate the human struggle between the good and evil.

Not far from the Church of the Nativity a store-keeper sells us a shell that was made by Germans for Turks to use, and he tells us about the arrival of the British in Bethlehem in the days of national deliverance. We learn with joy that an American serving with the British forces was in authority here for several months.

II

BETHANY

Looking one day from my window over the housetops of Jerusalem across to the Mount of Olives, and knowing that Bethany was just below the hill on the other side, the desire came to me to visit that little hamlet where Lazarus lived and was raised from the dead. Bethany is within easy walking distance, not over two miles from Jerusalem, but if the start is not made very early in the morning, there is likelihood of getting caught in the heat on the return. Everything considered, it seemed best to make the trip on donkey-back.

So a merry cavalcade of seven donkeys and one horse started one morning for the ride to Bethany, along the ancient walls to the Garden of Gethsem-

ane, and then around the southern spur of the Mount of Olives by the fine macadamized road to the poor little hamlet where Jesus was so much at home with his friends, Mary, Martha and Lazarus.

Such cavalcades of sight-seers have become a rarity since the war. Formally Palestine frequently saw them duly escorted by the paternal Thomas Cook & Son; but the war swept away the tourists, temporarily closed up the agencies which looked after them in Jerusalem, and caused many of the best donkeys, the pride of the land, to disappear. Those that are left are war-worn, underfed, and prone to sit down under heavy weights. We gave ours new names, such as "Streak of Lightning," "Pep," etc., and perhaps for the sake of that they acquitted themselves better. At any rate they carried us to Bethany.

There are fig-trees by the roadside before one comes to the tomb of Lazarus, that recall vividly that experience of Jesus and the barren fig-tree when he passed that way with his disciples. The place shown as the tomb of Lazarus is underground and reached by twenty-five rude steps which need to be lighted by candle or lantern to render them safe. Ducking your head, you finally find yourself in a vaulted chamber cut out of the solid rock. Bethany is a sorry little place at present. The view extends under rolling land that dips down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The house shown as that of Mary and Martha, like some other houses of the village is in ruins, and

the fact that one cannot see Jerusalem because of the enfolding hills adds to the feeling of desolation.

The donkeys clambered up a steep path over the shoulder of the Mount of Olives to Bethphage, another small group of houses. Was it not there that the two disciples found the colt tied "where two ways meet," and brought it to the Master for his triumphant entry into Jerusalem? And did that symbolical procession follow the road from Bethany to Jerusalem around the southern spur of the Mount of Olives, or over the Mount itself? We stop at the top to get the most comprehensive view of Jerusalem that can be obtained from the outskirts of the city.

Jerusalem the Golden cannot remain forever closed. When the time and the times and half a time of prophecy and revelation are fulfilled, no earthly power can postpone the millennial kingdom decreed for the race, nor keep Jerusalem from fulfilling its mission.

The first step has been taken in the great restoration. Jerusalem is being redeemed, cleansed, forgiven after its age-long punishment. It can now be purged; the justice it requires will be tempered by sympathy; the weak will be lifted up, the downtrodden restored, and Jerusalem the Pauper, will be taught self-preservation and the open hand of giving. Then will the Golden Age have come in through the Golden Gate into the Golden City, because the riches of Jerusalem will

pour outward as well as inward, through the gate that was closed until the appointed time.

But until that time arrives, our donkeys must take us back into a Jerusalem of many imperfections, though it is never altogether prosaic. The crowds around the stand pipes are carrying off the water in kerosene cans; Bedouins are buying loaves of bread and thrusting them into the folds of unwashed garments; and Moslem women perpetuate the old, dead and gone régime by keeping their faces covered.

Yes, very much remains to be done, but Christian, Jew and Moslem, each taking pride in the traditional holy places, can learn to work together to produce a New Jerusalem of genuine wholesomeness, in which they will all take a much greater pride. Let us hope; for hopes lead by human footsteps to lofty realizations.

CHAPTER XXII

MIZPAH

THE donkey and the driver are at the door. In the saddle bags are supper for four and wraps for the return in the cool of the evening. To-day the way lies northwestward from Jerusalem, touching the upper valley of the Kidron, passing the rock tombs of the Judges, out upon the stony hills and wadies of Judea, to the conspicuous height of Neby Samwil, identified as the Mizpah of Bible times. It is autumn and there has been no rain for six months, so there is no verdure and no flowers are left to relieve the barrenness of the rocky ground, but the luscious grapes are at their very best, the exhilarating air of the highlands plays upon our faces, and the exquisite clearness paints wonderful shades of blue and brown over the rolling landscape. A merry party, new to Palestine and finding novelty in all it sees, quickly covers the distance reckoned at about six miles from Jerusalem. It is understood that the donkey shall not be ridden. He is to act strictly as a carrier of food and clothing, though it is observed later that the driver, when he thinks he is unobserved, takes a surreptitious

ride now and again, for after all, what is a donkey for, he argues to himself, if not to ride.

After two hours of climbing, the party stands on the famous hill where, according to tradition, Samuel judged Israel for 20 years, the Moslem calling the height in his honor, Neby Samwil (Prophet Samuel). The view is superb in all directions, for Mizpah is one of the highest points in Palestine, just over 3000 feet above the level of the sea. Westward lies the Mediterranean Sea, the white sands of the seashore, and the rolling downs of the land of the Philistines. Northward, at our very feet, stretches the Plain of Gibeon, the scene of the Beth-Horon battles; southward and eastward opens a wide prospect over Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, and the pale blue Mountains of Moab.

Pilgrims coming from the north have generally had their first view of the Holy City from this point. The Crusaders considered it to be the ancient Shiloh. According to Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," Richard, Cœur de Lion, arriving on this height, is reported to have covered his eyes with his hands and to have cried out, "Ah, Lord God, I pray that I may never see Thy Holy City if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies." It was from the same Neby Samwil that a British force under General Maclean obtained their first view of Jerusalem previous to its surrender. Under the care of the Pro-Jerusalem Society the mosque, battered to

pieces by the Turks, was being repaired, for it was considered one of the notable buildings of Palestine, having been reared upon the remains of a more ancient Latin church.

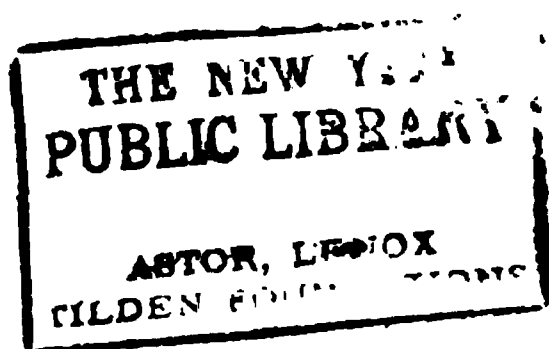
With the setting sun our party, having eaten a hasty supper in the open space in front of the ruined mosque overlooking Jerusalem, and having thoroughly enjoyed the view in all directions, and gathered maiden-hair ferns from the walls, entered upon the return trip through the gathering gloom. Presently the stars of the eastern night shone brilliantly upon the stony path. Ever and anon a train of camels would come out of the night and pass us on the road, bound for Jerusalem with provisions, or sacks of lime, or even building stones. These trains came along towering in the star-lit darkness, swaying and noiseless on padded feet, advancing to the Holy City with a sober rhythm which seemed to fit the spirit of the country. Our little donkey, tripping along over the rocky path with great patience, also had a place in the picture of this ancient land, typifying the endurance on the part of untold generations of men and women who had extracted a living from these forbidding hills. So we entered Jerusalem, from the side where many a child of Israel, many a pilgrim, Crusader, Saracen, and Turk had been wont to approach it, but our mission was one of peace, for the last of the Crusades had been fought and won.

In our rambles over the hill and its slopes we

found many evidences of war; the trenches, fragments of accoutrement, piles of cartridges, rude shelters, etc. Where there had once been a vineyard, there was a mound of buried shells, some of them exposed to view, but no one had dared to touch them, as the military authorities had cautioned the inhabitants against them. A surprising incident of the trip was the finding of a native Syrian man in the village of Neby Samwil who could speak English and showed us about the place. On probing him with questions, it was discovered that he had only just returned from America, where he had made a living as a peddler in New Jersey, and that he had actually traveled in the steerage on the same ship as our own party, all unknown to us.

Photograph by Kadd

TURKISH TROOPS IN TRENCHES ON MIZPAH



CHAPTER XXIII

THE BEDOUIN ARABS OF PALESTINE

As the meeting place of the races, the cross-roads of the East and West, Palestine presents a veritable motion picture of national types, rejoicing the heart of the student of ethnography. By far the most impressive figure in this welter of races is the Bedouin Arab, the son of Ishmael of the strain of Abraham, the ranger of the desert. He never has been tamed.

The Romans seem to have come nearest to accomplishing this task, but their success lay mainly in establishing a military line on the desert's edge and saying to the marauders, 'thus far and no further.' The Turks did, at one time, make an attempt to subdue their Arab neighbors, but the effort ended ingloriously with the capture of most of the Turkish troops. The Turkish idea of ruling others consists mainly in massacring them, and this is a very difficult task as regards the Bedouin Arab, who is a true nomad. Give him a horse and a gun, a couple of saddle-bags containing a little flour and dates, and he can take the field indefinitely. When he is hungry he dips his hand into the flour bag and takes a mouthful of it in lieu of bread. Then he dips his hands in-

to the bag of dates and completes a meal which is certainly satisfactory to him. He knows the water holes better than anyone else, and so is hard to catch. Had the Turks succeeded under German pressure in welding the Bedouin Arabs into serviceable troops, the conquest of Mesopotamia and Palestine would have been vastly more difficult for the British armies.

As he walks the streets of Jerusalem the Bedouin Arab is clad in three garments, the white shirt, on top of that a robe of some color, and the striped cloak made of camels' hair, so closely woven as to be impermeable, a splendid protection against heat and cold, sunshine and rain. When overtaken by elemental tumults, he can squat upon his heels beside his horse, draw this cloak over his head and cheerfully await the passing of the disturbances. On his head he wears a white cloth or one of colored silk which plays about his shoulders and completely protects the back of his neck. This covering is held tight to his head by thick rolls of black goats' hair woven round his temples, giving him the appearance of having been crowned. Some of these men are very handsome, with deep, lustrous black eyes, coal-black locks and beards, and rich brown complexions, thrown into relief by their white head-gear. They often come into the city mounted upon real Arabian steeds and, if they have a permit, carrying a rifle slung athwart their shoulders. These are they who have fulfilled the

prophecy uttered of their ancestors, Ishmael, that every man's hand would be against his neighbor. Their Arabic speech is purer than that of the city dwellers, fuller of those hard, contentious sounds which fall like blows upon the ear, for Arabic is essentially a desert language; it calls for a loud voice to reach from one sand heap to another and pierce the distances.

The bread of Jerusalem is gritty, and hereby hangs a tale of the desert. You may think at first that this is the fault of the hotel where you are staying. You speak to your friends about the bread and they say, "Oh, we bake our own bread, so as to make sure to have it clean; we will send you a loaf, so that you may taste it." You taste it. It is still gritty. Your friends cannot understand this, they taste no grit in their own bread and think you are fault finding. After many inquiries a number of explanations are offered. It is said that sand dust gets into the flour through carelessness, while it is being milled; that this is done purposely to increase the weight; that the sand comes from the desert when the wheat is brought by the Bedouin Arabs from the other side of Jordan on camels. The latter explanation seems the likeliest.

They will tell you that this is a terrible journey, down from the heights of Gilead into the great Ghor, the lowest dip on earth, and then up again on the Judean side to Jerusalem; that frequent halts have to be made, when the sacks have to be

unloaded upon the sands of the desert, and that it is no wonder that the sand sifts into the sacks.

Whatever the explanation may be for the grit in the bread, it is certain that the wheat from the blue highlands of Gilead and Moab, which are constantly visible from the Judean plateau, is the best procurable. The grains are firm and full, much better than those grown along the coast. Gilead and Moab are the natural granaries of Palestine to-day, as they were in Bible times, but security is needed against the marauding nomadic Arabs of the desert, who have an uncomfortable habit in times of drought of inviting themselves to settle on the farms of their peaceable agricultural neighbors when the grain is ripe. They come either as friends or foes—the farmers can take their choice, but there is little to choose between the two methods, as far as the product of the farms is concerned. If the Arabs come as friends, they bring all their families and dependents to settle upon the land, with all their belongings, their starving herds and flocks, horses and camels. To turn them away would be to break the desert law of hospitality, and convert nominal friends into open foes. To receive them as foes would mean to have a fight on one's hands, and to risk having every movable object seized and every stick and stone overturned. The would-be farmers of Gilead and Moab need security above everything else. Under the Turks this was impossible, except by

Photograph by Read

ARAB HORSES AND CAMELS AT THE WELLS OF BEERSHEBA

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the payment of blackmail to the Arabs, a method which was ruinous in bad years; under the protection of the British mandate over Palestine this security is in a fair way of being attained.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FORMER AND THE LATTER RAIN

IN the spring come the latter rains, in the fall the former rains. Toward the end of October there is apt to be an unwonted sultriness in the air of Jerusalem. Knowing ones say the rain will come soon. In my own experience this change came on the 25th day of that month. Toward afternoon the bright Palestinian sun began to be obscured and people remarked that it was growing dark earlier than usual. As night came on only a few stars among the many showed at all, and they were faint and veiled, while the air became colder and more moist. For the sake of comfort people drew their wraps more tightly about them and sought to keep out of the wind.

The 26th of October dawned dark and cool. About 9:45 A. M. a few drops of rain fell upon the city which had known no rain since spring, and then came the downpour, the welcome change of seasons, designated in the Bible as "the former rain." Looking out of the window at this time one could see big clouds rolling over the Mount of Olives.

The general effect of this sudden storm, bringing the breaking up of the long, rainless summer,

was very much like one of those decisive summer storms in the eastern states of America, which brings hot spells to a close. Meteorologists insist that the expression, "the former and the latter rain," does not refer to two rainy seasons, but only to the first downpours in the autumn and to the final, good rains in March or April, both belonging to the same season, but representing the two ends of it. On the other hand, the husbandman who looks to his crops thinks of two distinct rainy seasons, the first rain as the plowing rain, for it enables him to break up the sun-baked earth, whereas the second rain is for him the rain which prepares the ripening grain for the harvest.

The old Jewish ritual provided special prayers for "the former and latter rain," and definite dates on which such prayers were to be offered. By comparing these dates with data taken by the weather man in Palestine during recent years, the assumption is justified that the arrival of "the former rain" is now expected somewhat later than in Bible times, whereas there is practically no difference in regard to the end of the rainy season. It may be expected any time from the middle of March to the first of May.

This whole subject of "the former and the latter rain" is full of interesting sidelights. Has the climate of Palestine changed during historic times? How can we account for the existence of populous cities in Græco-Roman times on the outskirts of Palestine, where to-day there are only

waterless wastes? In what way did the landscape of Palestine, which Jesus looked upon, differ from that of to-day under the British mandate? It is certain that under present climatic conditions cities like Palmyra, Petra, Baalbec, Bosra, and Gerasa, the ruins of which now strew the desert, could not possibly exist to-day on the sites they once covered. Here were theatres, temples, aqueducts, irrigating canals and reservoirs, but to-day a few miserable nomads can barely keep alive in those very districts. Judea itself was probably never what would be called a green country, for its soil is too rocky to admit of this. Samaria and Galilee, however, were more favored in this respect. It is known that at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in A. D. 70, large groves of trees were sacrificed for timber to make the attacking equipment. It is quite likely, therefore, that our Master, walking, teaching, and healing in Palestine, may have known a country somewhat better watered than it is to-day and less denuded of trees.

Before they were driven out of Palestine altogether, in 1918, the Turks stripped the country of every stick of wood they could lay hands on. Even a majority of the valued olive trees, the principal source of wealth for most of the fellahen, were cut down to be used as fuel in the engines of the trains which transported Turkish troops and their supplies. During the succeeding winters it was difficult to obtain wood in Jeru-

saalem, for any purpose, at any price; so difficult, indeed, that many half-built houses still stand gaping at the sky, waiting for roof-beams.

The climate of Jersuaalem is delightful, quite Californian in character. The air is clear and clean and the sun shines for the greater part of the year. There is not anywhere on earth a closer geographical and climatic analogy than that which exists between Palestine and Southern California, although the two countries lie so many thousand miles apart. Jerusalem lies $31\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north of the Equator, and Los Angeles slightly more than one degree further north. It is true that California is a new country and Palestine is a very old one, as far as civilization is concerned, where much that is unsavory and squalid is still to be encountered at present, but under a stable government there is no reason why Palestine should not become a climatic resort for people from the whole world. Hitherto it has been visited principally by pilgrims and only by a restricted class of tourists, such as scholars bent on Bible research, archæologists, and wealthy globe trotters.

It must be remembered that in speaking of Palestine we are dealing with a very small country, although an important one. It is only about the size of the American State of New Hampshire, perhaps 150 miles in length by 60 miles wide, if the tableland of Gilead east of the Jordan is reckoned as part of Palestine. From some of its mountains almost the whole land can be surveyed.

It is at the same time a land of contradictions. Although it lies very near the center of the earth's land masses, it is singularly isolated, being inclosed by the sea, the mountains, and the desert. The great trade routes between Egypt, Mesopotamia and Arabia have always skirted the heights of Palestine, but did not encroach upon them. The rich maritime cities of Phoenicia, which at one time were connected with the whole of the then known world by their shipping, lay close by on the coast, but far below and out of touch.

The Land of Promise was lifted high above actual contact with the great surrounding oriental nations, to be a Holy Land, to have a peculiar religious history which has been carefully marked out by prophecy, and which is still being fulfilled to-day with startling accuracy.

Palestine has along the Mediterranean Sea a belt of sand which is constantly encroaching upon the arable land, trying to engulf the orange groves of Jaffa and the date palms of Gaza. At first sight the Judean highlands are forbidding in their barrenness, in the huddled meanness of the villages, in the multitude of ruins dating from more prosperous, or at least more populous, times. Jewish, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, Saracenic or Crusading remains dot the country in all directions.

The south country, or "Negeb," of Judea is well covered with grass and flowers after the rains. Here flourish the narcissus, crocuses, and anem-

one. The actual heights are very rich in wild flowers, which entirely disappear during the rainless season; especially abundant and charming is the cyclamen, which in America is valued as a potted plant, although thus kept it has no scent as it has in Palestine. Maidenhair fern grows everywhere in the chinks of the walls. Oleander bushes flourish in the Jordan Valley and do well in the gardens of Jerusalem.

The wild flowers of Palestine come as a grateful surprise while the winter ground is still barren and hard. I remember noticing the first little white and lavender crocuses springing up from the rocky soil in December, on some of the vacant lots lying between the Syrian Orphanage and the city. The red ground had so long been lying baked and dry that I was not prepared to see it produce such dainty floral morsels in so short a time after the former rains. From that time on until the month of May there was a regular procession of new friends peeping above the sod, filling the nooks and crannies and softening the hard lines along the walls of the country roads. One would stumble upon combinations of flowers and stones for all the world like intentional rockeries in home gardens. The bulbous plants seemed most numerous. The "rose of Sharon" is much like a narcissus with a triple centre. The "lily of the field" of the Bible is probably the anemone covering the hills of Judea, generally crimson, but also present in many other colors.

The rains of Palestine come with the westerly winds from the sea, just the opposite from what we are accustomed to on the Atlantic coast of America, where the rain comes borne upon the east wind.

It is true that misgovernment, neglect, rapacity will contribute to the ruination of any country. Therefore it is difficult to picture accurately the fertility of the land and the size of its population in Bible times. It may be that there have been periodic fluctuations at long intervals. Certain it is that Palestine enjoys a good rainfall in normal season. The rock of the Judean plateau, however, is porous, and so the rain quickly disappears into the ground, to be stored lower down in the earth, in subterranean channels which supply the wells. The 5000 cisterns of Jerusalem and those of other places in Palestine are usually well filled by the rain water, but cannot be replenished from May to November, unless the water is drawn from reservoir supplies, as has been done since the occupation. The crying need of Palestine is irrigation. What is done in this line at present is on so small a scale that it is pitifully inadequate. It has been noticed that the average rainfall at Jerusalem is even greater than that of Southern California and similar to that of Santa Cruz, just south of San Francisco.

Whatever forests Palestine may have had in ancient times, there are none now worthy of the name. The few cedars of Mt. Lebanon are not,

strictly speaking, in Palestine. They are only about 400 in number and do not really affect the case, as they are peculiar to the high altitude of that mountain.

An unmistakable proof of a change of climate within historic times is afforded by the references to routes of travel, once much used, which are absolutely impassable to-day on account of lack of water and pasture. Three thousand years ago a well-known route led from Palestine to Egypt through the northern part of the peninsula of Sinai. It was in constant use by the great caravans and armies in past ages. In 1917 the British could not cross the desert between Egypt and Palestine until they had built a railroad and had laid a pipe line for the waters of the Nile to accompany them on their march. The wanderings of so great a host as the Children of Israel in the desert of Sinai would be impossible to-day. Only a few frugal Bedouins can sustain themselves and their flocks there in the most precarious way at the present time.

To produce these climatic changes only very slight changes would be necessary: a shorter rainy season in the winter or an average of a few degrees of higher temperature in the summer might produce such a result. Great damage to cultivation and irrigation has also been done by Bedouin raids, by the visits of the ruthless Turkish tax-gatherers, discouraging all improvements, and, in

general, by the stupid suppression of all individual initiative by the Turks.

Finally, it is not unfair to use a scapegoat in this search for the denudation of Palestine. If the country did show any inclination to grow forests these would be promptly nipped in the bud by the ubiquitous goat. Our little black friend, who is driven to town for the milk of a morning, is really a public nuisance when allowed unrestricted access to the country. Residents in Palestine do not hesitate to speak of the goat as the curse of Palestine, as far as any attempt at afforestation is concerned. There is no question that the goat is everywhere on earth a symbol of poverty, whether in Ireland, in Mexico, Switzerland, or on the vacant lots surrounding New York. On my last visit to Switzerland I noticed a great reduction in the number of goats, at least in the lowlands, and was told that they were now rigorously excluded from all forest areas, as they were the worst possible enemies of young trees. In Palestine flocks of black goats roam over the country, devouring not only every blade of grass, but every sprouting tree or shrub, leaving a parched waste behind them. The sheep are not, by any means, without fault in this denudation of the land, but they are not quite herbi-omnivorous, as the goats are. It is certain that a greener Palestine cannot arise unless due precautions are taken against the goat. Just how this can be done, when the

fellahin rely so much upon this friend for milk, cheese, and meat, I do not feel wise enough to indicate, but a way must certainly be found.

The natural steps in the rehabilitation of Palestine are clearly indicated by the general appearance of the country. A good-sized river, the Jordan, flows through the whole length of Palestine, to be sure at a great depth, mostly far below the level of the sea, but still within reach of those who are looking for irrigation and water power. This is a problem for engineers to work out under a stable government. The next step is obviously tree planting on a large scale, systematically done. The olive tree is very profitable, and the conditions for its fruitful bearing are nowhere better than in the highlands of Palestine. The fig tree is here on its native soil. Pines, cedars, acacias, eucalypti and other shade trees will thrive with ordinary care and protection.

Every village community should plant its rocky waste places with stone pines. These will grow in the chinks of the rock and gradually make humus for themselves, providing shade and in a few years also fuel. This experiment has succeeded brilliantly near Marseilles and along the rocky places on the Riviera, where splendid forests of pine now cover what was formerly unsightly waste places. In Palestine the growth of trees would have a further result; at present, all manure goes into the bake oven as fuel, but if wood could be had, the

manure could go back to the soil which so greatly needs it. It is to be said, however, that the limestone in disintegrating acts as a fertilizer so that the fellahin have been able to cultivate the soil for thousands of years without enriching it artificially.

Excellent vegetables are grown in the gardens of Palestine. The great wheat-growing areas of Gilead and Moab should be given armed protection against marauding Arabs and the latter should be given help in times of drought to keep them from devastating the exposed farms. Trees, cactuses or tenacious grasses should be planted to stop the inward march of the sand from the sea-coast upon Gaza and other points of the coast of Philistia, as well as on the outskirts of villages bordering on the desert. There is no valid reason why the prosperity of Roman times should not return, if proper use of Palestine's present rainfall is made.

Then would return the blessing upon the land, shade trees would temper the heat of its sunny days, and the song of the water brooks fill the valleys with rejoicing. It ought to fulfill again its Biblical description of a land flowing with milk and honey, watered by "the former and the latter rain."

CHAPTER XXV

THE GREAT BLIZZARD

THE members of our party were safely housed in the home we had found in the grounds of the Syrian Orphanage, when Jerusalem was overtaken by a veritable American blizzard, the heaviest snow storm within the memory of man in the Holy City.

Flakes began to fall in the morning of February 9th, flying in the rain, but towards evening they managed to reach the ground and to stay long enough to give Jerusalem the strange experience of being wrapped in a white sheet. A dark cloud came driving down from the north, carrying with it a cold gust from far Lebanon and Hermon and the driving rain turned to snow. All that night the snow fell, covering the landscape and burdening the trees until many branches snapped, the eucalyptus being apparently the most brittle. Every now and then a loud snap could be heard and a stately limb heavy with the moist snow swept to the ground. Jerusalem awoke on the morning of the 10th buried in snow and the snow still falling. Snow shovelling and snow balling for a time became general occupations. The trees were bent and broken; even the stately cypresses,

usually so straight and tall, inclined to the ground, bowing to the strange storm; the snow lay knee deep, except where the force of the wind had brushed away some of its depth. The proverbial oldest inhabitant declared that ten years before there had been a great fall of snow, but that it had not attained such a depth.

In the early morning of the 11th the clouds lifted for a while, so that the Mount of Olives could be seen in the light of the rising sun forming a beautiful picture but it was not till about nine o'clock that the snow stopped at length. At that time there were drifts as high as a man in places where the wind had banked the snow up against walls and other obstructions, and the snow on the level seemed quite three feet deep.

A member of the American Colony who had kept accurate meteorological measurements in Jerusalem for many years and kindly supplied *Jerusalem News* with a daily record of the temperature and the rainfall, gave me the actual measurements of this storm: 29 inches of snow on a level place selected where the snow could not be affected by drifting, measurements having been taken in several places for further accuracy. This February 11th was the coldest day known in Jerusalem for twenty years. The mercury dropped to 26 degrees Fahrenheit. The only other snow storms which at all approached this one in intensity were one in December, 1879, when 17 inches of snow fell; another in January, 1884,

with a total of 15 inches; and another in January, 1887, with an average depth of 12½ inches.

Jerusalem, as may be imagined, is not built for snow storms. Many roofs were crushed in. Before the blizzard Jerusalem had three cinemas, or movie houses; after the storm it had only one in commission, which now added a picture entitled, "Jerusalem under the Snow," to its other attractions; the roofs of the two other movie houses had collapsed. Everywhere you went there were broken cornices, broken trees, sagging or broken roofs; house interiors were in many places open to the sky; telegraph and telephone wires were down and in many places lying across the streets; railroad service was suspended "until further notice," and for the present Jerusalem was cut off from the world. The temporary huts erected by the Y. M. C. A. were wrecked; the nurses' home of the Zionist Medical Unit, the new Gymnasium of the Italian School, and the very useful saw mill opposite Notre Dame de France were also much damaged.

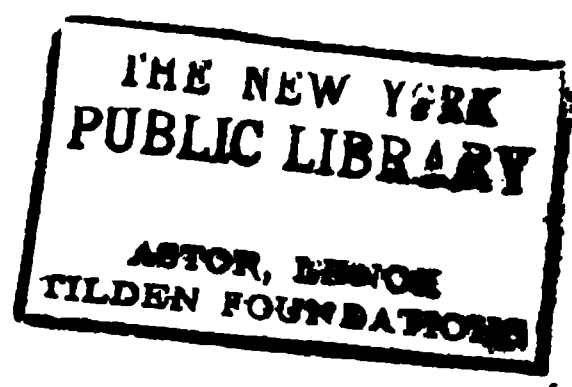
In the general wreckage which had overtaken the trees there was one loss which no one regretted, and which had a local prophetic flavor. In front of the East Automobile Company buildings, where it was customary to see many little Ford cars as reminders of home, there stood an ancient tree, the Butmi, which was used as a gallows by the Turks before the war. Tradition had it that when this tree fell, the Turkish rule would

fall also. The blizzard of 1920 finally brought down the Butmi, a little late in the reckoning, somewhat more than three years overdue, but none the less was this fall welcome to the native population who rejoiced in it as a good omen provided by nature itself.

The first effort to dig the city out of the embrace of the blizzard was due to the watchful Assistant Administrator of Palestine, who called upon the Yorkshire Regiment to arm itself with shovels and attack the snow drifts on the Jaffa Road. A trench was made in course of the day down that main artery outside the walls of the Holy City and here a mass of men, women, and children of all races, donkeys laden with sacks of flour, provisions and wood, soldiers in uniform, and long robed, barefooted natives slipped, plunged and jostled each other, trying to enter or leave the city. The American Colony sent an expedition provided with bread by the Zionist Relief Commission to Silwan (Siloam) to look after the members of the tribe of Gad whom they had before assisted to find homes in that place. A group of boys from the Anglican St. George's Cathedral School broke their way up to our house in the grounds of the Syrian Orphanage to carry off the many bundles of clothing which we had collected from friends at home for distribution among the destitute. This special consignment of relief goods had arrived from home shortly before the storm, just in time for the emergency created by the bliz-

ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM

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zard. The police department at once organized a systematic search among the neighboring villages of the snow area to rescue the natives who might be caught under the snow, incapable of extricating themselves. There was no record of actual loss of life in the city, although there was much suffering; and a sudden rise in prices which the city under the prevailing high prices could ill afford.

The blizzard of 1920 was for Jerusalem what the blizzard of 1880 was for New York, coming at the tail end of the winter unexpectedly, and producing a temporary paralysis of business and a break in all communications with the outside world. It is true that on the first day of the storm the bakers decided for themselves that the weather was altogether too atrocious for them to be out and proposed to keep the bakeries closed, but in this instance, as so often, man proposed but the authorities disposed, and these ordered the bakeries to do "business as usual," thus saving the situation for the poor who live from hand to mouth in Jerusalem.

Little by little Jerusalem dug itself out of the snow. By February 15th a first train managed to reach Jerusalem from Ludd, but the railroad between Ludd and Kantara and Egypt could not resume before February 17th. Engineers looked after the accumulated waters resulting from the rapid melting of the snow, so that no damage from flood succeeded the damage from the snow, and an official notice was promulgated concerning the best

measures to take with reference to the broken and shattered trees. It was noticeable that the trees which suffered the most were those with foliage, the leaves catching the heavy wet snow and bending them down until they broke. The eucalyptus, lemon, orange, and pepper trees suffered the most, both tops and branches being often dragged down by the great weight which they sustained in their multitude of leaves, but since eucalyptus and pepper trees are planted simply for ornament and shade, their loss was not so much regretted as was that of the olive trees, which are the principal fruit trees of Palestine. They hold the same position there as the apple trees do in some other countries. The damp snow played havoc with the olive trees, and incidentally the supply of olive wood for fuel suddenly increased rapidly in the little market huts where fuel is for sale. All forms of evergreen trees were especially injured, including the carob tree (which bears the pods called "husks" in the parable of the "Prodigal Son"), but the deciduous trees, including the fig trees, escaped almost entirely unscathed.

Altogether the Great Blizzard provided a nine days' wonder for the Holy City; it brought out much unselfish relief work and made friends of former strangers. *Jerusalem News* was printed daily, and in fact added to its contributions an article by one of the most active members of the administration who was moved by the strange spectacle of the snow bound city to write for its

columns an article on "Arctic Jerusalem," an incongruous title, indeed, when the popular impression of Jerusalem as being a city somewhere in the tropics is considered; and yet Bible Students should remember that we read in II Samuel: 20-23, of a certain Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, the son of a valiant man, of Kabzeel, who "slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow."

CHAPTER XXVI

DOWN TO JERICHO

I

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

I LEFT Jerusalem as the effects of the great blizzard of 1920 were beginning to wear off; the snow was still lying piled high in the drifts, but the main streets were already clear. An overcoat was not only acceptable, but necessary; there was the snow chill in the air; and a searching wind drew down the northwest. Altogether it was a day as different as possible from the sort which the general public ascribes to the Holy City, in its imagination. A carriage with three horses had been secured. It was about noon, and the sun was shining brilliantly.

The Jericho road skirts the city walls, passing the Damascus Gate and Herod's Gate, and then descends into the Valley of Jehoshaphat by the Garden of Gethsemane and the cemeteries on the slopes; rounds the Mount of Olives by a gradual rise and sinks to the village of Bethany. These names familiar to the whole world indicate the peculiar interest of the drive. On this particular occasion the edge of the road was still undermined in places by the snow and rain, so that careful driving was a necessity.

Down into the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea the journey lay, but what looked so near was an afternoon's trip. Little could be seen of the valley itself, and only occasional glimpses of the Dead Sea; but these became more and more alluring as they grew more distinct. At the place with the inn, generally known as that of the Good Samaritan, where lies the spot of red earth visible from the Mount of Olives, the hills were covered with a delicious green carpet, where flocks of sheep were grazing under the guardianship of long-robed shepherds. In the brilliant sun each sheep and lamb cast its gentle shadow upon the sward, which gave a velvet richness to the scene which was in sharp contrast to the limestone barrenness of the Judean Uplands. Bright red anemone and several varieties of little yellow flowers were sprinkled over rock and soil to right and left. The most dramatic moment in the descent to Jericho comes suddenly when on the left a deep gorge opens like a split in the mountainside, the Wady Kelt, probably the Valley of Achor, mentioned in the Book of Joshua. A loud rumble rose from the depths denoting that the melting snow from the highlands was finding its way into the plain, and across, on the other side of the ravine, could be seen the doorways of the Monastery of Elijah. A corner was turned; below lay the plain of Jericho, green and fertile in its winter aspect; a cluster of houses and trees, a minaret, a church, a stone bridge and some low, mud

colored dwellings represented all that is left of Jericho itself. We left the carriage to make its way carefully down the steep, winding road and walked down into the valley amid the scent of flowers and of rich herbage. The fields were covered with the bloom of white and pale lavender candy tuft; red peppers and tomatoes for the Jerusalem market punctured the fields with carmine.

Here at least was balm, an atmosphere without sting or fear, after the sharp air of the uplands. The birds twittered blissfully in the orange trees; the eye roamed eastward to the mountains of Moab and Gilead, deep blue and purple across the Jordan; a streak of turquoise revealed the Dead Sea to the south, and northward the narrowing Valley of the Jordan drew the thought to the Sea of Galilee, Nazareth, Hermon and the source of the fresh river which perpetually loses itself almost unused in the salt of the Dead Sea. The evening air was gently stirring the leaves of Jericho's trees, some cattle were wending their way across the stone bridge, and a muddy brook rumbled delightfully underneath it and passed around the little town into the plain of the Jordan. Off to the northwest lay the mounds, the remnant of the city whose walls tried ineffectually to bar the way of the Children of Israel into the Promised Land.

II

JERICHO IN FEBRUARY

The snow came to the foot hills of Jericho, but no further. It has never snowed in Jericho itself, the people of the place all say, but the rain was cold and the air raw while Jerusalem was having its unusual experience. Since then there had been many showers and some hail. The last of the local oranges were still to be had; they are very large, juicy, and sweet, better than the Jaffa oranges, some people say; but there are not many of them to be obtained, for the cultivation is scant and the population lacks enterprise. The general verdict is that Jericho is unbearable in summer; that the Bible curse still lies upon it; that it is the victim of a succession of plagues the hot weather through, with the mosquitoes, the fleas, the scorpions and the snakes. However that may be, British troops, composed largely of Australians, New Zealanders and Indian troops, survived the ordeals of the Jordan Valley and of Jericho itself during the heated term, and Indian troops are to-day stationed near the Allenby Bridge over the Jordan and on the shores of the Dead Sea. Among the native population more negroes are to be found than on the Judean Highlands, which is not surprising, when the nearness of the desert is considered and the great heat of the summer. According to all accounts Jericho in that season

The Mount of Temptation, From Jericho.
From a Painting by John Fulleylove, R.I.

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walls attracts attention. This is called Quarantana, or Forty Days, the traditional scene of the temptation. Leaving out of account whether this tradition is correct or not, a trip to the top will amply repay the climber. Out through the road lined with orange groves, poplars, and eucalypti, the way lies first to Elisha's Fountain where a reservoir divided into two tanks assures Jericho a full supply of water which never runs dry, we were told. A mill is at present operated by the water power, but there is a plan to remove the mill, as it diverts a considerable amount of water from irrigating the orange and lemon groves.

From Elisha's Fountain the path to the Greek monastery, cuts into the cliffs above, runs first of all over the mounds which tell the tale of ancient Jericho, the modern village of Jericho not being on the site of the Biblical place. Excavations at this point have revealed portions of the ancient wall and the citadel. Now comes the climb up to the monastery amid a great variety of flowers in this month of February, large yellow daisies, bright red vetches, like the sweet peas of our home gardens, and further up the deep purple of the mint family. It may be truly said that the Mountain of Temptation is the mount of flowers. They take the sting out of the suffering sense associated with the locality; they clothe thought with joy and loveliness in the midst of pain and tribulation.

The good brothers who, according to their light, strive to keep the memory of those terrible days

from being forgotten, accord a warm welcome to the visitor and with an enormous key unlock the gate which opens the way to the summit. More flowers, more stones and more cliffs, pigeon-holed with hermits' caves are seen as we climb. The donkey boy tells me that he and his people took refuge in one of these caves and were fed by the Greek monks during the height of the hostilities.

From the top a view never to be forgotten opens out over the plain to the mountains Gilead and Moab, with Mount Nebo and Mount Pisgah breaking the sky line. Glimpses of the Jordan in high water gleam through the bushes along its banks; towards the south lies the Dead Sea; in the immediate foreground the gardens of the monastery glisten in rich green; down below are the arid rock valleys, and in the cliffs the cave cells. As we return to modern Jericho the yapping of jackals tells of the falling night.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ALLENBY BRIDGE OVER THE JORDAN

EVERY site in Palestine associated with the name of the good man and true who brought deliverance to the Holy Land has special attraction for those who appreciate the significance of the event. To those conversant with the British campaign for the taking of Jerusalem and Palestine, the road to Jéricho recalls many a hard-fought struggle for the possession of strategic points. There was hard fighting around the inn of the good Samaritan.

Piles of discarded food cans, lines of trenches and rusted implements of war denote camps and firing lines. The rocky slopes were the battle grounds from which the British drove the Turk north and east into Samaria and across the Jordan.

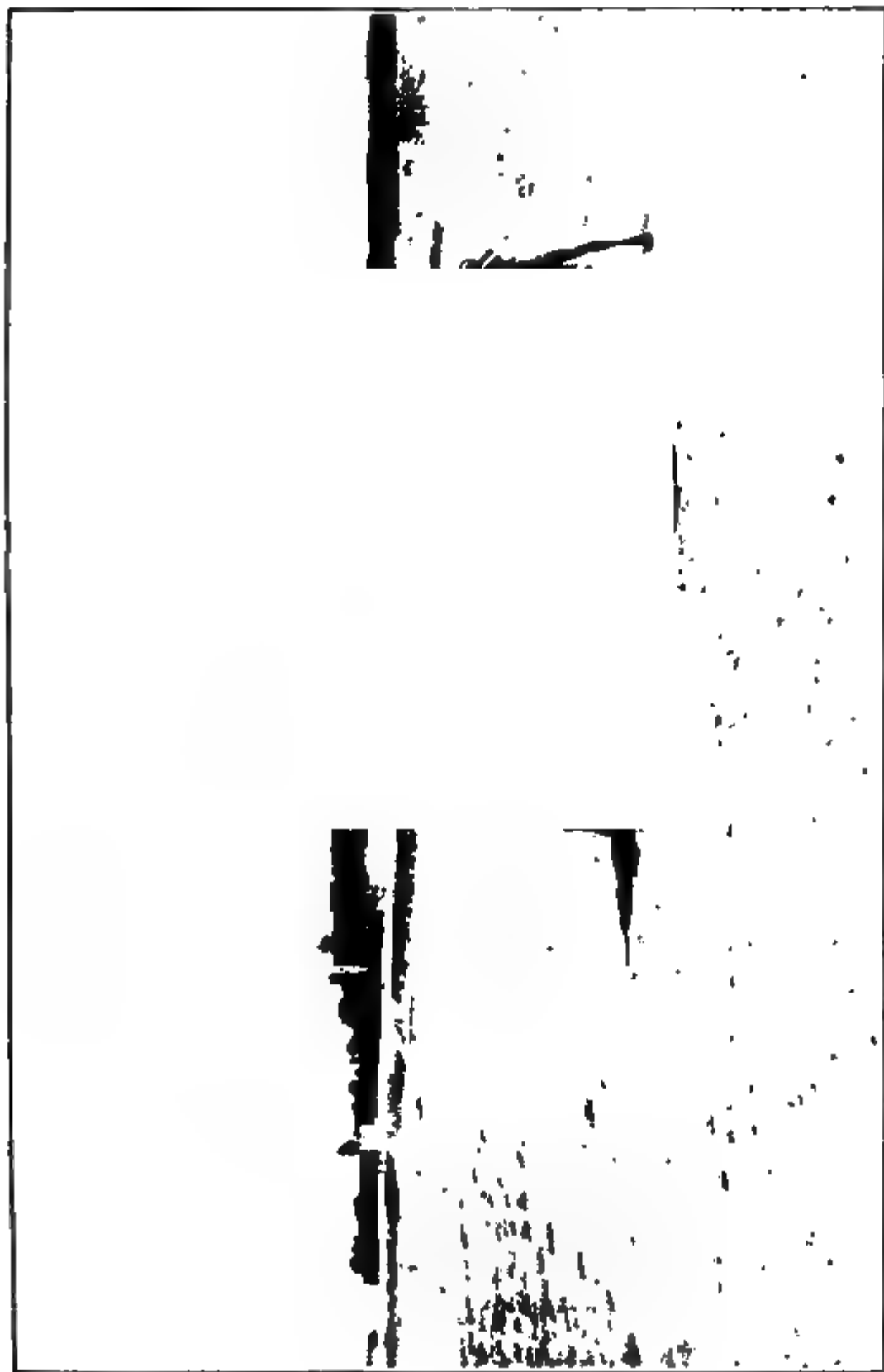
Jericho is a small place compared with Jerusalem, a village, hardly more, but the curves of palm leaves, like the fronds of giant ferns, gave elegance to the verdure; groves of pomegranates lend their richness to the plain; some large eucalyptus trees offer the impression of shade and fertility. It was a homely little scene, which used to enact itself near the bridge which spans

the mountain torrent on whose banks Jericho thrives. A few women, in black gowns and white veils, strolled along the road taking the sunset air, and over the whole plain there brooded the perfume of many million flowers, especially that of the white and lavender blossoms of the wild mustard, beloved of the Bedouin camels which are driven over from beyond Jordan expressly to crop it.

Like all oriental places Jericho cannot bear internal inspection, however picturesque it may seem from the exterior. It is a pitiful place, mostly composed of squalid mud huts, but then it has its gardens and its mountain torrent. The antiquarian will find nothing in it.

At the time of my visit the country was not as disturbed as it was shortly after, when Bedouin raids and ambushes on the Jerusalem-Jericho Road became sadly frequent and costly. A visit to Allenby Bridge, which spans the Jordan, presented no difficulties, unless the river in flood might hinder the visitor actually crossing the Jordan. So it was that astride of a mule and two donkeys a party of three left the one and only inn of Jericho for the banks of the Jordan one charming February morning. The donkey boys ambled by our sides, keeping the animals from getting mired in the mud of the valley. Ahead lay the famous land of "beyond Jordan."

On the plain we passed an encampment of Indian troops under British officers. Nothing



BEDOUIN ARABS OF PALESTINE

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would do but we must promise to stop on the way back, which we were delighted to do in due course, but for the present the road lay straight ahead to Allenby Bridge. Before coming into actual sight of the Jordan we passed a series of curious clay mounds, alluvial deposits brought down through the ages by the action of the water. It is here that one of the sensations of the trip suddenly confronted us in the form of a hyena. Indian soldiers with heavy sticks were in hot pursuit. At one moment the animal rounding one of the mounds came very close to us and enabled us to judge of its size. It was a very large specimen but, far from being inclined to try its strength, was doing its level best to elude the pursuers. This it did presently by disappearing down a ravine into the dense thickets which fringe the river.

Then the Jordan suddenly came into view. It is a small river judged by American standards, flowing most of the year quite peacefully, though swiftly, between its steep banks, but on this occasion it was in flood and a large area of land on either side was under water. Some Arab travelers were fording over, swimming their horses part way. There stood Allenby Bridge, a good-looking steel structure on stone approaches, a most significant achievement and reminiscent of the hard-fought campaigns. It was built by the British military authorities in 1919 on the site of an old wooden bridge destroyed by the Turks.

A pleasant hour was spent upon the bridge, enjoying the view and chatting with the Indian guards stationed at the western end. At this time no one was allowed to cross to the east side of the Jordan, unless provided with a military pass. When a shower suddenly swept down upon the valley, the party accepted an invitation to enter the military tent for shelter; but when the brilliant sunshine once more broke through the clouds, it was interesting to explore the river banks with field glasses, to watch the thick jungle haunted by wild boars and made vociferant with the songs of many birds. Some of these birds alighted on the driftwood of the flood and floated on the swift current as they looked for pickings. Herds of camels grazed in the open spaces, guarded by Bedouins wearing flowing robes and the traditional headgear. The narcissus was so profuse that the atmosphere was heavy with its perfume.

The scene was peaceful now, yet a little more than a year before the British forces had marched and countermarched here, great masses of cavalry had forded the river, or crossed it on pontoons to penetrate into the land of Moab, to Es Salt, and to cut the Hedjaz railroad which leads to Islam's holy cities, Mecca and Medina.

Allenby Bridge stands for a page of history finished and turned, a work well done. It is a link binding the lands of Transjordan to those of Cis-

THE ALLENBY BRIDGE — INSCRIBED STONE AT ENTRANCE

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jordan, and determining that the two districts are to march together and their future history is to be one and undivided.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE DEAD SEA

It is an ideal time to cross the plain to the Dead Sea, as far as weather comfort is concerned, although as we progress we wish that the footing for the animals was more secure. The donkey drivers run beside us, shouting to the patient beasts and singing native songs to encourage themselves.

A trail leads across the mountain brook, the Wady Kelt, out upon the uncultivated plain to the sea. As we progress we can well understand what was meant by the "slime pits" mentioned in the Bible, among which the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled and fell on this very plain, for swamp succeeds swamp, and it is only with the greatest care that the animals are steered along the drier edges which border the trail. Here and there are evidences of the recent war, British steel helmets, piles of cartridges, lines of trenches and camp emplacements.

Many flowers nod from the wayside, among them a deep purple iris with white markings, suggesting both a crocus and a small flag. The temptation to stop constantly has to be resisted, for now black clouds rise in the north and threaten

a storm. We bend forward to reach the group of houses by the shore of the Dead Sea, where an encampment of British East Indian soldiers keeps guard. After two hours of travel we stand on the gravelly beach, marveling at the desolate beauty before us. Three cranes, which have been feeding among the rushes on the banks of the Jordan, fly toward the west. There is no seaweed, no vegetation along the shores of the sea itself, and no fish can live in it, except a very few close to the mouth of the Jordan or the other streams which empty into the sea. Some tree trunks, washed down by the Jordan, line the beach. There is a collection of wooden buildings here which represents all that is left of an ambitious scheme of Jemal Pasha, the Turkish Governor of Palestine during the war. Here he founded in 1915 the port of Jedeideh (New Town), to act as headquarters for the shipping of wheat and other grains from east of the sea, from Kerak especially, and of salt from Jebel Usdum, or Sudum, a mountain to the southwest, which is about seven miles long and averages more than one mile wide, and consists almost entirely of pure, crystallized rock salt. At this improvised port, during the time when the Turks had control of the Dead Sea, a small fleet of sail and row boats and even some motor boats rode at anchor. Long trains of camels transported the cargoes of these boats to the Turkish troops fighting in Palestine.

One of the picturesque incidents of the war was the passage of a motor boat through the streets of

Jerusalem on its way from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea. It was mounted upon a special wheeled platform drawn by many horses. One marvels that this could have been done at all, when one recalls the rough roads and the steep drop down into the valley of the Jordan to Jericho. The Turks, of course, were indebted to their allies, the Germans and Austrians, for the enterprise to carry out such a feat. One of these motor boats was not destroyed when the Turks were driven from Jericho and the Dead Sea. During military operations Gen. Louis Bols, General Allenby's chief-of-staff, made a hazardous trip down the Dead Sea in this launch to establish communications with the Arab sheiks at the southern end. He told the writer that a strong wind made navigation extremely difficult and it was only by exercising the greatest care that the return to the British lines could be effected.

Before us lies the body of water which the Bible calls "the sea of the plain," "the salt sea" or "the East sea," 46 miles long and from six to ten miles wide, with an area of 400 miles square and a maximum depth of more than 1300 feet. Topographically its strangest feature is the fact that its surface lies 1300 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, so that it is the most depressed sheet of water in the world. It is so saline, so dense and buoyant, that in swimming it is difficult to keep one's feet under water. One can float as though lying in bed, and, hoisting a sunshade, can

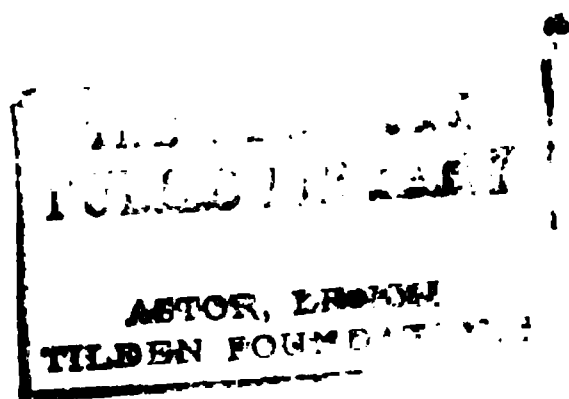
read at one's ease or survey the landscape and seascape with complete comfort. On this February day the water is quite cold and a searching wind draws down from the highlands of the north, so our party content themselves with wading along the beach before taking lunch indoors. The British East Indian troops set aside a place for us within one of the buildings and courteously ask after our wants, but their sense of caste prevents them from accepting any of our food. Most of the buildings are now empty. There was quite a settlement, comprising large granaries, a machine shop, a post office and quarters and so forth for the soldiers and sailors, but war is a great spendthrift, a prodigal waster, and the settlement is evidently going to ruin, unless some use is made of it soon.

To east and west rise the high mountains of Moab and of Judea respectively, and southward the water loses itself in the sky, for there lies the desert. Geologists say that what is now the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea must have sunk during some stupendous convulsion, attended probably by a great conflagration of bitumen or asphalt, which is found in this region in great quantities. In fact the Greeks and the Romans called the Dead Sea "Lake Asphaltites." We picked up pieces of the bitumen in many places on this trip. It is further asserted that the Dead sea once reached up the Jordan valley as far as Mt. Hermon. Whatever the geological facts

may be, it is certain that this whole region is one of the most curious in the world. What, for instance, becomes of the vast amount of water which flows into this huge, land-locked lake? There is no outlet. It is calculated that the Jordan, the Jabok and other small streams and springs pour some 6,500,000 tons of water into the Dead Sea daily; most, if not all, of it is fresh. What a loss to this dry and thirsty land! Evaporation claims it all, while the land needs it. It is impossible to visit this region without speculating as to its possibilities and hoping for the best.

In the afternoon our donkeys and mules, with the attendant boys running beside them, turn gladly toward Jericho. The desolate plain has taken on different colors; the Mountains of Moab wear their afternoon mantle, in which the greens and blues have faded out and the violets are spreading their gentle shades; thin lines of smoke rise from the tents of the nomadic Bedouins; a rider drives some cattle before him toward the town; there are camel trains plodding along the highway which leads to Allenby Bridge over the Jordan, and flocks of goats are being driven into inclosures to be milked. As a last significant touch to our return into Jericho a huge motor truck, driven by a dark-visaged Indian, clatters through the main street loudly tooting its horn. This represents the power of progress which may yet make a garden out of this sadly neglected valley floor of the Jordan.

FIRST DEMONSTRATION AGAINST ZIONISM



CHAPTER XXIX

THE FIRST DEMONSTRATION AGAINST ZIONISM

TOWARDS the end of February the weather had grown much milder; out-door life had once more grown agreeable; the first wild flowers were beginning to peep from the rocky soil. Perhaps it was in obedience to this spring feeling that the inhabitants prepared to "start something" and show what they could do in the way of demonstrating and manifesting. Two of our ladies arrived on the morning of February 27th at the Jerusalem Relief Laundry to distribute clothing to the children of the Day Nursery, recently established, and to supervise and inspect as usual. They had partly finished their work, when what was their surprise to find the great court of the old Serai crowded with a shouting, speechifying, and profoundly aroused gathering of Arabs, gesticulating wildly and evidently working themselves up to a state in which they would be ready to commit violence. I, myself, was not present and I am indebted for the account of what took place to eye witnesses and to the mute testimony of a photograph which a Syrian in the crowd had enough presence of mind to take.

There was, of course, great excitement among the women employed in the laundry, among whom were Jewesses, as they were keenly aware that this was a demonstration of Arabs against Zionism. They were found huddled together in one of the enclosures fearing the worst. The hysterical Moslem women and the Jewesses were locked into a room protected by a policeman and kept there until after the demonstration was over. Then the Honorable Secretary of the Relief Laundry turned to observe the demonstration itself. The name of General Bols rose constantly above the hub-hub; it was evident that the crowd was incensed against the administration and demanding retaliatory measures for its supposed Zionist policy. A boy orator especially aroused much enthusiasm. There followed a speech of especial vehemence which seemed to excite the crowd to a dangerous pitch. "What is he saying?" she asked of a man in a Bedouin costume who, as it turned out, spoke some English. "He speak no good," was his reply as he shook his head. "He make them bad." The Honorable Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth L. McQueen, and the other lady, Miss Mary Virginia Blandy, stood in the court under the terrace where the clothes were wont to dry, the only women present, facing the situation, and wondering what to do. Then there came to the Honorable Secretary one of those sudden impulses which seem to come from a higher source than ourselves, out of the unseen, and require in-

stant obedience. "Tell them," she said to the Arab in Bedouin costume, "that I would like to say a few words to them." With this she moved away from under the terrace, in order to climb the stairway up to the balcony from which the orators were addressing the crowd. As she and her companion did so, there fell from the edge of the terrace a large fragment of one of the capitals belonging to a supporting column. It fell directly on the spot where the ladies had been standing and would doubtless have maimed or even killed them, had they not moved in time to escape it. Mrs. McQueen reached the terrace through the crowd which lined the staircase, closely followed by Miss Blandy; the man in Bedouin costume commanded silence, and standing by her side, translated into Arabic as she spoke in English the following impromptu little address, the first public address ever delivered by a woman to a crowd of Arab men in Jerusalem. I quote it as it appeared the next day in the columns of *Jerusalem News*:

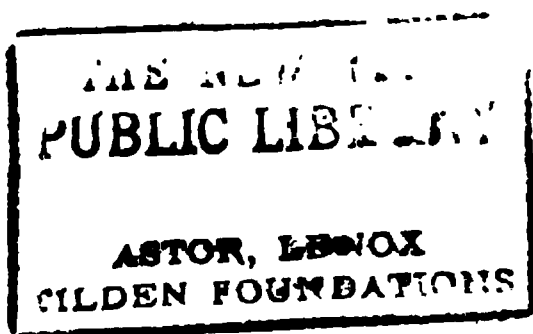
"Gentlemen, you have come here to make a demonstration of your desires. You believe in prayer, and if your desires are right, God will answer your prayer. You must act as gentlemen if you want the respect of the world. If the Jews do wrong they will suffer for their faults. The British saved you from the Turkish atrocities. I am an American citizen of the United States and came here to do relief work. Americans are liberty loving people, but we know that liberty im-

plies good behavior. The Grand Mufti is your friend and my friend, he has love in his eyes and you can do no better than to follow his advice. I am sure you will all act as gentlemen. I thank you."

These words had an immediate pacifying effect upon the crowd; that was the universal verdict of eye witnesses. The very fact that they were addressed by a woman seemed to catch their attention and excite their curiosity, until the peaceful import of her words could have its effect. A member of the American Colony who chanced to find himself on the outskirts of the crowd on one of the nearby roofs heard a man exclaim in amazement, as he peered over the heads of those in front of him, "Why, it's a woman! It's a woman!" He was but echoing the unspoken words of all the men present.

Thus the demonstrators, who had received official permission for their procession, were in a peaceful mood, despite their mottoes on white banners reading: "Our country is for us." "Death to him who betrays his country." "Stop Zionist immigration," and despite the rather emphatic tenor of the document they had with them, to hand to the Military Governor. They moved off in good order,—three or four thousand in all, including many students, and representatives of more than one Christian denomination as well as Moslems of every type and degree,—a little after two o'clock. After traversing the narrow streets

MRS ELIZABETH L. MCQUEEN SPEAKING FROM THE TERRACE



of the Old City, and stopping at intervals to hear impassioned speeches from balconies and house-tops, they emerged through the Jaffa Gate on their way to the American Consulate. There they halted, while a Deputation, headed by the Mayor of Jerusalem and Arif Pasha, Said Effendi el Housseini, and Ismail Bey el Housseini, passed through their midst to present a copy of their manifesto to the American Consul, Dr. Glazebrook, who came to the gate to meet them. In answer to their speeches and their written statement, Dr. Glazebrook said:

“It is always impressive to see the people of a great city *en masse*, and it is a compliment to any consulate to have that mass pay its respects. As American Consul I receive it as a token of regard for my own country, but at such times a consul must remember that he is not representing himself but his nation. The great nation which I represent has thought it wise not to permit its officials to express political views on any subject. A consul is but the intermediary through which the views of people may be conveyed to his Department of State. I feel, however, that I can say, and should say that the American Government will ever stand for what is just and right. I thank you for your expressions of kind personal regard, and appreciate the honor which you have done America through me.”

After cheering for the United States, the procession wound its way slowly toward the French

consulate, where it was again received with courtesy and suitable expressions of consideration.

From the French Consulate the procession wound its way toward the Governorate, halting at intervals to hear some speeches, and chanting the praises of the Arab army as it went. It reached the Governorate at 5 P. M. The first to arrive was a motley advance guard of ragged urchins waving branches and switches and shouting to their hearts' content. Then came the mounted police, followed by a group of school boys in the new Sheriffian uniform. A vendor of sweetmeats dashed through the crowd to a point of vantage for his trade, while the police could be observed weeding out Jewish soldiers and boys from the crowd and urging them to keep away from the demonstration as a matter of precaution. The delegation, headed by the Mayor of Jerusalem, was admitted into the grounds of the Governorate and was met at the door of the building by Captain Pollock and Lieutenant Cust. After some introductory remarks and a parley, the members of the delegation were admitted into the building, where the Military Governor received them and made a statement to the effect that he would deliver their manifesto to the Chief Administrator to be forwarded to the foreign office. The demonstrators then dispersed to their homes in an orderly manner, evidently satisfied with the day's work. The police arrangements were excellent. Every possible contingency had been

foreseen, and throughout the tense afternoon there were few incidents to mar the occasion.

It stands to reason that neither the Arabs nor the Zionists were satisfied with the modest account of these happenings which appeared in *Jerusalem News* the following day. The Arabs were disappointed over the figures which it printed in enumerating the demonstrators, insisting that the number given should be multiplied at least by ten. The Zionists magnified some street scuffles into veritable massacres. For instance, a small boy had climbed up on the wall of the grounds of the Rothschild Hospital, as, unfortunately, small boys in all lands will do when they get a chance, and when ordered down by the police he had clung to the painted tin sign over the door way until he had bent it and partly torn it down. He was determined to have a front seat for the booming and demonstrating going on there. This homely accident was later construed into a defacement and outrage upon the hospital itself. One stops to consider what would have happened to the Zionists of Jerusalem on this occasion and on subsequent ones had not the hand of the British Administration supplied them with the necessary protection. As I write, I think of young Lieutenant Howes, who had succeeded Capt. Moss as chief of Police in Jerusalem, riding at the head of the procession with a couple of native policemen, keeping order and good humor among the crowd throughout the day, patient and kindly, watchful and erect. I

CHAPTER XXX

SOME PALESTINE PROBLEMS

I

TAXATION

It may seem a simple matter to us Americans to take over and administer a new country, because we instinctly have in mind the pioneering experiences of our race, and assume that all that is needed is to get people on the land and they will do the rest. The problem in Palestine is totally different, because Palestine is not new and because it is already peopled. It is an ancient land, hampered by traditions hoary with age, and already overloaded with debts and obligations which must be met somehow. The country is not virgin soil to be apportioned on the basis of first come, first served. The oppressive inheritance and mortgage of Turkish rule must be lifted before a new Palestine can start life over again.

It was very illuminating to listen to Col. Barron, who was at the time acting as Financial Adviser to the Chief Administrator of Palestine, as he outlined some of the budgetary difficulties

with which he was confronted in his perplexing post. Under the circumstances it seemed a miracle to me that Palestine was actually being made to pay its way by the military administration; barring, of course, the heavy expenses for the army of occupation, which came out of the pockets, not of the natives who were thereby protected from armed invasion or from internal outbreaks, but out of the pockets of the patient British taxpayer who was already bowed down under the heaviest load he had ever experienced. The tax system used by the British was the old one they had inherited from the Turks, the revenue being derived from the same sources as in Turkish times. These were 1st. real estate; 2nd. an animal tax; 3rd. tithes; 4th. customs.

The tax on real estate was being levied on an assessment valuation which was at least twenty years old, and probably older. Col. Barron estimated roughly that a proper valuation ought to quadruple the revenue from this source alone.

The animal tax was levied principally upon sheep, goats, buffaloes, certain kinds of camels, and pigs. Horses, mules, and donkeys, also cattle, were exempt, and also all animals used for the plow, even camels when so used. The putting into operation of this tax necessitated an animal census and this enabled the Administration to keep track of the increase in the number of animals. It was found that under the conditions of security enforced by the British occupation the number of

animals had trebled itself within eighteen months. An interesting further effect of the growing sense of security was seen in the fact that the Bedouins from across the Jordan now brought their camels to graze in the Jordan Valley for the breeding season. They were willing to pay the animal tax which is levied by Palestine at the Allenby Bridge in order to enjoy the added security for their animals. Great herds of camels could therefore be seen in the spring over the wide extent of plain from Jericho to the Jordan.

The tithes consisted of a $12\frac{1}{2}$ per centum tax on all produce, and as a form of taxation they were no novelty for Great Britain, which had found them in operation in all Oriental countries to which it had extended its rule. The last traces of the tithes system are only now being abolished in England itself, so that a British Administration was not at a loss how to apply it in Palestine. The tithes formed a very large item in the revenue of the country, but unfortunately only a portion of this revenue went to the Palestine Treasury, and hereby hangs a tale in tax complications which is not generally known, even to the residents of the country.

It was the habit of the Ottoman Empire, whenever it contracted loans, especially in its latter days, to give as security certain revenues which were hereafter collected by the Ottoman Public Debt for the special benefit of the bondholders. Thus five of the ten revenue districts into which

Palestine is divided were assigned to the Ottoman Public Debt to pay interest and sinking fund on railroad loans of the Ottoman Empire. These districts are Haifa, Galilee, Jerusalem, Jaffa and Hebron. The whole of the tithes collected from these districts went to Constantinople and were completely lost to Palestine as revenue. The tithes from two of these districts were allocated to pay interest and sinking fund for a stretch of railroad from Koniah to Angora, about eight hundred miles away from the boundries of Palestine, and having no conceivable relation to that country. Moreover, this stretch of railroad was built and is owned by Germans, so that the tithes from these two districts of Palestine may presumably go into German pockets, while the remaining three districts are allocated to pay interest and sinking fund on the Rayak section of railroad, now in French territory. This is certainly a curious complication for the British Administration to take over with the Mandate in Palestine. The tithes of the remaining five districts, Beersheba, Gaza, Nablus, Jenin and Tul Kerim, were paid directly into the Palestine Treasury for the administration of the country as clear revenue.

The largest item in the revenue system of Palestine was furnished by the customs duties. A duty of 8 per centum ad valorem was collected in imports, to which the Ottoman Public Debt added another 3 per centum which was sent to Constan-

tinople and never entered the Palestine Treasury at all, for use in the country itself. Therefore, what travellers were called upon to pay was an 11 per centum duty. Under British administration the customs duties at Haifa and Jaffa exceeded those in the best Turkish years. Recognizing that the tariff on foodstuffs was high, the Administration ruled that wheat and flour should be admitted duty free in spite of the loss in revenue thereby. A special tariff was also being worked out to facilitate the entry of all forms of foodstuffs and of animals. The year 1920 gave bumper crops such as the oldest inhabitant did not remember, due to the agricultural loans made to cultivators, to the vast supplies of seed imported into the country, and to the exceptional winter rains and ample latter rains.

A great improvement in the assessment and collection of taxes had been instituted by doing this work directly, instead of farming it out, as the Turks did. By this better method the receipts had been doubled, although the expense of collection was much greater. The British Administration renounced the use of a most lucrative tax, but one which lent itself particularly to bribery, the Temettu, the so-called professional tax, under which people of every occupation were taxed, and which was collected with most demoralizing effects upon productive activities.

There remained the irksome stamp dues which the Administration was obliged to enforce and

which went to the Ottoman Public Debt, a disagreeable legacy from the past, disliked by everybody. All bank checks, bills, receipts and in general all public and private documents were required to be stamped, with what interference with business it is easy to imagine.

It is evident that the burden of the Ottoman Public Debt upon the finances of Palestine could not be lifted without the issue of a loan to buy up the right to cancel the present duties. The Ottoman Public Debt derived its revenue in Palestine from the tithes of the five districts already mentioned, from stamp dues, fishing licenses, the tobacco monopoly, wine and spirit licenses, and from the salt monopoly. The most lucrative sources of taxation were in its hands, and had been placed there by international agreement so that only international agreement could alter them. The financial position of Palestine therefore was not merely a local concern, and its taxation system could not be changed to an up-to-date and modern one by the mere wish of its inhabitants, for its right to use its own revenues for its own purposes must be bought at a price. In the mean time it was interesting to note that fully 85 per centum of the land was in the hands of the Moslem and Fellahin who, through the real estate tax, the animal tax, and the tithes, paid by far the greatest part of the taxes, exclusive of customs duties, and made it possible to make the Palestine budget balance. A country burdened

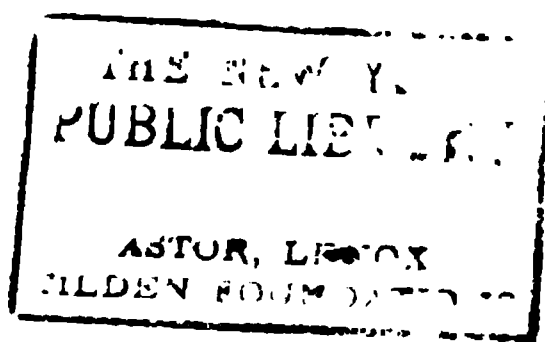
with a Turkish taxation bears a yoke which it will take some time to shake off.

II

SIPPING YOUR COFFEE

What is according to good manners in one country may be the reverse in another. When a European or an American makes a loud sipping noise over his soup or his drinking, he is said to lack breeding. When an Arab wishes to show politeness towards his host, he sips his coffee as loudly as he can, to show his appreciation. Who shall attempt to judge in these small matters; therefore how much less in the larger interests of life. When you sip your coffee quietly, think of the man who would be offended if you did this in his house or tent, and let all men have their due. Patient consideration for the rights and susceptibilities of others is necessary to that understanding of others which leads to effective coöperation. It is not possible to ride rough shod over the feelings of those you expect to help and then count upon substantial results. Ignorance of the thoughts and customs of other races makes it impossible to approach them without offending them or giving wrong impressions. A joke which in one country passes for a most successful sally, in another is received as an insult. There are mysterious reasons in the minds of individuals and

BETHLEHEM WOMEN SMOKING AND DRINKING COFFEE



of nations, depths which it is difficult to fathom, where hide age-long prejudices based on traditional fears or failings which you had better not touch unless your heart is so full of love divine that it is capable of melting even the hard iron of unreasoning resentment. Let everyone sip his coffee as he wishes, and let no one take offence or feel called upon to criticise. Let everyone wear the habiliments which suit his taste and habit. Let everyone worship God as seems best to him, acknowledging the right of religious liberty to everyone else. The differing views which different creeds may entertain of Deity do not effect Deity itself and cannot change the immutable; then why quarrel about that which never varies and cannot be changed, no matter what men may think about it? There is room in the Holy Land for representatives of all shades of belief, if they will only let each other sip the coffee of human endeavor as they see fit. The practice of good government is to guarantee to each man the right to act in whatever manner he chooses, so long as in doing so he does not interfere with the right of every other man to do the same. Is this practice just? Is it in accordance with the dictates of common sense? Is it calculated to bring about the greatest good to the greatest number? History teaches that this method is the only one which can ensure peace and well-being for all. It holds the balances aright. It means an era of prosperity and happiness for Palestine such as the land has

never known in its thousands of years of recorded history. Let us all sip our coffee in good fellowship, even though we may differ about the manner of doing so.

III

WORLD INTEREST IN PALESTINE

While the inhabitants of Palestine naturally have the right to be considered first in the choice of government which is to obtain in the land, it must not be overlooked that Palestine belongs to the world in a sense which cannot be applied to any other land on earth, and that the world at large is peculiarly interested in knowing that the Holy Land and the Holy City are properly protected and made secure for travellers from all lands. The British Mandate is intended to fulfill these requirements to insure equal rights, equal privileges, and equal protection for all. No other nation, apart from the United States (which has not been officially offered the task), is so well fitted by temperament and experience to weld the people of Palestine into a homogeneous nation. The British People have world interests and, therefore, can well act as stewards over Palestine for the world. Their colonizing success is one of the wonders of the ages. They have carried the Bible around the world. It is largely due to this universal spread of the knowledge of the Bible

STREET SCENE, BETHLEHEM.

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that the names of Abraham, Moses, Jacob, David, and Jesus are household names the world over and that every child has heard of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee and the river Jordan. Not a day passes but some of these names are on the lips of devout people in every nation on earth, and at least once a week hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of people repeat these treasured words in song and sermon, prayer and chant. Not a preacher, not a Sunday School can let the day go by without recalling Palestine and blessing it with tender solicitude. If it should happen that these millions of persons were to become dissatisfied with the form of government introduced in Palestine and its practical work in safe-guarding the equal rights of all the inhabitants, their displeasure would form a body of public opinion which would have to be reckoned with. It must be evident to those who are engaged in planning the future government of Palestine that they have to reckon not only with public opinion in the land itself, but also with that of the world at large. No government which did not satisfy the requirements of the world's highest ideal of what a government should be will stand any chance of succeeding in the Holy Land and in the Holy City. The archæological treasures of the Holy Land really belong to the whole human race and not merely to a fraction thereof. All students of the Bible are deeply concerned in watching the fulfillment of the prophecies of the

Good Book in the land of Bible history. They look with well-grounded confidence to the Mandatory Power appointment by the League of Nations to carry out the loftiest conception of liberty and justice in Palestine.

IV

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

Much has been done, though much remains to be done. For years Jerusalem had the reputation of being insalubrious, although the climate of Palestine was acknowledged to be surpassingly fine. Why? Because neglect had robbed Jerusalem of some of its most elementary needs. Modern Jerusalem had less water than Roman Jerusalem. One of the first acts of the deliverers of the city was to give it back its Roman supply of water. How was it that until that day this world city, where all the great powers of the world, both secular and ecclesiastical, were amply represented, was allowed to lack the first requisite of cleanliness? History must solve this puzzle. The fact remains that to-day Jerusalem has been given back the water which might have been its own any time during the last thousand years and more.

The condition of the streets of Jerusalem before the occupation, as described by travellers, was unbelievable for a city in the twentieth century.

To-day a genuine effort is being made to clean them, and water carts lay the dust.

The walls of Jerusalem, which made it notable both from an artistic and an archæological point of view and are therefore a valuable asset in its wealth of attractive power, were being allowed to crumble. In some places the stones were even used for building material. These walls have been repaired and a rampart walk cleared, so that future tourists can carry the fame of this tour of the walls to the end of the earth.

It is not necessary to refer in detail to the improvements in the prisons, in the police system, and the regulation of traffic, in the care of the dumb animals, etc. The point to remember is that all this has been done with very little money, that the foundation was laid by military men who were willing to train themselves to their unaccustomed tasks by much labor and long hours.

Fear has been lifted from the land which hung like a heavy pall over it, fear of injustice in the courts, fear of forced conversions, fear of being dragged into the army, fear of being thought prosperous by robber Pashas, fear for the safety of woman and child. A man's gains are his own. It is no longer a virtue to make a poor mouth. The tax gatherer no longer uses a whip.

V

DANGER FROM THE NORTH

Palestine is secured from the South. On the West is the sea, controlled by a friendly Power; the Eastern boundary is not seriously threatened, although in constant need of being guarded. The danger comes from the North, perhaps not in the immediate future, but certainly in times to come. This is the traditional and historic quarter for future trouble. Just what the name of this danger may be, we will not venture to state, but the thought of it presents itself as the dominant fear of Palestine, and fear is the fundamental disturbing factor in the world to-day. Whence comes this haunting sense of impending danger? Is it natural or artificial? Can it be traced to any justification, or is it merely suggested? The answer to these questions cannot be very much longer delayed. It will come when the world as a whole is ready to understand the necessary explanation. It may be stated that the danger from the North presents itself as having its origin in some future predatory movement, like the Bible prophecy of Gog and Magog, some insensate, incomprehensible, furious descent upon peaceful Palestine, stimulated by hidden, sinister forces which will seek to keep themselves in the background until the supposed hour of triumph, when they propose to announce themselves and ride to power on the

wave of success. That hour of the triumph of evil will not come, but it will be expected, and the latent operation of fear secretly fostered will be exposed in the surprised view of all. Let Palestine make sure of her Northern boundaries, whence the danger threatens; and yet the protection of the land lies not so much in material defences, but in the ability of her people to trust in righteousness and to do justly. This is not said in any alarmist sense, but solely as a matter of record and warning and to stimulate proper preparation for the coming time. This preparation is mainly moral, it consists principally in the cultivation of an attitude of mind which cannot be stampeded and which is ready to strike below the surface at the real causes and not be deceived by appearances. Many apparent dangers may seem to loom up from the North which may be obvious even to a careless observer, but the actual danger will not be obvious but hidden, except to those who cannot be deceived by the suggestions of intentional evil. Therefore let all the different races of Palestine pull together under the aegis of the Mandatory Power to which the fate of the country is entrusted.

VI

ZIONISM

I went to Palestine imbued with a hopeful sym-

pathy for the Jews. It was generally supposed that Allenby's campaigns and the Balfour Declaration were to give them a fresh start, an asylum from persecution, an opportunity to work out their own salvation in their own way. I assume that Zionism was the chosen way to bring about this restoration, but my experience in the Holy Land causes me to pause and reconsider the whole question. I found that I was ignorant of some of the decisive facts in the situation, and believe I am not mistaken in taking for granted that most of my own countrymen, who have not had the advantage of going to Palestine itself, are similarly ignorant.

When the average American thinks of Palestine, he says to himself, "Ah, yes, that's where the Jews live." As a matter of fact, there are more Christians and Moslems in Palestine than Jews. There are more Jews in New York City alone, where it is calculated that every fourth person is a Jew, than in the whole of Palestine. We used to read in our papers the slogan of Zionism, "To give back a People to a Land without a People," while the truth was that Palestine was already well-peopled with a population which was rapidly increasing from natural causes under the security established by the occupation and which was non-Jewish by a large majority. I saw for myself that Palestine was a small country, about the size of one of our smaller States, and that under the most advantageous circumstances it could sup-

port only a relatively small increase in population, certainly only a small fraction of the total number of Jews, currently estimated at about fifteen millions. Nor is Palestine very productive except in certain sections; its natural opportunities are few and can only be developed with the expenditure of great sums of money. At present there is little for the average immigrant in Palestine to do, and little to get.

I also learned that, while there was some regularized assisted migration into the country, there were also many Jews leaving the country, disillusioned. It was evident that the well-to-do Jews settled in various parts of the world would not migrate into Palestine. They might visit it or take up there some work of charity or education or superintendence, or out of religious sentiment they might go there to die, but they would not abandon their successful business affairs or professional careers in other lands to settle definitely in Palestine. The actual Jewish immigration would therefore consist largely of assisted immigration, of the persecuted seeking protection and of those needing regular support. Unless great public works were instituted or large private enterprises were found remunerative, these immigrants would simply displace the already abundant local labor. It would mean that unless immigration was most carefully regulated, it would fill the towns and villages of Palestine with a multitude of the unemployed. There was, of course,

always the possibility that entirely new occupations might be found for them and entirely new sources of wealth tapped. Every state can, if it chooses, artificially make work and can often contrive to create new openings for capital and labor, but every state must also count the cost of such expedients and weigh the probabilities of sufficient returns, for some taxpayers somewhere must pay the expense of such experiments.

On November 2, 1917, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, while Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, wrote to Lord Rothschild the letter which later became known as the Balfour Declaration, which has since been sanctioned by the governments of the United States, of France, Italy and other nations of the Allies and was incorporated into the Treaty of San Remo. He wrote:

“I have much pleasure in conveying to you on behalf of His Majesty’s Government the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations which has been submitted to and approved by the Cabinet. His Majesty’s Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other

country. I should be grateful if you would bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Organization.”

In March, 1918, the Zionist Commission, whose chairman was Dr. Chaim Weizman, laid the cornerstone of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus. Dr. Weizman had been professor of Chemistry in Manchester University and had contributed toward the creation of TNT, the high explosive. President Wilson took this opportunity to make the following public declaration of his attitude toward Zionism.

“I have watched with deep and sincere interest the reconstructive work which the Weizman Commission has done in Palestine at the instance of the British Government, and I welcome an opportunity to express the satisfaction I have felt in the progress of the Zionist Movement in the United States and in the Allied countries since the Declaration of Mr. Balfour on behalf of the British Government of Great Britain’s approval of the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and his promise that the British Government would use its best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object, with the understanding that nothing would be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish people in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in

other countries. I think that all Americans will be deeply moved by the report that even in this time of stress the Weizman Commission has been able to lay the foundation of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem with the promise that it bears of spiritual rebirth."

The Zionists were thus well equipped to go forward with their experiment, supported by the best of international sanctions and the good will of all. During my stay in Jerusalem Dr. Weizman could be seen frequently on the street and was present at public functions held by the administration for the notables of the city. He was *persona grata* with the authorities and was protected by them during the riots in the spring of 1920. Articles reached me from home setting forth as accomplished facts projects which were still entirely in the realm of expectation. During this time great funds were being collected at home backed by some of our most influential men who were not Jews.

The international aspect of Zionism was very noticeable in Jerusalem. The Jews cannot be expected to found a homeland in Palestine unassisted, or to take care of it themselves when founded. They have indeed maintained their religious and racial separateness while dispersed among the nations, but their homeland in Palestine must be protected by one of the great powers and that task has fallen to Great Britain under the Mandate of the League of Nations. During my

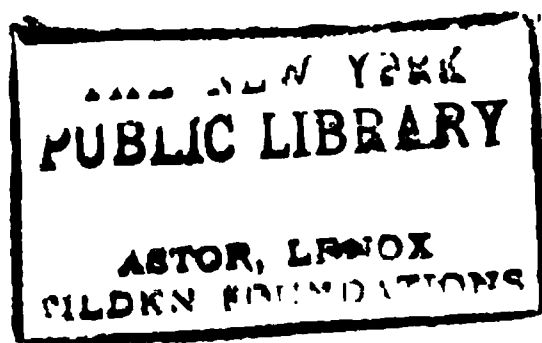
stay in Palestine I did not feel that the Jews understood how difficult the position of the British officials had become on their account. As I read the events of 1917 and 1918 the opportunity given the Jews to found a homeland in Palestine was virtually a free gift to them. I do not pretend to be in the secrets of the British Government or to divine what motivated Mr. Balfour's Declaration to Lord Rothschild. Personally I believe it will be seen in the coming years that this declaration was made in entire good faith and was one of those acts of destiny which the British perform without knowing why they do them, but outwardly and to the ordinary uninitiated observer the Jews as a people have not earned Palestine. A few individuals among them helped nobly, but they did little collectively.

Dr. Weizman contributed to the discovery of TNT, as already stated; Major de Rothschild fell mortally wounded in a cavalry charge within sight of some of the Jewish colonies founded by his family; the Aaronson brothers did grand service in mapping out the agricultural possibilities of Palestine. A mule train of Jews operated at Gallipoli and a Jewish Battalion in Palestine, but the military services of the Jews in delivering Jerusalem and freeing Palestine were very slight in comparison with the magnitude of the gift offered them as a consequence of those victories.

On the other hand, the Arabs had in their

coöperation with the British forces proved very useful in protecting the right flank of Allenby's advance, and under Sherif Feisal, schooled by the daring young archæologist, Thomas F. Lawrence, had acquitted themselves creditably in the final push upon Damascus. These undoubted services of the Arabs made it only just to consider their interests also in the final adjustment of affairs in Palestine and Syria, and there arose a very delicate situation for the Administration which was mercifully prevented from becoming desperate, I firmly believe, only by the tact and honorable attitude of the British government under the most trying circumstances. There was much criticism in Jerusalem directed against the policy of the military administration, but the criticism of that policy was in reality criticism of a policy which staved off far worse consequences than the riots of 1920 and possibly prevented the Jews from being wiped out of Palestine altogether. The Administration had to reckon with the whole Arab race of many millions in other parts of the Near East and Africa, and with the Arab Bedouins from across the Jordan who would have liked nothing better than to raid the whole of Palestine. A false step at that time might have precipitated a wholesale pogrom very different from the isolated assaults which actually occurred in the riots. That no general popular rising occurred, whose end no one could foresee, was due to the restraint exercised and the discretion exhibited by British

STREET SCENE, DAMASCUS.



officials. It was easy for the Zionists to claim that it was the duty of Great Britain to protect them with armed forces, but armed forces are costly things and putting down disturbances among contending populations is apt to cost valuable lives, also. Who was to pay the expense of providing the necessary military protection for the Jews? Not the Jews themselves, but the British taxpayer; and who had been paying the cost of maintaining the necessary military forces in Palestine while the Jews were experimenting with the establishment of a homeland? Again the British taxpayer.

The belittling attitude of some Zionists toward the military officials who had charge of protecting them was unworthy of the supposedly noble purpose of the Zionist endeavor. To call the policy which saved them militaristic and imperialistic, whereas it was merely the exercise of common sense and the honorable acknowledgment of services rendered in the hour of need, was to mistake the whole tenor and spirit of the offer of Great Britain to the Jews of a homeland in Palestine.

Now, why should the Jews select Palestine particularly for their homeland? Obviously on account of a religious impulse. Zionism is a political movement, but it is based upon this religious impulse and has used it to found a national movement intended to direct the Jews toward Palestine and organize them there. It

would be quite hopeless to try to mould them into a body politic without using the religious impulse of the Jews. Therefore Zionism, although it acts as a political movement, yet depends for any vitality it may possess upon the religious sentiment of the people it seeks to transplant into Palestine. Zionism is at bottom a religious question.

The Jews are fundamentally monotheists. This is their great glory through the ages, that they have never forgotten that their God is one God. They will never accept any form of Christianity except a monotheistic Christianity. My surprise was, therefore, not so much at the fact that the Jews were anti-Christian as at the fact that they still so bitterly rejected the founder of Christianity. It is evident to me that the Jews can never found a modern nation or a commonwealth which shall be worthily linked to their past while they speak of the founder of Christianity as the man who destroyed their nation. Until they can see that he came to save their nation in a spiritual sense and are duly grateful to him and proud of him, they but build their house on a false foundation. You cannot build a national movement on hatred.

The return of the Jews to Palestine is a religious phenomenon. Its success must depend upon the solidity of its religious foundation. The religious condition of the Jewish people is at present one of arrested development. They are

determined to remain in B. C., whereas the rest of the world has moved into A. D. It is stated that the Jewish commonwealth which it is proposed to found in Palestine seeks a return to the Mosaic ordinances, thus producing a reactionary movement. Students of the Bible will recall that Moses appeared to Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, (see Matt. 17:1-9). Moses was the friend of Jesus and we may truly infer from the above text that he was a supporter of the spiritual advance which Jesus was inaugurating. To reject Jesus means to reject a friend of Moses. When the Jews can be shown that the great teacher taught and practiced a monotheistic religion, they will accept him joyfully and the restoration of Israel will be complete. The Holy Places which recall Jesus and are sacred to Christians throughout the world have at present no place in the hearts of the Jews.

Palestine is the land of the whole Bible, of the New Testament as well as the Old Testament. It cannot be cut in two; it cannot be given back to the Old Testament merely; it belongs to the New Testament as well. The history of Palestine did not stop suddenly at the year A. D. 1. The hundreds of millions of followers of the Master have no less a right to Palestine than have the few millions of Jews. Palestine can no more go back to the times before Christ than an oak can be pressed back into an acorn. The question of Zionism in a nutshell is this; Should the whole of

the Holy Land be given to those who accept the Bible in part or to those who accept the whole of the Bible?

What then is this phenomenon called Zionism? It is the false start of a true movement which will be a genuine restoration, a spiritual reunion.

CHAPTER XXXI

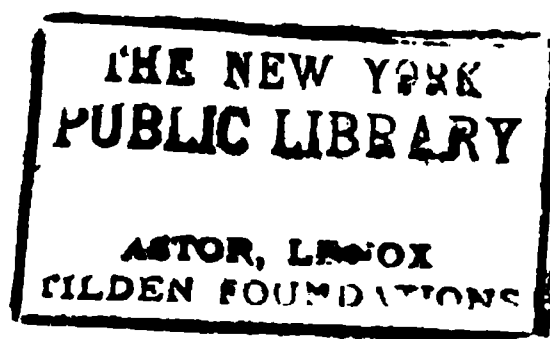
THE GERMANS IN JERUSALEM

WHEN the World War broke out the Germans were found to be the best intrenched of all nationalities in Jerusalem and in Palestine at large. They had the best buildings covering the best sites. They were doing more than others to reclaim the country for agriculture. Their colonies were the most carefully laid out and the most thriving; their missions the most practical in providing the natives with the rudimentary knowledge which the latter could find useful, and in teaching simple trades. Their magnificent hospice crowned the Mount of Olives, a building which could be seen far and near, from points on the Judean Highlands and even from the Jordan Valley. It did much to increase the prestige of the Germans in Palestine and had the further advantage of completely dominating the Holy City which lies at its feet stretched below like a toy city of childrens' blocks within its angular walls. Mount Zion, forming part of the area of Jerusalem proper, is topped by the towers of a German ecclesiastical institution. Within the city walls stands another German church, and cloisters adapted to the use of students' quarters. Near the

railroad station the Germans had built up a whole quarter of substantial houses surrounded by gardens and provided with shade trees, the so-called German Colony, the houses of which were in great demand, after the flight of the Germans, as residences for British officers.

Then there was that group of admirable buildings under the name of Schneller's Syrian Orphanage in the grounds of which we were living, a great institution housing some five hundred children, where the principal trades were taught, such as carpentering, tailoring, shoe-making, pottery, printing etc. The incoming British found the printing establishment of the Syrian Orphanage the best equipped of any in Jerusalem, and, as already stated, *Jerusalem News* was printed there. The institution is a noble work of charity and has been in existence many years, during which time it has been supported by contributions from the Fatherland. The native piety of the German people found expression in this and kindred charitable works in Jerusalem and Palestine; certainly nobody valued the spirit behind the Syrian Orphanage more thoroughly than the British, who at once took it under their protection and did their best to maintain it in spite of the great drawbacks of war and want. At the time of my visit the Orphanage was run by the American Commission for the Near East with the funds it was able to collect in the United States for the housing, feeding, and teaching of the orphans.

Syrian Women.
From a Painting by John Fulleylove, R.I.



Dr. Schneller himself, the son of the founder of the institution, remained on the grounds and was treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. Although the hill of the Syrian Orphanage has great strategic value and was freely used by both the Germans and the Turks for military purposes, it was never bombarded by the British, who in this place and elsewhere in and around Jerusalem sacrificed much in order to preserve intact the Holy City.

During the war the German officers resided mostly at Fast's Hotel which has since been rechristened Hotel Allenby. They did not make themselves any too well liked, it is asserted, either by the Turks or the Arabs, acting true to type in their arrogance and impatient conduct towards the native population. The constant procrastination of the Turkish officers in command exasperated them and blocked their plans to act on the offensive according to their well-known military practice. Indeed, one of the younger German officers was heard to say in a fit of disgust that the whole Palestine campaign ought to be handed over to Thomas Cook & Son, to carry out in his most approved fashion, as he had been the most successful in managing the natives.

The situation on the Eastern front was peculiar. Jemal Pasha, the Turkish Governor of Syria, was very jealous of his prerogatives and was in favor of defensive tactics. The Germans were represented on this front by some of their best known

men. The famous Liman von Sanders was the German Commander-in-Chief at Turkish headquarters; General Kress von Kressenstein was the German commander actually at the front in Palestine. Marshal von Falkenhayn was loaned by Germany for the purpose of retaking Bagdad, the former capital of the Kalifs, and therefore important to the Pan-Islamic party in a political sense. As it turned out, the Bagdad enterprise only served to distract attention from the vital issue in Palestine, and to draw off German and Turkish assistance at the critical moment when the British made their victorious advance into Palestine, under General Allenby. The Germans do not seem to have been deceived as to the importance of the Palestine front, and constantly urged the sending of reinforcements in order to overwhelm the British in the desert and to drive them altogether from Turkish territory; but the dilatory methods of the Turkish command disappointed them, and in the meantime Allenby forestalled their plans by attacking on his own account.

A resident of Jerusalem told the writer many interesting details of life within the city walls during this stirring time, when the mastery of Palestine was being worked out. He said, "At the last battle of Gaza, when it was taken by the British, we could hear the distant booming and at night even see the flashes of light. It was like summer lightning. Probably it was the naval

Photograph by Raad

GENERAL KRESS VON KRESSENSTEIN LEAVING FOR THE FRONT



guns which we heard. Marshal von Falkenhayn had come down from Aleppo to Jerusalem to start the offensive against the British and drive them back into Egypt. Jerusalem was a great depot of stores and supplies. There were already two hundred motor trucks here, and the Germans were to send six hundred more, making eight hundred in all. We had rumors of the capture of Beersheba by the British, but could not be sure of this. When the motor trucks came down from the north they passed our house and stopped some distance further up the street, remaining stationary there for several days. I said to my wife, 'If they continue their way, then the news about Beersheba is false.' One evening, with lamps lighted and fully equipped, they began to move. We saw to our dismay that they were going forward. Our hearts sank within us. Then a change was observed. The motor trucks only went forward to a convenient turning place and, instead of keeping on, came back. Passing our house once more, they went north whence they had come. We breathed freely once more. The German offensive had been given up; the news about Beersheba was correct.

Another German name connected with this campaign was that of Major von Papen, who, while attaché of the German legation at Washington was sent out of the country on account of his extraordinary activity in behalf of German espionage in the United States. Both he and Count

Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in Washington, after their departure from America were given employment in the East, von Papen becoming liason officer between the armies at the Palestine front and Turkish headquarters. On November 21, 1917, shortly before the taking of Jerusalem by the British, von Papen wrote Count Bernstorff on the condition of the Turkish forces in a letter captured by the British, as follows: "We have had a very bad time. The breakdown of the army, after having had to relinquish the good positions in which it had remained for so long, is so complete that I could never have dreamed of such a thing. But for this complete dissolution, we should still be able to make a stand south of Jerusalem, even to-day. But now the VIIth Army bolts from every cavalry patrol. Many reasons have contributed to this sorrowful result, chiefly incapacity on the part of the troops and their leaders. Single men fight very pluckily, but the good officers have fallen and the remainder have bolted; in Jerusalem alone, we arrested 200 officers and 5000-6000 men, deserters. Naturally Enver presses very strongly to hold on to Jerusalem with all possible means, on account of the political effect. From a military point of view it is a mistake, for this shattered army can only be put together again if entirely removed from contact with the enemy and fitted out with new divisions. This, however can only take place after the lapse of months. Now it is just a toss-up."

The German military men, whose god was efficiency and who were not in the habit of brooking opposition, had little patience with the oriental methods of the Turks; but outwardly co-operation was maintained and formalities carefully observed, so as not to wound unnecessarily the susceptibilities of Jemal Pasha and his staff. Jemal Pasha conducted Marshal von Falkenhayn on a ceremonial visit to the Haram-Es-Sherif, the temple enclosure. The religious differences between the German soldiers and their Moslem allies had to be watched, and constituted a perpetual cause of anxiety for the higher command. Certain fanatical troops from the outlying districts were hard to hold in hand, when they were told to obey Christian officers, or even to co-operate with Christian armies.

The Austrians also gave much assistance to the Turks in the Palestine campaign. There came a day when Jemal Pasha reviewed a large body of these Austrians in the open ground near the railroad station of Jerusalem, making the sight as imposing as possible for the sake of the native population. The Austrians were a very welcome addition to the forces of the Central Powers on this, their extreme left wing. As these new troops marched up from the parade ground, along the dusty Bethlehem road towards the city, by the Sultan's pool and skirting the slopes of the ancient walls, their fine equipment and good appearance exerted a powerful impression upon the native

population who lined the road—the Arabs, the Jews, and the Syrian Christians. The Austrians also brought some of their famous heavy howitzers to the defence of Gaza, where, hidden among the cactus hedges, they did terrible execution upon the advancing British. The cactus acted as a perfect screen, growing to great height and thickness and forming veritable stockades which it was very difficult for an infantry to penetrate. Austrian as well as German aeroplanes were, at first, very troublesome to the British advancing across the desert, until the latter attained the mastery of the air. The Australians especially abhorred these enemy aeroplanes, and with reason, for one of the boldest of these flyers once dropped a bomb in their midst which, it was reported, killed 76 horses and killed or wounded 13 men. This particular aeroplane long hovered over the Australians, making periodic visits, until one day it was brought down. What was the surprise of everyone to discover that the dreaded pilot was an Austrian lad of only 19 years of age.

The correspondence which passed between Enver Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War, and Field Marshal von Hindenburg, as well as Marshal von Falkenhayn's letters to the German General Headquarters and General Kress von Kressenstein's to the Turkish headquarters, in retrospect now make interesting reading. They show the difficulties encountered by the Germans in coöperating with the Turks. Liman von Sanders was at the Turk-

ish headquarters in Nazareth when the British cavalry made their dash into the place at night. An eye-witness asserted that at the first alarm he ran from his sleeping quarters to a point near the Virgin's Well, carrying an electric torch and shouting for the driver of his motor car, in which he made off. It is also reported that he later returned and superintended the removal of some of his papers. As a matter of fact, many valuable documents were captured in Nazareth, including some of the correspondence quoted in this article. General Bols showed the writer, at his headquarters on the Mount of Olives, the red flag which flew over Liman von Sanders' quarters in Nazareth and was captured on that eventful occasion. The difference between the new order of things under the British occupation and the former Turkish rule was feelingly expressed by an American gentleman who has resided in Jerusalem under both régimes. He said to the writer, "Your wildest dreams cannot picture the differences. There was never a moment's security under the Turks. When you awoke in the morning, you never knew what would befall you before night time. And yet there were people who began to murmur after the British had hardly been here ten days. I know people who would have given all they possessed, who would have signed away all their property to any one who could have gotten them out of Jerusalem in safety, and yet these same people began to complain soon after the British had saved

them. In talking to the British Tommies at lantern entertainments I used to thank them for my deliverance. I would say to them, you have tried to describe the life in trenches to those at home and found you could not do it. No more can I tell you of the horrors of life under the Turks in Jerusalem. The ingratitude of some can only be illustrated by the example of the children of Israel who had no sooner been delivered from Egypt than they began to murmur against Moses and would have killed him. We watched the fighting on Neby Samwil (Mizpah) for seventeen days. It was an inferno, a hell, of shot and shell. My undying gratitude goes out to the men who lived in that hell that we might be delivered from the Turk."

In Jerusalem, as elsewhere, the Germans builded well. Had their motive been ruled by their finer ideals, instead of being used by an unscrupulous autocrat in an attempt to establish his personal control of the world, they would feel more at home now in the Holy City. The British are returning their property to them. Will they know how to keep it from the evil influences of the past? We shall see.

CHAPTER XXXII

HEBRON: *EL-KHALIL*, THE FRIEND

A BEAUTIFUL title this, the Friend, derived from the fact that the place was the home of Abraham, "the Friend of God."

It is the middle of March and Palestine has entered upon its short green season. There is a tinge of verdure on the hillsides and in the waddies a splendid emerald. Great splashes of brilliant scarlet reveal the presence everywhere of the anemone, the lilies-of-the-field, more resplendent than "Solomon in all his glory." The trip from Jerusalem to Hebron is not only charming at this season, but it also provides a sort of Biblical review and covers a vast stretch of human history. We emerge from Jerusalem on the Bethlehem road and skirt Mount Zion. These names alone are enough to fill volumes. Soon after we pass the tomb of Rachel; then comes Bethlehem itself, the Pools of Solomon, and at Hebron the tomb of Abraham and Sarah.

Many a Bible student would envy us the opportunity which these names carry with them, but the writer merely wishes to record the present day appearance of the strip of land traversed. In general the Judean Highlands look bare, for

they are practically treeless. At the same time they have a beauty of their own: lordly distances, great curved terraces, hilltop towns and olive orchards. A greater variety of wild flowers than is probably to be found anywhere on earth clothes their slopes in the spring and fills their rocky crannies. Over it all real mountain air blows free and fresh all the year round.

Hebron is noticeably Moslem. As we enter the town flocks of women, clad in white, are seen clustered around the tombs on the outskirts, mourning, and no one who is not a Moslem is permitted to enter the Mosque which covers the tombs of Abraham and Sarah without a pass from the Military Governor. It is hard to believe that the complex of houses which half hide the mosque cover a former field, and that we are at the entrance of the Cave of Macpelah. The Oak of Mamre is outside the town proper and is an ancient tree probably sprung from the historic one, but already partly dead. One of the results of the military occupation is that these tombs can now be visited by non-Moslems when provided with the necessary permits. Before the war this was held to be impossible except for royal personages and a few public benefactors, such as Thomas Cook and others. The old guide books described the trip from Jerusalem to Hebron as "one long day's carriage drive"; today, over the road constructed during the war, a motor car travelling comfortably will take you there and back in about five

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hours and give you ample time to visit the points of interest. You will even have time to stroll through the bazaar and buy some of the primitive glassware made there in the most primitive manner.

There is a certain stately solidity about Hebron, as befitting one of the oldest towns in the world. There are no walls, but several gates, and in size the place is about equal to old Jerusalem, within the walls. If your return to Jerusalem takes place in the late afternoon, a picture of special magnificence awaits you at a certain elevation where Bethlehem suddenly bursts into sight illuminated by the setting sun with the ineffable blue of the Mountains of Moab as a background.

CHAPTER XXXIII

JERUSALEM FRIENDS

I

GENERAL SIR HARRY WATSON

A TALL spare figure, erect and military, with hair and moustache grizzled in the service, General Watson carried the stamp of the British officer who has lived long in India and loves the life there. He had been called to Jerusalem from that country, where he had acted as Inspector General of Imperial Service troops, and returned to India when his work as Chief Administrator of Palestine was done, to occupy the same post which had been greatly enlarged in the meantime. He had seen thirty-four years' service in the army, principally in India, but also in China and Egypt. His father, Sir John Watson, was an Indian Mutiny veteran who had won his Victoria Cross at Delhi.

When I presented my letters of introduction to him at military headquarters on the Mount of Olives, he said to me, "Some of the Indian Princes got together without my knowing anything about it and urged my appointment to a certain post

in India. As soon as I heard of this I went down to Cairo, but they won't let me go."

I expressed the hope that his wish to return to India might be fulfilled, but that we might have the benefit of his presence and that of his wife a little longer in Jerusalem.

"They are very fine fellows, those Indians," continued the general, as though turning over in his mind certain experiences during his service in India. "I remember at the outbreak of the war a high class man coming to me and saying, 'I must go to France and die at the head of my regiment.' I told him it might be better for him to stay at home, as he was a good deal over sixty, but he pressed the point so strongly that when I was questioned about his fitness to go, I could say only good of him. He gathered a retinue of Indian rajahs and maharajahs. They kicked out all the stable boys and themselves took charge of the horses."

I said, "I suppose they wished to express their gratitude to England."

"Yes," replied the general, "their loyalty and allegiance. In 1900 I went from India to China, taking more than two hundred horses and mules on board ship. In the bay we struck a cyclone and everyone was sick except myself and two men. I went down below decks with them and fed and took care of the horses for two days. Later I said to one of the men, 'I know your face. I am sure that I have seen you in the uniform of a non-

commissioned officer?' His reply was, 'I wished to go, and got permission to reduce my rank.' "

Our conversation drifted to the condition of affairs in Egypt, as I had recently passed through that country.

"When I was in Egypt last spring for the riots," continued the general, "I had to send a flotilla up the Nile. The water was unusually low and the boats went aground. I got a wire through to Assouan to let out the water and ordered the barrage closed below Cairo. The result was that the flotilla floated."

General Watson's term of office as Chief Administrator of Palestine was too short to have left any very definite mark upon the country. It occurred at one of those temporary lulls in the habitual unrest of the country, when one might almost imagine that all was bound to be for the best in the best possible of lands. How much he and his most efficient wife may have contributed towards the peace of that particular interval I will not attempt to estimate. They did their share in expressing that open hospitality towards all races which Jerusalem needs; no untoward event marred their stay in the Holy City. If this were a mere coincidence, it was certainly a beneficent and welcome one, but I am inclined not to believe in the accidental and so would ascribe some credit to General and Lady Watson for the peace of Jerusalem which marked their residence there.

I know that the general had toured the country

pretty thoroughly and had brought back with him the impression of a great craving among the people for instructions and progress, which it was his part to forward as much as lay in his power, but it must not be forgotten that, at the time of which I am writing, the administration was purely military and was not empowered, nor had it the funds, to embark upon costly improvements.

General Watson took some of our party into the chapel of the German Hospice on the Mount of Olives. In the vaulted roof the ex-Kaiser is depicted in mosaics, in his imperial robes and bearing a scepter quite in the approved mediæval style. I had heard much made of this mosaic as being irreverent and I was prepared to see the Kaiser attempt to represent the Godhead, but I found that his figure was not the central one and was only in the attitude so often given in similar mosaics by mediæval artists to founders of churches and public buildings. The thing struck me as being in bad taste, and it was ludicrous on account of the Kaiser's unmistakable bristling moustache which looked positively funny in this ecclesiastical environment.

General Watson made no comment. I never heard during my association with British officers any resentment expressed against their recent enemies. The artificially manufactured hate in the war seems to have been altogether on the side of those who had been induced to perpetrate "The Hymn of Hate." The English are apt to laugh

at any extreme exhibition of feeling. The "Tom-mies" learned snatches of this "Hymn of Hate" and sang it back to the "Fritzes" with great glee, a sure way of taking the sting out of it.

During our inspection of the mosaic there was some one playing on the fine organ of the chapel. He was doubtless one of the great army which had fought its way through the torrid desert of Sinai and up into the desperately cold highlands of Judea in winter. The majestic tones reverberated peacefully through the handsome interior up into the ornate roof, to the mosaic of the ex-Kaiser. We stepped out of the chapel and took our leave.

Outside, from the road, Jerusalem could be seen lying below, the city of persecution, of interminable religious warfare. We thought to ourselves that there had been enough of that sort of thing already, we would not add to the sum total of human hate; we would rather not bear ill will towards anyone. And so we drove down from the Mount of Olives into the city to pursue the educational and relief work which was our contribution towards the rehabilitation of the Holy City.

II

GENERAL SIR LOUIS J. BOLS

In appearance a short, somewhat slightly built man, General Bols looks the very opposite of his

great chief, General Allenby, who is big and robust. General Allenby suggests power, General Bols energy; they made a wonderful combination—the one, full of latent, inherent might, sustained strength and control, a type of moral command; the other, quick, alert of mind, forceful and efficient in action. They complemented each other, this General-in-Command and his Chief-of-Staff.

I do not undertake to write of General Bols as a soldier. I knew him as an administrator, as an executive officer who mingled courtesy with great firmness, presiding over a country of turbulent fanaticism, in which past history has sown and is constantly gathering a harvest of seething unrest. During his term of office as Chief Administrator of Palestine at military headquarters on the Mount of Olives, General Bols displayed an uncompromising attitude in behalf of order and moderation; he stood for equal rights, for impartiality, and invited all interests in the Holy City to coöperate with him in furthering the real interests of the place. But I suspect that he was not altogether displeased when the time came for him to turn over the chief power in Palestine to the civil High Commissioner at the expiration of the military régime.

The name Bols is Flemish, but the General's administration was eminently British in its combined patience and firmness. I had it from his own lips that he much preferred the work of a soldier to that of a governor, but history will

record that he did his duty well at a critical moment in the post-war difficulties which confronted the British in Palestine. After the third demonstration of the Arabs against Zionism, which had degenerated into a veritable massacre, General Bols called before him the heads of all sections of the people of Jerusalem, Christians, Moslem, and Jewish, and administered to them a much needed lecture on the disgraceful conduct of the city.

He stated, "I am not yet able to adjudicate the blame for the disturbances. That will be dealt with by a Court of Inquiry. However, I can say at once that all parties have failed to act according to the dictates of humanity and common sense. The whole matter has been harmful to the country which we love. In dealing with the matter, such persons as have been charged with offences have been brought before the Civil and Military Courts as individuals, and I have declined to consider the matter as political. As up to the present, so in the future, individuals who disturb the peace will be dealt with without distinction of creed or race. I have brought you together to-day to make it quite clear to you that in this country there is only one authority and that authority is myself. I am supported by so powerful a military force that I can crush any disturbance of the peace, and I tell you that in the future I shall use these strong forces without restraint. So far I have acted with gentleness and moderation, knowing that I was dealing with persons who did not know what they

were doing. Now I consider that all must know the danger they run if they choose to disturb the peace. I request you as heads of all sections of the people of Jerusalem and O. E. T. A. (S) to give your people warning in these matters. You have had full liberty to express your views, and such of them as I consider as important, I have sent to higher authority. You are always at liberty to express your views and they will receive careful consideration. This is the only way to act. Resort to force will be met by force."

Thus spake the soldier and the statesman, and he was able to turn Palestine over to his civil successor in a state of peace, although no one who knew the country would have considered it in a state of satisfaction, for it has inherited from the past too great a variety of fanatical hatreds ever to reach a condition of even temporary satisfaction until these quarrels are liquidated in a desire for the common good of all.

It is hard for the Oriental mind to conceive that a government can rule without a fixed program, cut and dried, inflexible and arrogant. When, after the taking of Jerusalem, General Money was temporarily installed on the Mount of Olives to administer the country, a deputation of notables from Jerusalem visited him to ascertain how he would govern the country. One of the deputation told me that their spokesman asked him, "General, we have requested this interview in order to ask you what your plan is"; and that the General re

plied very simply, "Gentlemen, I have none." The English people, who have no national written constitution of their own, cannot understand why other people should think a definite plan of such paramount importance.

Among the pleasantest of my Jerusalem recollections was a little dinner, given by General and Lady Bols to our party at military headquarters on the Mount of Olives, to meet General and Lady Shea. Here we have united at one table the chief-of-staff and the officer who had accepted the surrender of Jerusalem, modest historic figures, the importance of whose achievements will grow as future events focus the attention of the world more and more upon the Holy Land. General Shea had been recently taking Lady Shea to the sites of some of the major operations in the campaign in which he had been engaged; she was very appreciative of the opportunity to see these places so soon after the war.

I did not hesitate on more than one occasion to consult General Bols as to the propriety of inserting this or that in *Jerusalem News*, and I was always satisfied with his answer. When the time came to stop the publication of our paper, he was the first official whom I informed of our purpose. We had a frank talk about the situation in Palestine. This was near the close of his term of office, so that he felt perhaps more free to speak openly than before. He was there to carry out the policy of his government, but he did not disguise from me

the very great natural difficulties which were being encountered and would continue to be. For instance, he pointed out to me that since the British occupation the native population of Palestine had greatly increased on account of better government, better sanitation, better distribution of supplies, and the lifting of the cloud of fear which the Turks always kept over the population through extortion. This in itself would have a very decided effect on any plans for a mass immigration of Jews into so small a country as Palestine.

A farewell reception to General Bols was given by the American Colony in the grounds of their main house. This farewell was designed to include also Dr. and Mrs. Glazebrook, our American Consul and his wife, who were about to leave Jerusalem. The members of the American Colony were good enough to add our little party to the number of those for whom the reception was given as we were due to leave Jerusalem the next day. Dr. Glazebrook in his address, turning towards General Bols, uttered a very true word when he declared significantly that the military administration of the country would be missed. His praise of that administration under the general received universal approval from those present. To add to the publicity of that occasion there was present Mr. Burton Holmes, the noted author of the travelogues which we have all enjoyed in our home cities. He took some moving pictures of

this final reception which were later duly exhibited before the public.

That was the last time I saw General Bols. On the arrival of his successor he left promptly for England, his duty safely and honorably done, having written another page of history to act as a companion piece to his work as chief-of-staff under Allenby.

III

COLONEL E. L. POPHAM

The more we saw of Colonel Popham and his wife the more we grew to like them. He was a cavalry officer who had seen much service in India. At the outbreak of the great war he was stationed in Aden, that hot spot among the British garrison stations. He was an admirable polo player, having visited the United States on one of the English teams sent over to play our own, and he had also done much gentleman riding in races at home and abroad. He was an all-round sportsman of the type which we in America are beginning to understand and to imitate. To this he added the temperament of the artist, of a lover of nature, both he and Mrs. Popham delighting in spending the rare days when off duty in sketching and painting in water colors, out in the open.

I will not trust myself to speak as I should like of Colonel Popham's fundamental kindness of character, knowing how distasteful praise is to

many Englishmen; but what he said to one of our party about the common ingratitude of the native population serves to illustrate his point of view. From the very start of our work in Jerusalem we turned to him as the Assistant Administrator of Palestine. When one of us complained about the lack of gratitude on the part of the destitute who were being helped, he remarked, "We do not expect gratitude; we only ask them to eat and live." He could, however, also be stern in his official capacity. I recall that after *Jerusalem News* had written up the blizzard in terms which seemed to him exaggerated, he was displeased that so much had been made of it. I talked to him about it in his office at the Governorate and I suspect that his displeasure came somewhat from the fact that he, himself, had been instrumental in saving the city much suffering and confusion by taking hand at once in relief measures. There seemed only one thing which Col. Popham was afraid of, and that was praise. As it happened, General Bols and Governor Storrs were both absent from Jerusalem at the time and could not break through the storm to reach the city for several days, so that the care of public affairs naturally devolved upon Col. Popham in the interim, especially as military headquarters on the Mount of Olives was for a time completely cut off from Jerusalem and the staff up there was subsisting on the most meagre rations until the snow blockade could be broken.

Col. Popham presided over the Joint Committee of Relief to which the members of our party were elected. He took a special interest in the project of the Relief Laundry for the destitute women and children. It was one of the amusing and truly characteristic incidents of our Jerusalem days to hear Col. Popham and Capt. Pollock, at the old Serai, discussing with our ladies the cost of soap, clothes' pins, tubs and ironing boards. Nothing was too small for his interest in the relief work, whether it was getting some more washing from the soldiers, cleaning out a new space in the old building for the use of the washerwomen, or settling the prices on the wash list.

In appearance Col. Popham did not look the years which his military rank and his more than twenty years' service in the army would naturally have suggested. He was tall and slight, yet firmly set up, an ideal figure of a cavalry officer and polo player. We used to consider Mrs. Popham the beauty of Jerusalem Society, but I would not have it understood that this conviction on our part prevented us from doing justice to the charms of other women with whom we were associated during those Jerusalem days. Nevertheless, when Col. Popham and Mrs. Popham were seen together in public or were receiving their guests in their residence, the thought would come spontaneously that they made a handsome couple and, as far as I ever ascertained, every one was glad to give

them their due. Their natural kindness extended to their dog, "Groppi," which they took to England and afterwards to India. Everybody who entered the Popham house had to know "Groppi."

With the arrival in Palestine of the civil administration these friends left for England where a son was born to them whom they named Alexander, Alec for short. They later went to India, where officers of Col. Popham's experience are always in demand. In these stirring times when the British Empire seems to be the point of attack from many quarters, men of his stamp are needed to steady the noble resolve to help backward races by patience and good will to all. I hope that the experience gained by this admirable military officer in administrative work in heterogeneous Palestine may prove of service to him in no less heterogeneous India. My latest information from Col. Popham is that he is serving in India on the staff of General Shea, and that General and Lady Watson are in India also, so that these Jerusalem friends are once more united.

IV

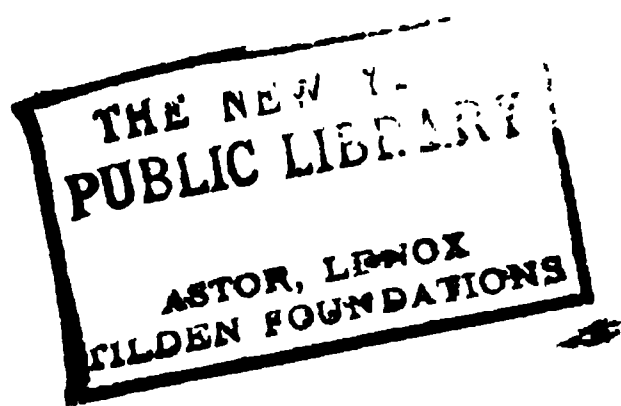
COLONEL RONALD STORRS

I always felt that one of the chief qualifications of Col. Storrs for his position as Military Governor of Jerusalem during the critical days of the occupation was his good humor. He had many

talents which fitted him for his work. His command of the languages current in the Near East is exceptional; his knowledge of political, social, and economic conditions is no less comprehensive. He is versatile in his tastes, is a lover of art, of music, a connoisseur of things Oriental, and is quick in a ready sympathy with the beauties of nature. He has executive talent and the industry to make these talents bear fruit, but after all is said and done, and in view of the tragic side of Jerusalem I seemed to place a special value upon his spontaneous geniality, his wit, and alertness to duty.

I recall that day of the first demonstration against Zionism, when at the very height of the excitement, in front of the post office, the Governor strolled by unconcernedly, smiling pleasantly and saluting the crowd while turbulent orators were calling down terrible denunciations upon those responsible for the immigration of the Jews. He seemed to be on hand everywhere in Jerusalem interested in all the projects for redeeming the city from its long inertia under Turkish rule. After the Governor's father and mother, The Very Rev. Dr. Storrs, Dean of Rochester, and Mrs. Storrs, joined him and his sister, Miss Monica Storrs, in Jerusalem about the middle of March, 1920, Col. Storrs was able to entertain on a somewhat more general scale and the house with the police guard at the portal, where he lived, was more often besieged with carriages.

**COLONEL RONALD STORRS, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF
JERUSALEM**



Another side of Col. Storrs' nature was presented to me when I heard him read the lessons at the Anglican Cathedral one Sunday while his father, the Dean, and other members of his family sat under him. The lesson from the Old Testament, as I recall it, related the story of Joseph and his brethern; there seemed to be a certain appropriateness in the situation, the Governor standing momentarily for the power which was distributing the necessities of life to the distressed, post-war Jerusalem of the day.

Governor Storrs' administrative acts by no means escaped criticism, especially when the demonstrations against Zionism began to disturb the city. In some quarters it was believed that more display of force should have been made to overawe the turbulent crowd, but that, of course, is not the British way, as every student of British affairs knows. In any case the conduct of the administration, both of Palestine at large and of Jerusalem itself, was bound to be adversely criticised. If more force had been displayed on those occasions, this fact in itself would have been cited as conclusive evidence that the British were in Palestine as tyrants imposing their will upon a defenseless population. Criticism was the salt of the situation; it was expected. Governor Storrs, himself, confessed to me that as long as there was criticism, there was hope, for then it was evident that no side was being favored, but that when there was a dead stillness of approval, it was evidence

that the stronger side was having things all its own way. As Americans engaged in educational and relief work in Jerusalem, we at no time arrogated to ourselves the right to advise the British authorities what they ought to do in given circumstances. We held no brief for them, although as we learned more of their work, our admiration grew for the patience, kindness and steady attention to business which they had manifested amid conditions often exasperating in the extreme.

The last time I met Governor Storrs was at Jaffa, whither he had gone to welcome Sir Herbert Samuel. He played his part with a certain joyous fervor in the great drama there enacted, the outcome of which is shrouded in such somber colors that a man less sanguine of temperament might have been excused for looking grave and apprehensive. Colonel Storrs, under the civil administration of Palestine, has become plain Mr. Storrs, Civil Governor of Jerusalem, but I expect that though shorn of his military title he is just as happy of disposition as of yore.

V

CAPTAIN JAMES POLLOCK

It used to be said that Capt. James Pollock, Permit Officer, had to sign his name eight times for every traveller who entered or left Palestine. It was just as difficult to get out of the country as

it was to get in; some people thought it was even more difficult. Jerusalem was at all times full of persons trying to leave for various parts of the world, who were held up because their permits had not yet been viséd and who were living on in hopes, trying to make the best of it. Capt. Pollock did wonders, but most permits had to go to the Director of Public Security, Ministry of the Interior, Cairo, for an O. K.; there was much telegraphing to and fro, but the wires were not always at the disposal of the public. In the meantime Capt. Pollock remained calm and helpfully imperturbable amid the throng of anxious people who cluttered the approach to his office door.

Capt. Pollock knew of us, or at least knew us by name, before we knew of his existence, because our names had reached his office long before we arrived in person in Jerusalem. Our party thus promptly entered into association with him and this connection soon ripened into active co-partnership, because Capt. Pollock was not only permit officer but also relief officer for Jerusalem. To him personally we turned over the funds and the garments which friends sent to us from home for the relief of the destitute in the Holy City. He had made a characteristically careful computation of the needs of the different communities of the city.

He and his accomplished wife were among the first to invite us to their house to dinner. We spent happy hours with them in a quaint little

house which had been built by an American missionary and bore a Bible text over the entrance. Capt. Pollock was a young man to carry so much on his shoulders, but the war developed many young leaders and young administrators. The officials whom we knew in Jerusalem were hard working and assiduous at their tasks. The native population had no conception how hard these deliverers of Palestine worked for their safety and comfort; perhaps they might have been less critical had they stopped to consider.

I have in mind seeing Capt. Pollock at work in the old Serai, trying to fit a pump into the ancient cistern in the courtyard. He had a knack for mechanics and was not afraid to soil his hands. It was he who saw that the Laundry had the proper fire ovens for the hot water cauldrons, and it was he who supplied the necessary strong Arabic words to make the masons and carpenters work. I do not say that the Jerusalem Relief Laundry would never have been equipped without the personal attention of Capt. Pollock, but some one had to act as the strong masculine arm of official command, and Capt. Pollock supplied that arm—when he could tear himself away from signing his name eight times for every traveller in Palestine. It ought to have softened the hearts of the natives who were suspecting the British of all sorts of deep schemes of self-aggrandizement to see Capt. Pollock climbing the wall of that courtyard to fix an obstinate rain trough, so that the water might

be saved for the cistern, and receiving a liberal share of the precious water up his sleeves and on his uniform.

When I had the pleasure of talking to Capt. Pollock in the privacy of his home I detected a certain spiritual seriousness which, if I mistake not, was truly religious in the best sense of the word. We did not have time or opportunity to probe very deep into those fundamental conceptions which most of us keep hidden from the world and reveal only to our most intimate friends, but I like to think of Capt. Pollock as a man who had thought on the deep things of life. At least the most impressive picture of him which I carry with me is connected with the visit of the ill-fated Cardinal Justiniani to Jerusalem, when Capt. Pollock was delegated to attend in the name of the Administration a certain out-door reception given to that prelate in the courtyard of the Convent of the Dames de France.

I sat there watching the representatives of the different races and religions enter and take their seats; the hoods, the tall hats, the bare heads, the cowls, the turbans and the tarbooshes. The proceedings were about to begin when in came a tall young British officer in the regulation Khaki wearing the military helmet prescribed for the summer and fall season. There was something different about him from all others in the audience, a great simplicity, a certain aloofness, an innate sense of superiority which was not obtrusive, a

freshness, a candor. He saluted the Cardinal with boyish dignity, not in the least abashed by the vivid robes and decorations. It was the courtesy of the British Empire towards those who may differ from itself.

Nothing of this may have been in the mind of Capt. Pollock as he took the seat prepared for him; he was probably unconscious of making any such impression upon one person, at least, in the audience, but I, for one, was grateful to him for his bearing and read in his very unconsciousness of self the secret of the reason for the mastery which has circled the earth with stable government.

I am happy to learn that since my departure from Jerusalem Capt. Pollock has been promoted to the office of Governor of Ramallah, the Christian village close to the Holy City. He also had a son born to him a few days before I left Jerusalem, who rejoices in the good Irish name of Patrick.

VI

COLONEL J. H. SCOTT

A real Scotchman, strong and determined of feature, powerful of body, capable of and performing an almost incredible amount of work, Col. Scott was an important member of the Administration of Palestine during his term of office in the

land. He was one of the pensionable officials of the Egyptian government who were seconded for service with the Allied armies; and when we knew him he was acting as President of the Court of Appeals in Jerusalem and part of the time was Senior Judicial Officer in the absence of Colonel Bentwich, while the latter was in England on leave. It was one of the pleasant sights of Jerusalem to meet Col. Scott on the street wearing the Scotch cap of his regiment. I remember running across him on the first day when the Jaffa Road had become passable after the great blizzard, plowing his way through the drifts with genuine enjoyment. He was an out-door man and had a love for the wild flowers of Palestine which took him out into the hills and waddies on long walks as often as he could get a few hours off from his arduous legal duties. I can see him now, after he had taken tea with our party one spring day in the house on the hill of the Syrian Orphanage, disappearing over the crest of that hill in search of his favorite flowers, striding powerfully among the everlasting stones of the Judean highlands, as eager as a boy in his pursuit.

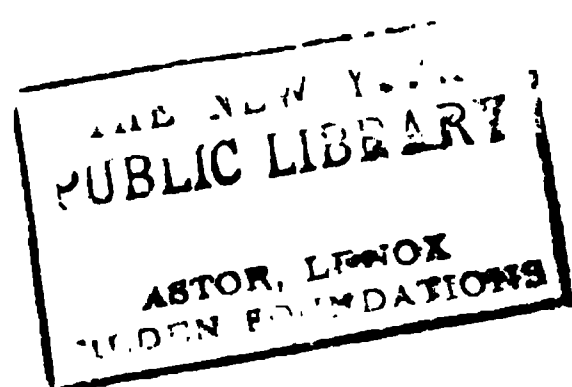
He used to tell me some of the astounding stories of the venality and mendacity of the witnesses in the courts of the country. One instance in particular I recall; if my memory serves me right, it occurred in Gaza, whither he had gone to hold court. Seven witnesses had appeared against a man and had all testified and sworn to

his guilt in the most circumstantial manner. Col. Scott suspected them at the very start from the cut and dried story which they all told. "Before the trial was over," he said to me, "all seven witnesses had been convicted of perjury and their guiltless victim had been set free." He was the personification of conscientiousness; it stuck out all over him, that Scotch persevering determination to his duty, akin to the New England conscience, as we know it in America.

I gathered from my conversations with him that he held a very high ideal as proper for the legal profession, and wished to instil as much of it as he could into the practice of the law in Palestine, while he acted as Senior Judicial Officer of the country. His address to the advocates who had passed their examinations successfully in the Court House at Jerusalem is a case in point. It was full of a high earnestness, of a legal sternness tempered by mercy. He said in part, "Just as we hope for mercy for ourselves, we must try to deal with like mercy and forbearance towards these offenders. . . . In doing this we must remember that there is no man or woman who is altogether bad, but that in all of us there is some good." Such sentiments are much needed in the courts of every land, perhaps more than elsewhere in those lands where the Turk has so long perverted the administration of Justice into something very like a bargain sale.

Before Col. Scott was recalled to the Egyptian

COLONEL J. H. SCOTT



service which he had left temporarily to help the British Administration in Palestine, he performed what seemed to me an act of great importance for the welfare of the country. He called before him the editor of the Hebrew daily newspaper and caused him to retract and apologize for certain articles in his paper directed against those Jews who were sending their children to Christian schools. The articles were written in a spirit of virulent fanaticism, flavored with such a subtle maliciousness as one might have possibly expected in the dark ages, but not in the twentieth century. They recalled the days of the inquisition. Col. Scott evidently felt that such flagrant religious persecution ought not to pass unrebuked in a land for which Great Britain had assumed responsibility, and wherein she was guaranteeing religious liberty. No one could read the official translations of these articles from the original Hebrew into English without being shocked at the malignity which they disclosed. It was evident that the opinions expressed were not those of an editor merely; they were shot to the surface by the pent up feelings of the centuries, reinforced by resentment, and spiritual blindness, the same feelings which in times past had led to the crucifixion. I admired the moral courage of Col. Scott in facing and fighting this dragon. Doubtless he was greater than he knew, for he had called to account, by exacting a retraction of these two articles, certain general manifestations of ecclesiastical tyr-

anny which are to-day operating under various names and working behind the scenes, manipulating the millions, without the millions suspecting their fate.

It may be that this last sin of oppression is to be met and mastered for the world in Jerusalem, the Holy City. What place could be more fitting? In any case, all honor to Col. Scott, the intrepid Scotchman, who first advanced to the attack with the shield of faith and the spear of justice.

VII

THE GRAND MUFTI

Among those friends whom our party regretted to leave when the time came to say good-bye to Jerusalem was certainly the Grand Mufti of Palestine, Kamel Effendi el Housseini, the head of the Moslems of all Palestine. Perhaps because I seemed to detect a resemblance in him to my only brother, the late Rev. John H. McCrackan, an Episcopal clergyman, I had a certain feeling at the very start of our acquaintance of being able to understand him, although he spoke no English and our conversation had to be in French or else in English through an interpreter.

He had been appointed Grand Mufti soon after the British occupation, had been decorated by the King of England, but like all Arabs was watching the carrying out of the Balfour Declaration with

many misgivings. He belonged to the clan of the Housseini, or Hussein, as it is sometimes written in English, which derives its descent from Fatma, the daughter of Mohammed; he was therefore related to the King of the Hedjaz and to Emir Feisal, since that time elected King of Mesopotamia. One could not help being struck by the gentleness of his nature, his wide sympathies and his culture. He combined the office of Mufti with that of the President of the Moslem Court of Appeals, having many family disputes and misunderstandings to adjust in addition to purely legal questions to pass upon, so that his life was a very full one and his son often told us of the strain which his many duties laid upon him.

We had been given the name of the Grand Mufti on the short list of notables upon whom we might properly call in connection with our relief mission; so one day, shortly after our arrival in Jerusalem, we drove out to the house of the Mufti, situated on the road to the Mount of Olives, at a turn in the road which commands a fine view of the city. He was naturally interested to learn how the Jerusalem Relief Laundry was being carried on. He asked whether Moslem women were employed and seemed pleased to hear that the majority of the women were Moslems, but that all races were admitted without preference. A cousin who spoke English fluently interpreted our conversation to him in Arabic, except when I spoke in French.

In appearance the Mufti was a medium sized man, rather slim and delicate of build with a beard of the color generally described as "sandy," and not giving one the impression at all of the usual swarthy Arab type. He wore the long robe and the turban, he was most emphatically a man of distinction. Like most Arabs of education he had a special admiration for America and expanded this feeling to include also Americans as a people. He had met Col. John C. Finley on his visit to Jerusalem, when the latter was acting as head of the American Red Cross, and had a warm regard for him. He requested us to be sure to convey his greetings to him when we returned to the United States. We drank the usual ceremonial little cups of thick coffee; he made arrangements for our ladies to visit his wife and daughters at a later date, and when we took our leave it was with the feeling that we had found a friend and that it would be a pleasure to render assistance to such a man in his arduous position as head of the Moslems in Palestine.

Thereafter we often saw the good Mufti, at receptions to the notables of the city, and in our own home when we had finally moved out of the hotel. He gave us a luncheon in his house on the slope of the Mount of Olives, when the male members of his family were present with the governess of the children. Real Arabic dishes of the refined sort were served for our special delectation and the conversation was general all around

the long table. On another occasion the Grand Mufti, his son Tahir, and the cousin, the Mayor of Jerusalem, took dinner with us, when we lived in the Ex-German consulate; and there were several pleasant afternoon teas, one especially when we lived out on the hill of the Syrian Orphanage. The Mufti drove out to see us; and at this visit we had Abdul, the cook, and Solomon, the little black foundling, since they were Moslems, come into the room to talk to him, a rare privilege for them, an experience which they could treasure all their lives as an event of great moment in their humdrum existence.

It is with particular regret that I read in the news from Jerusalem that our good friend died in the month of March, 1921. Thus another historic figure connected with the Military Administration of Palestine passes away and this fact only points the more strongly to the necessity for recording promptly the salient features of a period which left an indelible mark upon the country. The last occasion when I conversed with the Mufti was at the reception to *tout Jerusalem* at the Municipal Gardens to celebrate the birthday of the King of England. He was there among the representatives of the different religious bodies, in his distinctive turban, smiling genially and hopefully, although the political situation of Palestine was tense and showing signs of growing tenser every day. It is thus that I wish to remember him, devoted to his own people and solicitous for their

interests, but with a light in his eyes and a radiance on his face which betokened a far vision of the time when all men should be brethren.

CHAPTER XXXIV

GOING DOWN INTO EGYPT

As the month of March wore away it seemed more and more necessary to seek new correspondants for *Jerusalem News* and to determine whether it could have quicker and more direct access to the telegraphic news of the day. A little meeting had been held at the home of Mr. John D. Whiting of the American Colony, attended by the editors of the two daily Hebrew papers of Jerusalem, the editor of a local semi-weekly Arabic paper, myself, and the representative of Reuters News Agency, to ascertain whether we could not come to some arrangement whereby our papers would be served by Reuters with the news via Cairo, hot from the wires instead of by mailed bulletins as heretofore. This gathering was the first meeting of journalists ever held in Jerusalem, as far as we knew, and contained a hope of what might yet be, of good things to come. At least we became acquainted with one another under Mr. Whiting's hospitable roof; but, as so often happens, when the question of payment arose, there was a division of opinion; our Hebrew brethren held out for half rates and finally preferred to rely upon a service of their own which they had

established in Cairo. So the plan fell through, and shortly after that I passed the formalities of getting a permit to travel to Egypt from our good friend, Capt. Pollock, the Permit Officer.

It was my hope that on this visit to Egypt I might have the opportunity of meeting General Allenby, acting as High Commissioner for Egypt, and General Clayton, the British Adviser to the Minister of the Interior, whose acquaintance I had made on board the *Caledonia*.

Just at this time, also, Clemenceau was touring Egypt. The French nation had decided against him in their Presidential elections and he very wisely had betaken himself on an extended vacation. I saw the heroic war Premier at Shepherd's Hotel, a stocky, somewhat bent figure of a man, enjoying his sight-seeing and cleverly side-stepping the journalists. At Luxor on the Nile he met Allenby. I secured a photograph of these two together, so different in appearance and tradition, yet one in the element of greatness which we call endurance.

CHAPTER XXXV

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY

It is the work of the historian to record decisive events as much as possible in accordance with the testimony of eye witnesses or at least of contemporaries; it is also his privilege to describe great men as he finds them if he is fortunate enough to meet them in person. I have not disguised from the reader of this book my strong conviction that the liberation of Jerusalem and the conquest of Palestine were historic events of the deepest import. They will grow in importance as the years advance and the renown of the man who took the leading part in them will grow likewise. The world is therefore rightly interested in learning what kind of a man Allenby is, this leader of the last and the greatest of the crusades. The following are the facts concerning his career, and my own impression of him derived from personal interviews and correspondence.

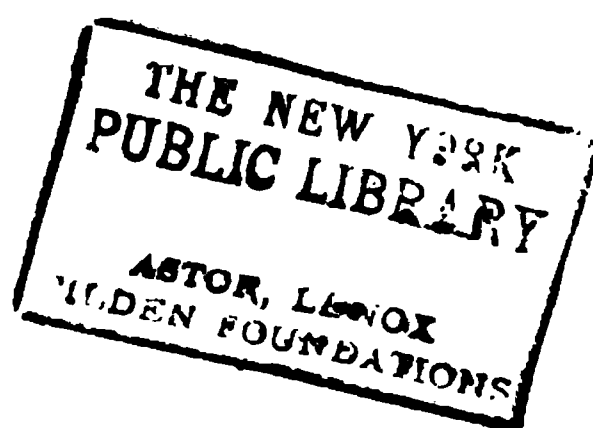
Even before leaving America I had written to Allenby asking about general conditions in Palestine with a view to my proposed work there. His reply came promptly. It was written in his own hand. My first impression, therefore, was of a man who did not shirk work, but was willing to

take time to answer the questions of a total stranger; confirming once again the common saying, 'if you want something done, ask the busy man to do it.' Again his willingness to write a word of encouragement for the first number of *Jerusalem News* indicated that his nature was not set in rigid lines, but that he could support a new venture. When Allenby came to Palestine from France he brought with him the reputation of being a man of few words, but of prompt action. He proved himself by his campaigns in Palestine to be also wise and patient, as well as a man of great executive force and resourcefulness. His headquarters were always close to the front. The extreme modesty of his official entry into the Holy City mark him as a man sufficiently great to be humble, a man capable of the might of meekness and the meekness of might, who instinctively avoided all unnecessary show and pretentious parade.

Some of these impressions were in my mind when on a day made memorable for me I met Allenby face to face. As already stated, I was in Cairo on business connected with *Jerusalem News*, and I now wrote to the general asking for the pleasure of paying my respects to him and Lady Allenby, and the reply was an invitation to tea.

The British Residency in Cairo is a spacious, dignified yet home-like building, standing in the midst of extensive grounds. Here Kitchener and

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY



Cromer lived and worked for the development and safety of Egypt, and here the liberator of Palestine was now at home. I was shown through the house into the grounds beyond, bordering on the Nile. General and Lady Allenby received me with much cordiality. General Allenby has a charm which somehow one does not expect in a soldier. It was said to me several times in Jerusalem that I would find General Allenby the beau ideal of an English gentleman. I saw that in him, but there was something much bigger and broader than that in this hero of the great war. He was strong-heart, brave-heart, a man used to command, but I divined also a spiritual quality which I associated with him as the one who was worthy to fulfill prophecy, and to do it as simply as a little child.

I spoke to Lady Allenby about his writing to me before I started on my trip to Palestine in reply to an inquiry about ways and means of entering Palestine.

"Yes," she said, "he writes a great many letters. After the taking of Jerusalem so many children wrote him, many from America. He answered them all in his own hand. I told him he should spare himself a little, but he said he enjoyed it, so I said no more."

This vitality and kindliness shine from General Allenby. Physically he is tall and big, of splendid, athletic proportions, a man among men. My hosts took me over the exquisite grounds of the

Residency, rich in flowers which seemed to be a special delight to the general. He told me that he took care of the roses himself. Just before tea was served in the house we were joined by a Dutch lady and gentleman and their two little girls. The husband was connected with the foreign office at the Hague. General Allenby took us to see a maribou, a large bird, larger than a stork, which he kept by itself in a cage in the garden. The lawn was literally a marvel for Egypt, as grass does not grow naturally in that country and has to be irrigated constantly. I was told that this lawn had to be plowed up every summer and sown down again every fall, in October, in order to survive the Egyptian climate. But a lawn is so truly a bit of England that no pains were spared to provide the Residency with one, as a pleasant reminder and a little touch of home.

The simple facts about Allenby's career show his preparation for the work he has done. He was born on the 23rd of April, 1861. He was the son of Hynman Allenby, of Felixtowe House, Felixtowe, Suffolk. He was educated at Haileybury, and then entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. He joined the Inneskillings Dragoons in May, 1882; served in Bechunaaland, 1884-5; in Zululand, 1888; and in South Africa, 1899-02. From 1902 until 1905 he commanded the Royal Irish Lancers; then the 4th Cavalry Brigads, 1905-9. He was Inspector of Cavalry,

1910-14, when the world war broke out, and was placed in command of a Cavalry Corps, 1914-15. He commanded the 5th Army Corps in 1915; and the Third Army in 1915-17. Then followed his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force in June 1917, leading to the defeat of the Turkish Armies in Palestine and Syria during 1917 and 1918. He was appointed High Commissioner of Egypt in 1919, and still holds that post. In the same year he was promoted to the rank of Field Marshal, and raised to the Peerage as Viscount Allenby, of Megiddo, and of Felixtowe in the County of Suffolk.

He married in 1896 Adelaide Mabel, daughter of Horace Chapman, of Donhead House, Wiltshire. Viscountess Allenby is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and has the Grand Cordon of the Egyptian Order of El Kemal.

Their son, an only child, Horace Michael Hynman Allenby, who gained the Military Cross, was a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery, but was killed in action in France in July 1917. He was born on the 11th of January, 1898.

The loss of this only son shortly before the close of the war was a great blow to the General and his wife. One could see in Lady Allenby a brave suppression which served to endear her the more to her friends.

As I left this hospitable house I felt that I had gained something of permanent value in learning

to know its occupants, representatives of true manhood and womanhood.

Within the month I had occasion to ask Allenby for an interview to talk over the future usefulness of *Jerusalem News*. His secretary had appointed 6:30 P. M., that intermission between tea and dinner which in April in Egypt is a time of cooling off from the heat of the day. Allenby came strolling from the grounds into the house, a big hearty man in uniform, his strong handsome face expressing his welcome. Again I was struck with the impression created at my first meeting that he was a man of destiny. Grand in stature and big with brotherhood is Allenby. I am sure I will not be misunderstood by those who apprehend real values in life when I say that Allenby is lovable.

As we walked into his study I remarked, "This looks like a good workroom, with plenty of maps."

"Yes, and the trouble is, when you want to find a place on them, it's never there," he said, smiling.

I talked to him of the purpose of *Jerusalem News*.

"I can assure you it is most useful and we appreciate it," Allenby stated.

Before leaving, I expressed very emphatically my views about the need for coöperation among the English-speaking people.

"I feel that they have a special destiny to fulfil in Palestine," I said. "The taking of Jerusalem and the conquest of Palestine are in fulfilment of

prophecy. I see the hand of God in this and wish that we Americans could do more to help in solving the problems there."

"Oh, you have helped a great deal," interposed Allenby, "with the Red Cross relief work. It has been a splendid help. I don't know what we would have done without it."

"Yes," I replied, "our relief work has been good, but I look forward to the time when our two nations will illustrate the solidarity of the race in Palestine as we have done in France."

We parted with the hope expressed of seeing each other again.

As a matter of fact I only saw Allenby once more before leaving Egypt homeward bound. It was but a glimpse of him, at that, but it had significance for me in the circumstances surrounding it. I was driving in an automobile from Cairo to the Great Pyramid a few days later. I had crossed the bridge, issuing from Gesireh Island upon the mainland, when I met him walking with an officer whom I took to be his A. D. C. There was just time for a hasty greeting, and the automobile had sped by. The thought came to me very forcibly that the general who executed the greatest cavalry movement of modern times, perhaps of all times, *walks* through the gate into the Holy City and *walks* on the highway leading to the Pyramid, the "miracle in stone."

CHAPTER XXXVI

SIR GILBERT F. CLAYTON

At the hotel in Marseilles, where our party waited for the sailing of the *Caledonia*, two British officers sat unobtrusively at one of the small tables in the dining room, quiet men who spoke to each other only at rare intervals and were evidently enjoying their temporary leisure with well-bred poise. The taller of the two men filled some commanding position in the British secret service. He appeared later quite suddenly in Jerusalem on the occasion of the first demonstration of the Arabs against Zionism. I remember seeing him lounging unconcernedly, but pleasantly watchful, on the parapet of the Governorate, eyeing the crowd of manifestors below with that look of kindly interest which a mother might bestow upon an infant playing with sharp tools. The smaller man was Sir Gilbert Clayton, on his way to Cairo to act as British Adviser to the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior. General Clayton had been stationed at Kartoum in the Soudan when our Roosevelt arrived there from the interior of Africa, and he had a sincere admiration for our national hero. All this we discovered by degrees later on our journey. For the

present, we only knew that these two men sailed from Marseilles on the same transport with ourselves for Alexandria, and that they continued their leisure on board ship, reading most of the time in comfortable deck chairs when they were not walking up and down the deck.

When landing at Alexandria we became acquainted with Sir Gilbert Clayton in the room set apart for the annoying formality of passport and permit inspection. We saw him again at the Continental Hotel in Cairo, and during our stay in Palestine we kept up our acquaintance with him by reason of various matters connected with our mission which had to pass through the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior. It was in his office in the building of the Ministry of the Interior in Cairo that I obtained an interview with him on this occasion of my spring visit to Egypt.

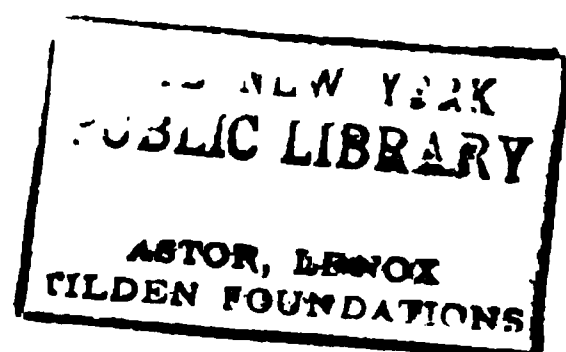
The impression which I took away with me from that interview is one I shall never forget. It illuminated for me the official attitude towards those young nationalities which are springing up under British protection in various parts of the world. It explained the success which attends that attitude in the long run, and the disfavor in which the British are often held by these aspiring nationalities, while the process of their education into self-reliant nations is going forward.

After some preliminary references to the motive of our mission in Palestine, to the help which *Jerusalem News* was giving as an impartial record

of events in Palestine, and to the need for Anglo-American coöperation all over the world, General Clayton said, "The situation in Egypt is somewhat like this: Great Britain in Egypt is very much in the position of a father who desires his boy to grow up safely, to be guarded only by those restrictions which are absolutely necessary to prevent him from injuring himself and those around him. If the boy wishes to bet on the races, the father stands by to see that he does not bankrupt himself, but lets him have the experience and learn the lesson, if there is a lesson for him to learn. We are trying to let the Egyptians have the experience of Government, just as far as they can do this without bankrupting themselves. We are training as many of them as we can to fill government positions, while safeguarding international interests; but such training and the necessary education are not possessed by all who wish to fill the positions, and there are naturally many disappointed office seekers. Great Britain also stands in a position of peculiar responsibility as far as Egypt is concerned. We must fulfil our engagements to other nations and protect their interests in Egypt as well as our own."

General Clayton is not a man of large stature. Like most of the British officials whom we met he had nothing of the pompous, domineering manner about him, which might be associated with an official in a foreign land; quite the reverse, he was rather retiring, even bashful in manner, and his

GENERAL SIR GILBERT F. CLAYTON



work was obviously not to rule with the iron hand, but to guide and to persuade with gentle and wise admonition.

As I listened to his unemotional statement of his hope to be useful to the Egyptians, I thought of the attempted betrayal of Egypt into the hands of the Central Powers at the outbreak of the war by her own Khedive, who was found conspiring to this end in Vienna; of the crowds of young Effen-dis parading the streets in costly automobiles, who had not lifted a finger to free their own country from the attacks of the enemy; of the fortunes made by many Egyptians through the vast sums spent by the British in their land; of English women and children beset by hords of fanatics in the provinces; of British officers cut down in the streets of Cairo and Alexandria by furious mobs who were killing their own protectors in cold blood, while conniving with the enemies of their own country. I rejoiced at the moderation shown by this man clothed with power, at the absence of any sense of resentment, grievance, or injury. I also saw that the man or the nation that can overcome hate has the mastery.

Much more was said by General Clayton along these lines. He did not claim that no mistakes had been made by the British. Inexperienced officials dealing with Orientals, whose mode of thought has to be learned by many years of personal experience, cannot be immune from blunders of various sorts; but he did claim that a right

motive actuated the British government in its attitude towards the Egyptians, and from my own personal observation, both years before in Egypt as well as at the time of my visit, I felt that he was right. Americans cannot afford to misunderstand their British brethren in their difficult task of helping backward nations or those which have had no experience in self-government. It must never be forgotten that no Oriental peoples have ever practised self-government. They have never been allowed to practise it. Their ideal of government has always been autocratic. They have never had the concept of power being subject to law.

This is not an argument in favor of pessimism concerning Orientals, but a reminder that they must work out their own independence as other national groups have done. Other peoples have been centuries in working out the relative measure of independence which they now possess, and the Egyptians cannot expect to jump from the concept of government implanted into their very being by Turkish suzerainty, and from which they were rescued but recently into the full-fledged liberty of nations armed at all points to protect their independence. They must earn their independence as others have done. If it is handed to them on a platter, the gift of others, they will not know what to do with it, and will not be able to keep it.

In a letter which has reached me from Sir

Gilbert Clayton since my return to the United States, he amplifies the theme of Anglo-American coöperation in the words, "I feel that it is to the United States and Great Britian that will fall the difficult task of evolving a system by which young and eager nations can be guided in the right path without the feeling of irritation and rebellion which too obvious control is sure to engender. Great Britian has done a great work in the development of backward races and she is now faced, especially in India, Egypt and Mesopotamia, with the difficulty of finding a way to guide in the path young men who in the arrogance of budding manhood do not care to brook interference and control on the part of their parents and guardians. I do not think the problems insoluble, and indeed I think great strides have been made in the education of the public in what are naturally new and strange lines of thought. I am convinced, however, that Anglo-Saxon civilization is alone fitted to lead the way in this direction, and the United States and Great Britian must therefore work together in full mutual understanding and coöperation."

The anti-foreign and anti-Christian complexion taken by the disturbance in Alexandria in May, 1921, startled many sympathetic observers of Egyptian affairs. Military forces seem to be needed for the protection of foreigners. The presence of British troops in Egypt is used as a handle by the extreme faction which is only a

small minority of the inhabitants. It is represented as a blow at the pride of the country, whereas in reality it has provided the backbone of safety since the day when the British rescued Egypt from the adventure of Arabi Pasha.

Over and above these considerations so ably presented by Sir Gilbert Clayton, is that of the manifest destiny of Great Britain to carry out a certain redemptive work in the world. She finds herself in Egypt, she does not know why, not through any lust of conquest, as everyone knows who has studied and digested the lessons of British history. She finds herself in Palestine responsible for the protection of its holy places and for the experiment of a homeland for the Jews. Her influence extends over Mesopotamia and again without her volition, but in obedience to some unseen call. Had the French been willing to accept her invitation to unite with Great Britain in setting the house of Egypt in order in 1882, at the time of the Arabi Pasha rebellion, she might not now be under the obligation to keep order in Egypt, but the French refused to coöperate and the British bombarded and stormed Alexandria alone. Had not the Turks, urged by the Germans, attacked the Suez Canal, the invasion of Palestine under Allenby might never have taken place. The British are not in Palestine out of choice. Had the Germans not pushed the Bagdad railroad into Mesopotamia the British might never

have led their forces up the Euphrates to take possession of the ancient land. But facts of history are as I have stated them, and the result is that the British to-day find themselves responsible in different ways for the safety of each one of those Bible Lands—Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia, without ever having formed any plan to do so, reluctantly and out of a sense of duty, at great expense to the English nation, but with a determination to do their duty as it may present itself to them. It is my personal conviction that not accident, not national self-will, not preconceived plan, but a righteous and divine purpose has placed them there.

I am glad that our Diplomatic Agent in Egypt accompanied General Allenby into Palestine, that Mr. Hampson Gary could be there to share in a measure the triumph of that victory. There was an American serving in the British army, Major Camp, now Governor of Es Salt, who, when the advance took place through Hebron and Bethlehem upon Jerusalem, was made the first Governor of Bethlehem. We used to be proud to recall this fact. There was also a vast amount of war relief work performed by Americans in the Near East as in all quarters of the war area, and this work continues now in many places, but I would have liked to see our Doughboys march and ride side by side with the British Tommies, the Australians, New Zealanders, Tasmanians, and all those other troops which stormed Jerusalem and swept Pales-

tine clear of the Turks. The time for that inevitable coöperation with the British has not yet arrived. It will come. It is written.

CHAPTER XXXVII

KITCHENER RECOLLECTIONS

CAIRO is full of a reminiscent flavor of Kitchener. My visit to the Residency, from which he had directed Egypt's modern rise into solvency and security, led my thought to him; and good fortune also led me to revisit a part of Cairo which had been quite transformed by Kitchener before he left Egypt never to return. I called this part of Cairo—

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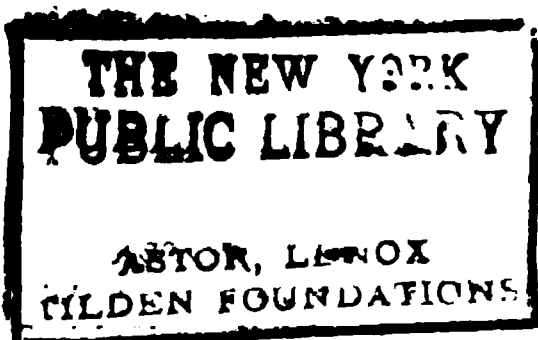
“A KITCHENER CORNER IN CAIRO”

Tourists who visited Cairo before the war will remember their trip to the great mosque of Mohammed Ali on the citadel height. At the bottom of the hill before mounting, they found themselves involved in a complex of ancient, tumble-down houses in the midst of which were hidden two other notable mosques, those of Sultan Hassan and of the Sheik Rafaii. To-day these two mosques have been dug out from their hiding places, the miserable dwellings which surrounded them have been removed, and a delightful garden

covers the worst of the district. This is the work of Kitchener. It was his conception to open up this hidden treasure of Arabic art, while cleaning out a most unsavoury neighborhood, and to throw open a vista which will rank as one of the fairest in the world, when it becomes better known to the travelling public. Let us call it a "Kitchener Corner," and do honor to the many-sided man who served the native races so well though they could not really understand him when he was in their midst. The complete plan was interrupted by the war. It included an entirely new quarter of houses, built in the best Arabic style, to circle around the space thus cleared and to match the superb setting by the two mosques in the foreground and the third mosque on the citadel in the background. As it is, only one of these new houses has been completed, but that one is enough to show the effect which the transformation as it is planned will make. This house is constructed of stone and mortar with lattice work of wood in the most approved Moorish fashion. Nothing more appropriate could have been devised; let us hope that more houses will quickly follow, now that building operations have begun again in Cairo.

A British officer lives in the one house which has resulted from the Kitchener plan. He has entered into the spirit of the enterprise and filled his rooms with a collection of the best furniture and curios in keeping with the Arabic world which

CAIRO, FROM THE CITADEL.



Kitchener understood so well. Outside, a charming garden in the square sets off the towering masses of mosque masonry which the demolition of the old houses has laid bare, such a garden as the western mind has conceived for the display of an oriental background. The overwhelming impression of beauty which this combination produces is proof that the west working with the east can create new values of "sweetness and light." Take your stand at the tip of the garden, where the vista between the two mosques is prolonged to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali on the height, and you will have an impression never to be forgotten. It combines all that imagination has pictured as the Orient of our childhood's dreams, the city of the Arabian Nights, where minarets pierce the sky with needle sharpness, domes round out the sky line, and grey walls rise into the blue, sheer and straight. There are a few palms somewhere about to give the right touch to the picture, and here order has been brought out of chaos:—this is what the west can do for the east, if it will let it, and this is an example of what Kitchener stood ready to do, and a little of what he actually did.

II

KITCHENER IN PALESTINE

The late Turkish régime left the necessary surveying and studying of the topographical

features of Palestine to be done principally, if not entirely, by people of other nationalities. The famous Palestine Exploration Fund, undertaken out of love for the associations which the land awakens, laid the foundation for almost all that is known accurately and scientifically about the Holy Land. The British Government lent some of its ablest officers belonging to the Royal Engineers to facilitate this work, although no one in authority had at that time the slightest idea that Great Britain would some day be called upon to administer the country.

This is how Kitchener's name becomes associated with one of the most important and beneficent undertakings ever executed in behalf of this country. As early as 1804 an organization was formed for this purpose, which existed for thirty years; in 1840 another society was formed which still bears the name of Society of Biblical Archaeology. Finally, in 1865, the Palestine Exploration Fund came into being, and in 1874 Kitchener became connected with it in mapping out the land for the monumental Survey of Palestine, which is to-day still the basis of the labors of all historians and archaeologists, as well as excavators and ethnologists working in the Holy Land. Col. Wilson in 1864 had mapped out Jerusalem itself and Col. Warren had done invaluable excavating in that city from 1867 to 1870.

Kitchener, was at that time a young officer of the Royal Engineers, but so frail of health that

his constant fear was that he might not be strong enough to fulfil the requirements of a soldier's career. He toiled over the task of creating an accurate map of Palestine with characteristic enthusiasm, through illness in Jerusalem and a savage attack by a mob at Safed.

The map was eventually finished in twenty-six sheets, copies of which are highly prized, the library of the American Archæological Institute in Jerusalem being fortunate enough to possess them. The value which this map has to-day for practical purposes is illustrated by the fact that it is consulted by the Public Works Department in Jerusalem in its search for sources of water supply. When recently it was reported that a new supply of water might be obtained from a certain site, the map of the Palestine Exploration Fund was consulted with the result that a full description of the spot was found and its uselessness for the purpose was laid bare.

Kitchener, whose life was devoted to the reconstruction of the Sudan and of Egypt, of India, and incidentally also of the Island of Cyprus, whose powerful individuality succeeded in raising vast armies for England in the Great War, began his career in Palestine by helping to donate it with the first essential of order and prosperity, an accurate and reliable survey map, on which to base its land values, its natural production, its names of places, its lines of communication and the knowledge of its history, its Roman roads and

Holy Places. Those who now enter into the enjoyment of his labors will do well to stop for a moment in the current of daily affairs to express appreciation for the fact that one of the earth's great men worked for them, that their land might flourish in due season, when, at the appointed time, the breath of liberation blew fresh and free across heights of Judæa and Galilee.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

GOING NORTH

DURING my absence in Egypt, the second and the third demonstration against Zionism had taken place in Jerusalem, each more virulent than the last, and it was evident that the question of Zionism had become the burning question of the land. I returned to find a Jerusalem of martial law, strict press censorship and sharpened animosities. A military court of inquiry was in session to adjudge, if possible, the blame for the recent regrettable outbreak of fanaticism. The experiment of a national home for the Jews was being tried and the first fruits were not palatable. I left for the north on a long desired trip to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee, via Haifa.

Once more the rocky defiles of Judea opened to the thin line of the railroad down from the heights into the plain of Philistia. At Ludd, the meeting point for the lines to Jaffa, Jerusalem, Cairo and Haifa, there was the usual heterogeneous mixture of races and costumes indicative of Palestine: Indian troops under British officers, Jewish colonists, Syrians, a sprinkling of Italian soldiers belonging to the Italian contingent always present in the Holy Land. A Fran-

ciscan monk, some English nurses, and as an extra and unusual addition, some of our American sailors from the torpedo destroyer *Tracéy*, just then in the offing of Haifa. From Ludd the train followed the coast plain which saw the tremendous cavalry rush of Allenby's operations, skirting the hills of Samaria, passing Tul Karem and then running close to the sea shore. Now the long ridge of Mount Carmel comes into view, dotted with bush and occasional trees; the western end dips suddenly to the sea, allowing only a narrow passage for the railroad. A promontory is rounded and the fair bay of Haifa, blue and limpid, like a miniature bay of Naples lies before us, circled by the white houses of the town with their backs against the frowning mountain. In the bay rides at anchor an American war-ship, the travelling home of the sailors we saw at Ludd.

CHAPTER XXXIX

NAZARETH AND THE HILLS OF GALILEE

THERE is a natural passageway from the Mediterranean Sea to the Lake of Galilee which has been used by armies and peaceful travel from time immemorial. This line of travel can be prolonged across the highlands of Gilead and the Syrian Desert to the great river Euphrates. This is the line of penetration to India which the British are expected to take, by linking the port of Haifa with a railway across the desert. The passageway itself is the fateful Plain of Esdraelon. For the present the plain looks peaceful enough, cut into a patchwork pattern of varying crops, a veritable Joseph's coat of many colors upon the landscape.

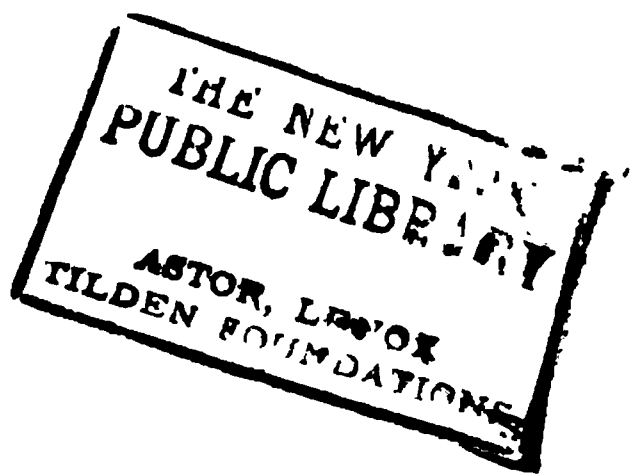
We have motored out from Haifa as far as a certain rise in the ground on the way to the Hills of Galilee and are making a halt while the much abused little Ford car is being examined for repairs. The view is full of history. Southward lies the ridge of Mount Carmel, its head out to sea and its feet stretched eastward to the Valley of the Jordan. Somewhere on that ridge Elijah mastered the priests of Baal; in the plain of Esdraelon, at the foot of Carmel, dwelt that Canaanitish Jezebel who had corrupted the reigning

king of Israel and who heaped upon the head of Elijah the imprecation of baffled rage. Southward, beyond the ridge of Carmel, the mountains of Samaria follow fold on fold, their rocky lines softened by the velvet of the violet distance. We know that beyond them again, out of sight and below the horizon, lie Judæa and Jerusalem. At our backs rise the hills of Galilee, so that with one comprehensive glance we see the pathway of the Master on his many journeyings up and down the Holy Land.

We now actually see why his natural way to reach Jerusalem from this hill town home in Nazareth was through Samaria. He was constantly on the move over this stony Palestine, afoot or on donkey back, teaching, preaching, praying, healing, telling stories to the people to illustrate his words. From the point of vantage where we stand, midway between Haifa and Nazareth, the geography of Jesus' mission is learned as a lesson; here is the *mise-en-scène* of the most dramatic story ever enacted; it passes from Nazareth to Jerusalem and back again, either on the west, down the coast by Cæsarea to either on the east, from the Lake of Galilee down the valley of the Jordan to Jericho, more often through the hills of Samaria. There it is, all told, this little country set for the greatest of all missions; most of the land forbidding-looking and bare, but its terraces clothed with olive, fig and pomegranate trees and sweet with luscious

"A TURN OF THE ROAD, AND THERE LIES NAZARETH"

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grapes; a land which, relieved from fear and tyranny, can yet be made to flow with some milk and honey.

The little Ford car having been given a breathing spell and a few turns of the wrench, we climb toward Nazareth, passing through the remnant of an oak forest which the Turks in their greed and fright cut down for fuel for their railway engines during the great war. The great stumps testify mutely to past grandeur; already the young oak sprigs are sprouting from the old stumps, as sprigs sprout from the stumps of the great Sequoia in California. Still, when trees which count their rings by centuries or milleniums are cut down, it takes much optimism to replace them in imagination. Some generations must pass before the full stature of this Galilean forest returns, and in the meantime Palestine remains well-nigh treeless, awaiting systematic afforestation.

A turn of the road among the rocky hills, and there lies Nazareth! Jerusalem I knew with its city walls, its cosmopolitan air and contending ecclesiasticisms, its tragic temper; but here was something vastly different, a country town, a hill town, unwalled, unpretentious and inviting. I loved Nazareth at once. It seemed to have no secrets lurking in its corners. It was just what it represented itself to be and was open for inspection.

Seen from the topmost hill above the little town,

Nazareth is found to lie on the side of a pocket, not cramped by the hills, but reposing placidly on the slope of its safe hollow. The houses climb unevenly up the sides of the hills, forming narrow little streets, after the manner of the East, in order to exclude some of the glare and power of the sun. The soil, the stone and mortar houses, and the rocky hills are of much the same general color, a gentle gray-white, so that there is little in the sum total of the view which stands out conspicuously from the uniformity of the town, except the rather too numerous churches and chapels which give Nazareth that particular ecclesiastical aspect with which the visitor would gladly dispense. The natural desire of most visitors is to reconstruct the simple little town of Jesus' boyhood and Mary's motherhood. The fulfilment of this desire must come through the heart rather than through the physical sight.

One remembrance at least of the Master's time is a certainty, and that is the spring of pure water which gives Nazareth its supply. An upper spring, now covered by a Greek church, is claimed for the original source, but the open fountain, a few steps further down, carries the same water and therefore is just as genuine.

The springs, wells, and fountains of the Holy Land are its unmistakable landmarks, and he who drinks from the spring under the Greek church or at the open Virgin's Fountain may know of a

certainty that he drinks from the same source as did Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

During my stay in Nazareth, there was generally a motley crowd drawing water at the fountain. British Indian troops, turbaned and booted, filled iron tanks with the precious water. The district was much agitated at the time by Bedouin raids from across the Lake of Galilee and to keep these in check there were numerous camps of British Indian troops hidden in the hollows of the hills, a large one lying just over the edge of the cup in which Nazareth is situated.

To the Virgin's Fountain came the women of the hill town to draw water into all manner of vessels, from the finely drawn classic waterpots of the country to the oil cans of the ubiquitous Standard Oil Company. Anything that would hold water was in requisition. The women were of all sizes; most of them wore the loose baggy trousers which belong to the women's costume of Galilee. They bore away the heavy water-pots on their heads, balancing them with skill derived from the experience of many generations. Children played around the Virgin's Fountain, and women passed the time of day there, as a matter of course. It was pleasant to see how everybody gave everybody else a hand in lifting the heavy water vessels to the head. This is the common courtesy of the well in the East, as in the West a man may offer the palm of his hand on his knee to a woman for the jump into the saddle. The

The Fountain of the Virgin at Nazareth.
From a Painting by John Fulleylove, R.I.

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The Mount of Precipitation, at the other end of Nazareth, turns thought to another feature of the Master's mission. He returned to his own and his own received him not: exasperated by his spirituality, his own townsfolk would have hurled him down from the height which is seen facing the fateful plain of Esdraelon as one emerges from the town to go down into that plain. It is recorded that he passed through their midst unharmed and thereafter made his headquarters in Capernaum on the Lake of Galilee.

Following the road to Tiberias, on the famous lake, we climb over the rim of the basin in which Nazareth lies and find ourselves out upon the open hills of Galilee. The more level places and some extensive plateaus are under cultivation; in this month of June, the harvest has been largely gathered, and in this particular year the harvest has been exceptional on account of the abundant rains, which fell during the winter. There was snow on the highest points. There is still reaping going on over these rich yellow rolling tablelands; the reapers are at work in the same primitive manner as the threshers on the threshing floors. The grain is cut with the sickle, a handful at a time, men and women bending to the task as we see them in the usual Bible illustrations, but there is an air of abundance on the ground and of gratitude on the people's faces this year. The gleaners press behind, content if they can gather little handfuls of wheat, no bigger than bunches

of sweet peas as we have them at home. There is no famine in the land and the Turkish tax gatherer has been driven out by the conquest of Palestine.

In the distance a few herds of cattle browse over the ground already harvested, solitary camels range over the expanse, picking out the thorny plants which have sprung up between the blades of wheat. The tares and the good grain have grown up together; the reapers now bind up the wheat in bundles and the camels are content with the tares. Along the stony roadside grow in great profusion the thorns of the parable, many varieties of prickly, spiky plants which try to hide their sharp angles by bearing small blossoms of different colors. It is easy to see where the Master took his illustrations for the little stories which are called parables; on the hills of Galilee, as we journey to Tiberias, we see that the sowers had sown their seed on good ground, in stony places, by the wayside or among the thorns.

A turn of the road and we drive through Cana of Galilee with its pomegranate trees bearing brilliant red blossoms and its open fountain besieged by flocks of sheep and goats. Here the Master performed his marvel of turning the water into wine. Through the town and out again goes the carriage until, after an hour's drive, we see on the horizon a flat-topped height, not a high mountain, but a high hill. In the American far west such a hill would be called a "butte"; in South

Africa it would be called a "kopje." It has long slopes leading up to it where a multitude might encamp, row on row, in sight, if not within sound, of a person speaking on the top. This is the Mount of Beatitudes. There are many material sheaves lying about in the open ready to be taken to the threshing floor, but who shall measure the spiritual sheaves which have been harvested from that immortal sermon of blessedness? Beyond the dip of that flat-topped hill, down in the great gulf below, lies the Lake of Galilee, the great sheet of fresh blue water where the Jordan rests for a while, before it plunges into the depths to make its final disappearance in the Dead Sea. But that in another story. For the present, I am on the uplands, breathing the rarified air of the Hills of Galilee, wind swept and free. Yonder lies Mt. Hermon, capped with snow even in this warm June weather. Perhaps I get some of its freshness; at all events, it is good to be here and better yet to think of him who trod these same Hills of Galilee.

CHAPTER XL

FROM NAZARETH'S TOPMOST HILL MY IMPRESSIONS OF NAZARETH

God holds you in the hollow of His hand. Your air is clean and wholesome, your atmosphere, bright and joyous. Youth sits upon your hills. Protection and safety mark your surrounding slopes, abundance your fields of wheat, golden with the harvest and your olive-yards, gentle with their silver shimmer. Here a boy might well wax strong and a man ply his trade as carpenter with undisturbed desire to perfect his workmanship and to cherish the handsome grain of his olive wood. Here a lovable woman might well have softened the cares of the house with spiritual vision and kept the wonder of her great joy hidden in her heart while she drew water from the village well, kneaded the bread, and wove the homespun clothing of her own.

The loveliness of Nazareth made a fit abiding place for boy, woman, and man, and her glory no man can take from her. Up there the boy stood and looked about him with the growing wonder of spiritual discernment. On the topmost hill of those which stand guard round about Nazareth he lets his eyes search the horizon. Hermon there!

The lofty wall in the north fringed with snow, and beyond, they tell him, lies Damascus, the outlandish city, the centre of the Ishmaelites. He wonders if they are men with like feelings to himself and straight way the divine compassion of the future man who loved his enemies enters the soul of the boy. Yes, he loves even those ancient enemies of his race. To the west lies the Great Sea, illimitable, stretching towards the Gentiles,—and who are they? Men like himself, but they know not the God of Israel. Can he love them, too, the dwellers along the Great Sea? And beyond the Great Sea, what is there? We can tell the boy now. There lie the then undiscovered continents of the Americas and, circling the earth, there is China, the Indies, the great East Indian Islands and another continent, nearly as vast as North America, namely Australia. Are the countless inhabitants of all these Gentile regions to be helped and saved? The boy's religion teaches him that there is one God, and his heart assures him that He is the father of all.

Eastward lie the mountains of Gilead, rich in grain and cattle. Down in the hollow between the ranges he knows that the Great Lake lies, the Sea of Galilee, with flourishing cities amid flowering gardens, Capernaum, Corazim, Magdala, Tiberias, beautified by the Romans with architectural grandeur. Here were many boats and fishermen with their nets. Were the Romans and the Greek colonists also children of the God of Is-

rael? They might not know it, but if there was only one God, He must be their father, also.

Southward, he saw the great carpet of the Plain of Esdraelon with its living pattern of growing crops, green, brown, and yellow, on the red soil. Here was fertility and plenty, abundance for many multitudes, yet he knew that the Plain of Esdraelon had been the battlefield of the past and might be again of the future. Shall those who instigate wars from behind the backs of others be forgiven and those who wear masks to hide their evil intent with fair-seeming be forgiven and loved? The boy may have hesitated at this question, and well he might, for these are the characteristics of the serpent in the grass and the scorpions in the walls which every one crushes on sight; but perhaps he may have concluded that even such as they must be turned over to the God who through His prophet had declared, "Vengeance is mine. I will requite."

Beyond Esdraelon lay the hills of Samaria, similar to his own loved ones of Galilee, but inhabited by an unclean race who did not worship in the temple of Jerusalem, and were an idolatrous mixture of Babylon and rebellious Israel. "What of them," the boy may have thought, "Are they, too, to be of the kingdom?" Whatever he may have concluded as a boy, it is certain that as a man his deeds spoke louder even than his words, that even the Samaritans, in their

own hour, must be accepted as the children of the one Father. It was to a Samaritan woman that he disclosed some of the profoundest mysteries of spiritual metaphysics and broke with her the bread of the eternal life of Spirit.

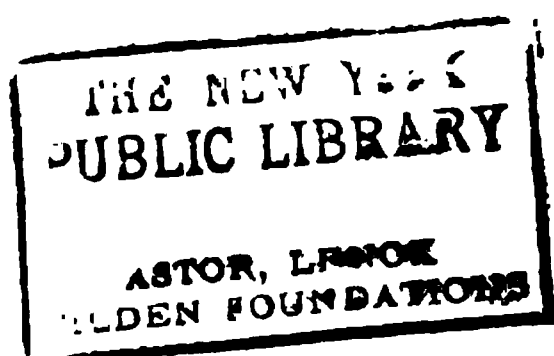
On that topmost hill the boy made ready to be the Son of God, the Saviour of all men, as his eye boxed the compass and ranged all northern Palestine. Here he laid the foundations for being a man of the mountains and of the sea, a complete man who could rise to the heights of spiritual exaltation and yet could companion with the poor and lowly, the outcast, the misunderstood, the publicans and harlots; who could be at one and the same time the friend of God and the friend of sinners.

Who knows, but lifting his eyes on high and watching the sky, he may not have reached out to all dwellers in the firmament, wherever they are; to the most distant stars, to the unseen host of those counted dead, yet living evermore; and may have felt his fellowship with Abraham and Moses, with Isaac, Jacob and his ancestor David; with Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Ruth, and the noble women who kept alive the human link through which the divine purpose ran?

And so we stand to-day on Nazareth's topmost hill and love more serenely the God of Israel because He is the God of all. We love the boy who had in him the promise of the Master-Saviour. We love his mother who could conceive him and

hide him until the day of his ministry and his healing works, and could watch beside him on the cross. We love his gentle, tender father who could face the world in behalf of his mother and give her house and home for her super-human joy. Standing on this hill we love all mankind and consecrate ourselves anew to save even the mesmerist from his own mesmerism; for so we learn from the boy of compassion in Nazareth who grew into the man of the ascension in Jerusalem.

TIBERIAS.



CHAPTER LXI

THE SEA OF GALILEE

THE color of the Sea of Galilee was a surprise. Perhaps I did not remember that it was a fresh water lake, fed by a mountain stream, the Jordan, and therefore would naturally be radiant in color and reflection. As I saw it from the open space where tradition places the feeding of the 5000, in the waning afternoon of a cloudless day, it was a streak of glorious blue in a setting of golden mountains, streaked with brown and purple bands. The majesty of the scene lay in its simplicity, a well of pure water in a dry and thirsty land, a beauty spot amid piercing barrenness, unrelieved except by a cluster of trees. There ancient Capernaum stood, and there the group of houses which is Tiberias, the only town on the shores of the lake which has survived the ravages of the past. But Tiberias is not suited to add gaiety to the scene, for the black volcanic stone of which it is built, sparsely covered with whitewash, invites comparison to a tomb rather than to a cheerful abode of men. Only the lake remains joyous, tender, and charming with its constant change of hues.

As I drove down the steep road from the heights

to the shore, the brilliant blue of the lake turned to green; Tiberias was thrown into the shade; the opposite land of Gilead glowed every moment more richly, passing from gold to red and mauve. All at once the sun set behind the hills in the west, and blotted out the warmth of color with the gray of night.

Times were very unsettled in Palestine just before the establishment of the British mandate, and the town square in front of the only hotel in the place was filled with Indian troops officered by Englishmen, ready to repel an expected raid by the Bedouins from across the lake. The main body of these troops was stationed further north on the road to Damascus, and the men in Tiberias were acting as reserves. The raid did not materialize, and the Indian troops left next morning at 4 o'clock to take up a position on the hills farther up the lake in the direction of Capernaum.

A stroll down to the little harbor in the failing light revealed a strange and variegated mixture of people, taking the air before night—Moslem men and veiled women, Jewish rabbis in flowing robes and Jewish colonists in ugly modern clothes, native gendarmes, Indian troops, children playing in the water and sedate elders sitting at an improvised café by the rude dock of stone. This was not the flourishing Tiberias of Roman times, built by Herod Antipas and dedicated to the Emperor Tiberius, with its walls and citadel and its luxurious hot baths; but after all it was

a town, and that was more than the rest of the shores of the lake could boast of, which presented an almost unbroken stretch of desolation.

The next morning dawned somewhat hazy and hot, with much of the radiant color wiped from the lake. It was ideal for a row, under an awning, along the shore in the direction of the ruins of ancient Roman Tiberias. Therefore, we rowed to a point from which Semahk could be seen at the end of the lake, as well as the region where the Jordan issues from the lake. We saw many kinds of fish. There was St. Peter's fish, with long filaments like mustaches, and other species which displayed a most amusing peculiarity. Their mouths were full of young fish, about an inch long. When these species were placed in a bucket, the young ones swam out from the parents' mouths, but on being disturbed would hasten back to the protection of the parents' mouths, as young kangaroos flee to the pouch of the mother. In this instance, however, it is the male which shelters the young. There are said to be two species of fish in the lake of Galilee which act in this manner. The only other bodies of water in which similar species exist are found in Central Africa, where the same deep cleft in the earth's surface, denoted by the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, is continued across the Red Sea. A chance acquaintance at the hotel told me that he had counted as many as 200 young fish in the mouth of one parent fish.

Not content with a mere description of these interesting fish, my friends and I persuaded the owner of the boat we had hired to try his luck with a hand net. He rowed along shore away from the town of Tiberias, and we watched him sling his net and catch a goodly dozen of several varieties. We had them for luncheon and they proved excellent eating.

That afternoon came a visit to Capernaum across the lake by boat, a trip which proved highly interesting, if not sensational. First came the sail along the shore, where wild oleanders lent a gentle touch to the otherwise bleak landscape. Kingfishers darted from rock to rock. High upon the bank the tents of an Indian camp showed the constant preparation made to protect the land from marauding Bedouins. A landing was made at a clump of eucalyptus trees where little birds twittered joyously in the branches.

Here is to be found all that is left of Capernaum, a town which in Roman times must have been no mean city. Now, only a medley of white stones, beautifully chiseled, indicates where the synagogue once stood in which Jesus preached and delivered many of his discourses. He walked along this shore and here he chose many of his disciples. Excavations are going on, begun before the war, so that it is possible that we may know more of this famous place as a result. But for the present the terrible desolation of the region seems to fulfill Jesus' warning, "And thou

FISHERMEN ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

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Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell.”

During my inspection of the ruins the wind had been rising and the return trip turned out to be extremely boisterous. The Arab sailors rowed to a point on the shore below the Indian camp and then hoisted sail and headed for Tiberias. Night was falling, and it was hoped to accelerate the return by taking advantage of the wild wind which was blowing off shore. As the sun set, the blow came in heavy puffs which sent our little craft well over to leeward and dipped the picturesque lateen sail in the water, while the spray covered the whole party, as the boat careened. When about opposite the spot generally believed to be the site of Magdala, a heavier blow than before came sweeping down from the jagged mountain at the back. The boat spun through the water on her beam ends, dashing the spray over the ship's company. Suddenly the rope which held the sail, known in nautical phraseology as the sheet, parted and there was a moment of great confusion, the Arab sailors shouting conflicting orders and mutually accusing each other of having brought about the mishap. Amid much noise the sail was finally dragged inboard, the anchor dropped, the mast lowered and the oars got out. It seemed to me that the jackals were unusually mocking in their whining and barking as we crept along shore. By dint of hard rowing we reached Tiberias late that night, strangely im-

pressed with the adventure of a storm on the Sea of Galilee, having a clearer insight into the experience of those disciples who were privileged to hear the Master's "Peace be still" on the same lake.

CHAPTER LXII

JACOB'S WELL

THE time for my departure from Palestine was drawing near, and I had not yet visited Samaria, nor drunk of the waters of Jacob's Well. To remedy this unnatural vacuum in my Palestinian days, I procured one of the very few cars available in Jerusalem for excursions and started early, one glorious day in late June, northward over Mount Scopus into the land of Benjamin, to reach the land of Ephraim. Within Ephraim's borders lies ancient Shechem, the modern name of which is Nablus, a corruption of the Roman Neapolis, or rather of its more extended designation as Flavia Neapolis, named in honor of Titus Flavius Vespasian, who had restored it.

From Mount Scopus there was a wide spreading backward glance over the city, then the car sped northward, leaving familiar old Neby Samwil on the left and hurrying along the excellent road lately put into the best of order by the Department of Public Works. This highway acts as the main artery of communication between northern and southern Palestine; it was transformed from a mere track into a real macadamized road during the war and constitutes one of the most conspic-

nous benefits of the military occupation of the country. Old residents have told me that in Turkish times there were no roads near Jerusalem fit for an automobile and, indeed, there were no automobiles at all in use until the Turco-German armies advanced from the north and repaired the roads as they went.

On through Ramallah the car made good time, that little Christian village which, thanks to the faithful work of the American Friends' schools, has earned the reputation of being the cleanliest village in Palestine, where almost everybody also speaks English. From now on the trip covered new ground for me. Leaving the road to Bethel on the right, the highway went up hill and down dale, rising and falling through the hills of Benjamin, passing lonely villages, occasional ruins and tombs or towers, or skirting olive groves and little glens where the abundant maiden-hair fern grew in the crevices and on the rocks dripping with moisture. Two passes were crossed. From the second, which is a crest acting as a water shed, I beheld the great plain of El-Makhna below me, and there in the middle distance rose Mount Gerizim on the left and Mount Ebal on the right. I knew that between these two mountains lay ancient Shechem, the seat of the Kingdom of Israel after the division which took place, succeeding Solomon's death. Far in the north gleamed snow-topped Hermon.

Leaving Jacob's Well to be visited on my re-

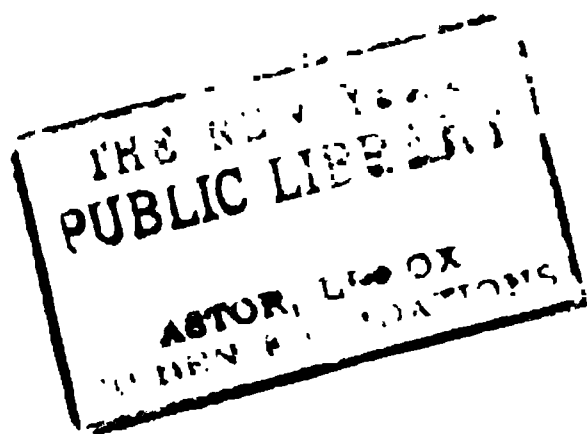
turn, I directed the chauffeur to proceed to Nablus (Shechem). The town lies in a natural passage way, a cut in the mountains, which must have been used from time immemorial as a gateway for travellers, for commerce and war. This rocky pass is deeply impressive scenically, an awesome cleft between Gerizim and Ebal, and it is the more impressive when considered from the historical point of view. Here came Abraham and Jacob, the patriarchs and the prophets, the judges and the kings. Here also came Jesus, when he "must needs pass through Samaria," as was so often the case, travelling to and fro from his home in Nazareth of Galilee to Jerusalem, along the very track, now amplified into a macadamized road, which I had followed in a Ford car. Before the occupation, street urchins of the intensely Moslem town of Nablus, when they wished to express the greatest contempt for strangers, called after them: "Nosrani" (Nazarene). Were they unconsciously perpetuating, in their mistaken way, the name of the greatest man who ever trod this rocky defile?

It is not my purpose here to describe Nablus; the guide books do that most efficiently. But I wish to record personal experiences in the Palestine of to-day which shall give the reader a picture of actual conditions. What more actual, then, than the question of gasoline when motor-ing through the land? But what connection can there be between gasoline and this ancient Bible

site? Only this, that the chauffeur suddenly announced that he had run out of gasoline and that he did not know where to get any. Here was a predicament! I had had him run out as far as Sebastia, the site of the town of Samaria, and he claimed that he had not made allowance for that extra trip, but had provided only enough gasoline to take us from Jerusalem to Shechem and back. The supply of gasoline in Jerusalem was so short at the time, that the military government had been obliged to take charge of what there was in order to make sure of some for its own use. At the Nablus Governorate, I was informed that only the British Governor of the place could authorize the issuing of a sufficient amount to take me back to Jerusalem.

It was Sunday and midday. I hesitated to intrude upon the Governor at such a time for a matter which seemed so trivial, but in desperation I finally mounted the steps of his private residence and was ushered into the reception room. What was my surprise, when the Governor entered, to find that he was an acquaintance from Jerusalem, Col. Cox, whom I had had occasion to call upon several times in his former office at O. E. T. A. on the Mount of Olives, in connection with getting telegraphic news for *Jerusalem News*! I now recalled his promotion to his present post and the farewell dinner given to him in Jerusalem, when he left the Holy City. There followed a cordial invitation to join him and Mrs. Cox at

NABLUS (SHECHEM)



luncheon, but I was due in Jerusalem that night to dine with Col. Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem, and must hurry back as soon as possible.

I will not weary the reader with the details of procuring the necessary gasoline. Suffice it to say that it was no easy matter, even with the Governor's help, and that I was not allowed to pay for it, but obliged to engage myself to send back to Nablus a can from the military store in Jerusalem, in order to make up for what I had taken. My troubles in Nablus were, however, not quite over yet, for on emerging from the city gate we were stopped by an individual who insisted that he was authorized by the town to collect 5 piasters from every automobile leaving the gates. As I had already paid 10 piasters to another individual on entering Nablus, I considered this imposition as a last straw, and refused. The man stuck closer than a friend, mounting upon the foot board of the car and gesticulating and threatening arrest. He clung to us until the speed of the car warned him that he might find it difficult to alight. As the car did not stop, he finally jumped off, using Arabic which, I dare say, was not complimentary. The old exactions of the Turkish régime, which were still in force under the military administration because they had the sanction of Turkish law, were annoying and often caused the newcomer in Palestine to complain, ignorant of the fact that the military administration was not authorized to

change the law of the land, but merely to administer it.

Then came the visit to Jacob's Well, situated but a short distance outside of Shechem. The Greeks have enclosed the site and are building a large church over it, so that one does not have the satisfaction of sitting on the wall curb, as the Master doubtless did, and reconstructing the scene with the eyes; one has to call upon the imagination to supplement what is now hidden or altered. One thing is certain, as the wells of the Holy Land are its unfailing landmarks, the site of Jacob's Well may be considered as authenticated beyond danger of dispute. Off there to the north are the houses of Sychar, and close by the well stretches the level "parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph," at this time brilliant and ready for the harvest. Indeed, between Jacob's Well and Sychar is situated Joseph's tomb, an object of deep interest to Christian, Jew, and Moslem. The typographical details are unmistakable, they positively identify the site of Jacob's Well.

The attendant Greek monk leads you under the church floor by a flight of stone steps to the well itself, now shut off from the open air and the sunshine, and first lets down a bucket containing a candle, which illuminates the well to a depth of about 30 feet below. If you desire to drink of the waters, he lets down another bucket. You hear it strike the water and presently you are drinking a cup of cold water of excellent quality.

At the brink of this well the Master uttered some of the most profoundly metaphysical of his sayings so spiritualized and so free from materialism that they have become indeed to many a "living water," "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." He spoke these indelible words, recorded in the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel, which the ages have not been able to efface, but only to preserve in letters of gold, to one of the despised of the world of his day, to a woman and to a Samaritan. No wonder that the Scribes and the Pharisees would not accept the sayings of a man who stooped so low and consorted with such doubtful people, who was the "friend of sinners." A Samaritan, indeed! Nor can the mental descendants of the Scribes and the Pharisees, the self-righteous school-men, those steeped in ecclesiastical and hierarchical superstitions, understand to-day the spiritual meaning of his transcendent words. I have no doubt that, even his disciples, were shocked when they caught up with him at the well and found him talking with a Samaritan woman, for it is recorded that they " marvelled that he talked with the woman." Yet there was some restraining power present which prevented them from asking, "What seekest thou? Why talkest thou with her?" The man who had just stated the final summing up of all religion in the words, "God is Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth," was protected from their ignorant

curiosity or their fear of being compromised.

Instead he turned their thought to the spiritual lesson of the fully ripened grain. "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." Yes, there, as I looked, lay the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph, bright and white in the glittering sunlight of the Holy Land. Standing near the well he could have pointed to no other, for rocky hills enclose the land on all sides. "One soweth, and another reapeth," he said to them. "I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestow no labour: other men laboured, and ye entered into their labours." The Master laid down his life in the labour of bringing spiritual truth to the world; we are the beneficiaries.

The homeward journey to Jerusalem was safely accomplished with the borrowed gasoline. The yellow wheat glowed on the village terraces, side by side with the intensely green grapevines clambering along the walls; wild hollyhocks stood straight and decorative among the thorns of the wayside; the afternoon sun suffused the rolling landscape with the mellow light of peace.

At the top of the crest of the watershed which has been passed in the morning, a surprise awaited me in the sudden appearance of a great eagle perched by the roadside. It flew off majestically, with dignity and without haste, sliding down upon the wind, over the chasm at my side, as though it had been waiting for me and now, its

message having been given, it could withdraw into the silent air. What was the Eagle's message? Was it from my home land? Was it the American Eagle bearing tidings of some sort to the Holy Land? Let the logic of events determine this message. Some day, somehow, America will play her part, conjointly with others, in the noble restoration of the land, but it will be a different restoration from that which is commonly discussed to-day.

As for me, I reached Jerusalem in time to keep my appointment to meet Governor Storrs at a farewell dinner.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE LANDING OF SIR HERBERT SAMUEL AT JAFFA

It was evident that with the arrival of the civil administration in Palestine, the war relief work of our party would cease automatically. Therefore, towards the end of June, when Sir Herbert Samuel was expected from day to day to land at Jaffa in order to put in force the British Mandate over Palestine, I made arrangements to return to my homeland. *Jerusalem News* had ceased publication on June 8th; the Jerusalem Relief Laundry had been turned over to the local committee; a stone seat had been placed on the terrace of David's Tower to commemorate our visit. Some 2000 articles of clothing had been received by us from home and turned over to Capt. Pollock, the Relief Officer, for distribution among the needy, as well as a quite respectable sum of money. We had paid our own expenses. Our mission in Palestine was accomplished.

I went down to Jaffa with my passage engaged for Venice on the way home to America. The next morning, at 11 o'clock, I witnessed the landing of Sir Herbert Samuel at the little landing stage of the port. The date of this historic event is worth remembering—June 30, 1920—for it

marks one of those turning points in the unfolding of human experience which the discerning fix in their memories. It was to be the starting point of an experiment which in my estimation foreshadowed many perplexities and dangers, and might cause lasting regrets.

The day was fine, hot and clear, as befitted the season in Palestine. Having secured a pass at the Governorate of Jaffa which entitled me to penetrate the carefully guarded approach to the beach, I soon found myself provided with a seat under an awning overlooking the beflagged landing stage and the marquee where the new High Commissioner was to be officially welcomed. As it turned out afterwards, I was one of possibly three Americans who were privileged to witness this landing, Mr. John D. Whiting, of the American Colony, in Jerusalem, being another. He had been requested by Reuter's Agency to prepare the telegraphic report of the event which this agency was to send out into all the world. At the last moment Mr. Whiting, being heavily engaged in helping to secure the official photographs of the occasion, asked me to prepare this report for him, and so it happened that I was the fortunate individual to send the news broadcast into a waiting world.

The picturesque headland of Jaffa was all expectation when a British destroyer, grey and trim, came to anchor in the offing, outside the line of rocks which sheltered Jaffa while they preclude,

for the present, making a great port out of the place. Col. Storrs, Military Governor of Jerusalem, was rowed out to the ship, went aboard and shortly after returned with the High Commissioner. Sir Herbert Samuel was not a stranger to Palestine; he had been on a tour of inspection earlier in the year; and knew in a measure what to expect. Many ugly rumors were in circulation in Jerusalem and in Palestine, in general, concerning plots of one kind or another against the coming civil administration. The High Commissioner was therefore justified in looking somewhat sober and grave, as he stepped ashore on his perilous mission. He was dressed in white from head to foot, wearing even a white helmet. Against this whiteness, the purple scarf of the order just conferred upon him before leaving England, which he wore over his shoulder and fastened at his side, presented a startling and brilliant contrast. His attire, also, stood out in unmistakable contrast to the Khaki uniforms of his escort; the civil administration was superseding the military. The destroyer thundered with its guns from the sea and the Royal Field Artillery, stationed on the beach, replied with more thunders. A guard of honor presented arms and aeroplanes circled overhead, like watchful eagles.

Sir Herbert Samuel was conducted under the marquee where the Mayor of Jaffa, Assem el Said, delivered the following short address, (I reproduce it here because it expressed the genu-

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL AND GOVERNOR STORRS

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ine hope of the native population, although it was necessarily clothed in the formal language customary on such occasions) :

“As President of the Jaffa Municipal Council, I beg to welcome you and to express to you our congratulations on your safe arrival in the Holy Land. This country is in great need of a British High Commissioner who will justly, firmly, thoroughly, and ably investigate the conditions and the needs of the country, in all respects. Therefore from the depth of our hearts we desire the happiness of this town and country, with its inhabitants under the shield and protection of the British nation, the foundation of whose governments throughout the world is based on justice, freedom and equality for all sects and denominations. May Almighty God help us all in our efforts to do what is right and peaceful. I beg to place this short address of welcome in a casket made in our beloved country, and I hope that you will kindly accept it with our most profound respect.”

The Commissioner replied in appropriate terms and then proceeded towards the motor car which had been prepared for him to use on his way up to Jerusalem. Our good friend, Col. Bramley, ever cheerful and looking for all the world as though nothing of the slightest importance was going on, had in the meantime been slowly riding about on

the beach. Col. Grey-Donald, appointed to act as A. D. C. to the Commissioner, now stepped forward and performed one of those simple little acts, which risk escaping the attention of the unobservant, but are full of meaning to the initiated as signs and waymarks. He produced from his pocket a small Union Jack and fastened it on the front of the car which the Commissioner was to use. This apparently insignificant act indicated more than appeared on the surface, for it marked the first official display of the British Flag in Palestine, although the country had been under British control for about two and a half years. It denoted that Great Britain had now assumed responsibility for the mandate over Palestine, in theory as well as in fact.

Before stepping into his car, the Commissioner greeted the notables of the land gathered to do him honor, and then was off on his journey to make his official entry into the Holy City. I saw him no more and only gathered what took place subsequently from the brief newspaper accounts. He sped to Ludd, escorted by four armored cars, and thence to Jerusalem by special train, escorted by two aeroplanes. Col. Popham was there at the station to meet him, and the Mayor of our acquaintance delivered the address of welcome. The troops of the Yorkshire regiment and the native police in their Astrachan caps lined the streets, and Sir Herbert Samuel repaired to the Mount of Olives to take up his civil headquarters

in the German Hospice, which had been so long the military headquarters of the land. The Occupied Enemy Administration, familiarly known as O. E. T. A., had ceased to exist.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE BRITISH MANDATE IN OPERATION

PALESTINE is, at present, a grand experimental station. Something is being tried there which has never been tried there before, namely, a Mandate under the League of Nations. While it is true that this same experiment is going on elsewhere, in other parts of the world, Palestine is unique in its situation with reference to the earth's masses, in the complexity of its race questions, and in the reverence which it excites among the adherents of the three great religious systems of the world. One may well say that if the problem of administering any land under a Mandate from the League of Nations is a difficult one, that of administering Palestine is the most difficult one of all.

As already related, I left Palestine at the close of the British Military administration, upon the arrival of the civil administration under the High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, but I have kept in close touch with events in Palestine ever since, and here set down the main incidents which have occurred and the general lines of the policy pursued.

In Sir Herbert Samuel, the British Government

supplied Palestine with a carefully trained and experienced official. He is a strictly orthodox Jew, son of a banker, a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, and a pupil of the famous Dr. Jowett. Altogether he served eleven years as a member of the government of England in one capacity or another. For many years he sat in Parliament as a Liberal, and, later, especially distinguished himself as Postmaster General. It is quite common to hear Englishmen say that he was the best Postmaster General England ever had. He became Home Secretary under Mr. Asquith. In appearance Sir Herbert Samuel suggests a well-to-do business man. He is of medium height, has the Jewish features; his hair is black, and he wears a black moustache.

The military administration had, admittedly, conferred many benefits upon the land, but much remained to be done. The local police, or gendarmerie, had been reorganized, the postal, telegraph and telephone systems had been somewhat extended, honesty had been brought into the collection of the taxes, tithes, and customs duties, improvements had been made in the native schools, railroad facilities were developed and some roads made passable for motor cars. The wholesome influence of the military administration had made itself felt in every town and village.

Now the civil administration was called upon to enact a nationality law under which Jews from all over the world could acquire citizenship in Pales-

tine, at the same time providing that no discrimination should be used against the nationals of any state belonging to the League of Nations. It decreed that English, Arabic and Hebrew should be the official languages of Palestine, and these three languages promptly appeared on the postage stamps as a sign which everybody could understand. The land registry, which had been kept hermetically sealed under the military administration, was opened, permitting sales and purchases of land and exciting the hope that excessive land values might drop. The railroad between Jerusalem and Jaffa was reopened as a wide gauge road; new Jewish farming colonies were organized. The process of substituting native Palestinians for British employees of the government was carried forward, so that, according to the latest statistics available, there are now 2513 Palestinians and only 417 British so employed.

The health statistics are improving steadily and schools are being established in many parts of the country, at one time at the rate of about one a week. More money is now being spent on education by the government than on any other branch of administration, except that of public security. At the end of 1920, it was officially stated that of 134,000 children of school age in Palestine about 100,000 were receiving no education at all. What has been done so far by the government, has been mainly in behalf of the Arabs, who were in sore

need of the most elementary general knowledge. Much needed girls' schools have also been opened for the Arabs. The use of public school funds for the Arabs alone, seems hardly in accordance with strict justice to the Christians and Jews, but the Christians and Jews have been asked to exercise patience, because the need of bringing up the generation of young Arabs out of the dangerous condition of illiteracy in which they were plunged, is really a matter of public safety for the whole country, and in the meantime the Christians and Jews have well provided themselves with a great variety of educational institutions. When the proposed Hebrew University is built on Mount Scopus, after the designs of Professor Patrick Geddes, the Jews will be further enriched with an educational centre of world wide celebrity.

Archæological research is now being resumed, for excavating, which was necessarily strictly forbidden under the military administration, because the Turkish law relative to this was still in force, is now once more permitted under official supervision. The British School of Archæology, under the leadership of Director Garstang, is co-operating with the American School of Oriental Research in such a way that overlapping of the work no longer takes place. In connection with the general plan for a new Jerusalem which is being worked out by a Town Planning Commission, a site on the high ground west of the Jaffa Gate has been allocated for a joint set of buildings

to be used by the British and American schools of research and possibly by the French school, also. There is the Palestine Oriental Society, under the patronage of Field Marshal Allenby and Sir Herbert Samuel, which includes members of all nations.

One of the interesting phases of Jerusalem to-day is the revival of Hebrew as a spoken language, due to the efforts of Mr. Eliezer Ben Yehudah. After being disused by the Jews as a medium of conversation for some two thousand years, so that it was practically a dead language except for liturgical purposes, Hebrew is now spoken by many families and is taught in many schools. Mr. Yehudah was born in Russia in 1859, went to Paris and from there to Palestine in his determination to rehabilitate the Hebrew language. His great work is the Hebrew dictionary, called "Millon"; he is also constantly at work bringing out Hebrew writings for popular and school use. His children speak good English as well as Hebrew.

The Pro-Jerusalem Society continues its non-political protective and progressive work for the city as a whole. Mr. Ronald Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem, is its acting and very active President. On its Council are the Mayor of Jerusalem, the Director of Antiquities, the heads of the various religious communities, Professor Patrick Geddes, and the Inspector of Monuments. Mr. John D. Whiting, of the American Colony, is the Hon.

Treasurer and Mr. C. R. Ashbee, Civic Adviser to the City of Jerusalem, its indefatigable Hon. Secretary. A special value is attached to the work of this society because, like the Joint Committee for Relief under the military administration, it brings together members of all nationalities and races. Some of the work of the Pro-Jerusalem Society has already been referred to in a previous chapter on "Beautifying the Walls of Jerusalem." It is entrusted with the upkeep of the city walls, of the rampart walk, and the Citadel gardens and terraces. It has repaired the Dome of the Rock and the Suq el Qattanin, the latter damaged by the blizzard of 1920. It has been busy planting trees along the streets and developing the first stages of a park system for Jerusalem. It is perfectly impartial in the favors it bestows. Thus it is trying to create a playground in the David Gate quarter out of one of the worst spots in the city, adjoining the Jewish Ghetto. It is doing this with the assistance of the Zionist Commission and the personal help of Mrs. Bentwich. As an illustration of the difficulties encountered in doing this kind of philanthropic and æsthetic work in Jerusalem, I quote from the sumptuously prepared report of the Society, and published by the Council of the Society in London. It appears that as soon as the first planting had been done in this proposed playground, after the clearing of the ground itself, "a series of nightly raids was made upon the

garden, and it was stripped of every tree, shrub and flower." This may appear a little discouraging to the outsider, but to those working for the public good in Jerusalem it can only act as a stimulus to better work. The Society, also, has a street naming committee over whose labors one would wish to extend the protective mantle of the sincerest good wishes. Incidentally, the Post-office Square is to be renamed, very properly, "Allenby Square."

In April 1921 the Pro-Jerusalem Society held an Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the Citadel, probably the first attempt of this kind ever made in the Holy City. It is to be the forerunner of other exhibitions for the gradual education of the public concerning the artistic and cultural possibilities of Jerusalem and Palestine. The Society maintains two schools, a weaving school, with its "Jerusalem Looms" and a school of Ceramics, using the marvelous blue and green tile work of the Dome of the Rock, as its inspiration. Efforts are also being made to revive the Hebron glass industry, which still survives in a small way in that ancient centre. Through the influence of the Society, instruction is now given in the schools on gardening and planting with the result that children are now noticeably more careful of the trees already planted in the city. It may be added that the Holy City is gradually providing itself with all the paraphernalia of modern life. It has two clubs devoted to sports, and polo grounds on the

road to Bethlehem. There is likewise a Jerusalem Dramatic Society.

Thus equipped, one might suppose that Jerusalem might settle down to a happy existence among its treasures, rejoicing in its excellent climate and multifarious attractions, but it would be stretching the point to describe Palestine as at present a happy Homeland for any one in particular, unless it be for the archæologists, who can now dig to their hearts' content. The country is in the throes of a tremendous transformation after centuries of stagnation. It is in the experimental stage and such testing times are not apt to be happy times for a land and people. The constant ferment which makes Palestine to-day a land of rumors, is due to the contending racial and religious interests of its inhabitants and to the pressure of the outside world which is even more exercised over its affairs than are some of its native dwellers. The question of Zionism keeps the whole country in a condition of political agitation, whether it wills this or not, and Zionism is something which is forced upon Palestine from the outside.

The growing distrust of Zionism in England was manifested when, on June 21, 1922, a motion to postpone the Mandate was carried in the House of Lords, in spite of the Earl of Balfour's long and earnest plea in its favor. A special stumbling-block seems to be a certain concession granted by the British government to one Pinhas

Rutenberg for harnessing the water powers of Palestine. The facts in this case, as nearly as may be ascertained by any one who is not in the secrets of the Zionist organization, are that Ruthenberg is a Russian Jew who took part in the original Russian revolution, and that he has secured from the British Colonial Office the exclusive hydroelectric rights for all Palestine with a liability to be bought out only after thirty-seven years and every ten years subsequently. Ruthenberg does not appear to have any money of his own, but to have obtained funds from the Zionist organization to make preliminary investigations. His concession is conditional upon his raising the necessary capital of £2,000,000 within eighteen months and this amount, it is expected, will come from wealthy members of the Jewish community in America and elsewhere, provided the whole project remains in Jewish hands. The concession includes also the right to keep competitors from using the water power of the Jordan and the country's principal waterways for a period of sixty-seven years.

The Arabs, on the other hand, claim that more than two years before the Rutenberg concession was granted, substantial Palestine Arabs applied in vain for a concession for an electric light and power scheme of their own for Jerusalem and its district, including also a plan for the development of the Jordan Valley. They assert that they have a £500,000 cash capital with expectations of rais-

ing £2,000,000, if necessary. This assertion is here set down merely as a newspaper report, the writer having no means of determining its correctness. Questioned on this matter in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill explained that Rutenburg's bid was the only one made for the project of using the waters of the Jordan for hydroelectric purposes.

The English public has noticed that the men who are prominently connected with the Zionist organization almost invariably have German or Russian names. In view of the German horrors during the war and the Russian horrors after the war, it is not unnatural that, even as generous a public as the English people, should exhibit a reluctance to invest Zionism with further powers. The truth is that the English people who have sacrificed so many lives to free Palestine, are apprehensive lest they may be, unwittingly, lending themselves to an exploitation of the people of Palestine rather than to their upbuilding, which is the real purpose of the Mandate. The magnanimity of the British procedure in governing Palestine, illustrates to those who have studied the affairs of Palestine, the unselfishness of the British nation.

The British civil administration is finding many obstacles in attempting to carry out the Balfour Declaration as a whole, including the provision, sometimes overlooked, that, "nothing shall be done which shall prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in

Palestine, or the rights and political status of Jews in any other country.'"

The first outside protest against the application of the Palestine Mandate came from the United States in the form of a request that American rights be safeguarded in Palestine equally with those of the members of nations belonging to the League of Nations. This request has been cordially granted and now American trade and American missionary enterprise are entitled to equal rights with those of any other nation, although the United States is not a member of the League of Nations. The second protest came from the Vatican in regard to the supervision of the Holy Places. The British plan was to place them under a commission to consist of Christians, Moslems and Jews, presided over by an Englishman. This plan has not proved acceptable to the Vatican and negotiations are still unfinished with regard to this question.

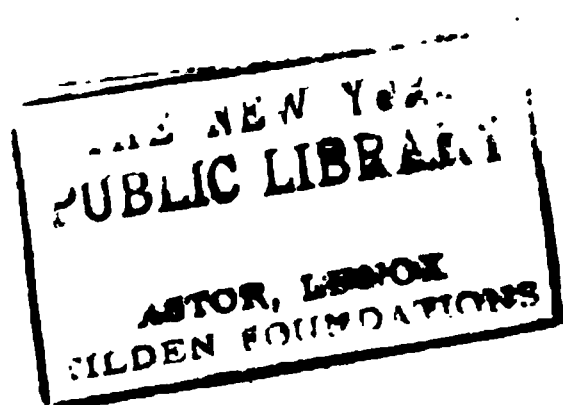
Upon taking office as High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel read a message from the King of England to the people of Palestine which laid down the general lines of British policy under the Mandate from the League of Nations, and this was followed by a statement from the High Commissioner himself, which entered into the subject more in detail. Both of these pronouncements were couched in statesmanlike language, exhibited breadth of view and made an excellent impression both in Palestine and abroad. They

made it clear that the Jews were to be permitted to try the experiment of establishing a homeland in the country, but that the civil and religious rights of all other races would be safeguarded. In the main the government has tried to carry out this program, but in doing so seems not to have earned the whole-hearted approval of either the Arabs or the Jews, and perhaps this is as it should be, for it tends to show the government's impartiality under the terms of the Balfour Declaration which operates as a sort of a basic political law to-day for the whole land. The government has taken the opportunity to declare repeatedly that it stands unequivocally upon this Declaration and will not discuss its abrogation. The matter of its interpretation and administration, of course, presents many difficulties; it is capable of many varying explanations; honest differences of opinion may arise in regard to it. It cannot be gainsaid that it offers the Jews the opportunity to establish a homeland, if they can, under the protection of Great Britain, and to this concession the Arabs, as far as their delegations give us the clue, and many Christian spokesmen strongly object. Sir Herbert Samuel has repeatedly declared that there is no immediate purpose to establish a Jewish state, as the Jews are in a minority in Palestine, but the Arabs contend that the Jews will wait until they are in the majority through the process of immigration and will then do as they please.

In the meantime they complain that the Jews are underselling them because the Jews are financially assisted from abroad. And so the contention spins itself out with delegations from both sides waiting upon the responsible persons in Palestine and in England and trying to exact concessions and modifications.

There is no doubt that a certain moderation has made itself felt in the Zionist demands since Sir Herbert Samuel's decisive pronouncements. Mr. Zangwill in England, who certainly has the ear of the public, has come out strongly in behalf of equal rights for Christians, Moslems and Jews. The dramatic resignations of prominent American Jews from the Zionist world organization, as a protest against Dr. Weizmann's control and the latter's consequent reliance upon Russian Polish supporters, have had a sobering effect. The Arabs in Palestine have never objected to the presence in the land, of the Jews who were there under the Turks, but look askance upon the immigration especially of the Russian Polish Jews, who seem more alien to them. The visit of the Hon. Winston S. Churchill, Secretary for the Colonies, to Palestine in March 1921, coupled with his warnings to both sides that the Balfour Declaration would be observed in its entirety, including the provision for the safeguarding of the rights of non-Jewish communities, as well as the words of the Earl of Balfour himself to the Jews who waited upon him on the occasion of his pres-

A HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF JAFFA



ence in Washington in January 1921, at the Arms Conference, and the constant reiteration of Sir Herbert Samuel of the unalterable determination of the government to insure equal rights for everyone, all this has had its effect upon public opinion in stabilizing the situation. Still race and religious rivalry in the land is ready to flare up on the slightest provocation. Therefore it is unfortunately true that the years 1920 and 1921 have recorded some terrible outbreaks which have left their train of apprehension for the future.

On May Day, 1921, a Labor meeting in the Jewish suburbs of Jaffa was disturbed by a group of Jewish Communists. The latter were driven back into the mixed Moslem and Jewish quarter of the town and a fight broke out there between the Moslems and the Jews. During the disturbances which followed thirty-four Jews, ten Moslems, and two Christians were killed and a large number wounded, more or less severely. Jaffa was placed under martial law. As a result of this outbreak the government saw itself constrained to put a stop temporarily to Jewish immigration and this action then became a source of complaint to those Zionists who claimed that unrestricted immigration into Palestine was an absolute right of all Jews. At the same time the ban was not an unmixed evil in the estimation of cooler heads, for the flood of immigration was at that time greater than the country could absorb, and unemployment had become a threatening problem. When the ban

on immigration was eventually lifted again the requirements were made much stricter. Prospective immigrants must show that they intend to take up permanent residence on the land or to follow a regular profession, or that they have a definite agreement as to employment. Special arrangements are made by travellers, returning residents, and persons of religious occupation.

On November 2, 1921, there occurred another disturbance, this time in Jerusalem itself, on the anniversary of the pronouncement of the Balfour Declaration. The Jews decided to celebrate this anniversary as a great event by closing their stores and keeping the day as a holiday with great rejoicing. The Arabs let it be known that they would not permit any of their stores to be opened on that day. The American Colony store was the only one which was open, as it is considered neutral ground and friendly to all. The day was to be observed by the Arabs as a day of mourning instead of rejoicing. To show how the day was actually kept, I quote as follows from a letter, dated November 4, 1921, and written by an American resident.

“Riots commenced at the Jaffa Gate which were dispersed by the Police and Military, but the crowds collected lower down in the city, and a hot fight ensued. Five Jews were killed and one Mohammedan killed by a bomb thrown from the window of a Jewish house. Forty people were

wounded, some of whom have died in the hospital from the effects of their wounds. The Governor of Jaffa had shown great wisdom; he had published an order to all shopkeepers in Jaffa that all the shops that closed on November Second would be closed forever. Consequently, in Jaffa all the shops were open and every thing passed off quietly and peaceably," . . . Then follows a human touch in the letter showing the tragic side of living in Jerusalem, "Since I commenced the above, my cook and Russian maid came in deathly white and said, 'Come and look out of the window.' Thousands of Jews in procession were coming down the road. Poor things, they were petrified with fear. It proved to be the funeral of the seven Jews that had died in the hospital. One could go on forever adding new events that happen each day. God grant that all will be well. Machine guns and armored cars are stationed in the streets, and the city being under martial law, everyone has to be in by six o'clock. I hope that next time I write, these troublesome affairs will be settled. It is most wearing to the children. Poor darlings, they have hardly recovered from the effects of the war."

There are many questions which tax the statesmanship of the men who are to-day responsible for the carrying out of the British Mandate over Palestine. The revenues of Palestine which used to go to the Ottoman Public Debt referred to in

Chapter 30 under the head of Taxation, are now turned into the treasury of Palestine and yield about £300,000, but that does not absolve the country from paying interest on pre-war Turkish debts, and this interest amounts to about £200,000, leaving only £100,000 to be used per annum in the land itself. It was at one time expected to apply this amount to defray the cost of a Palestine Defence Force, with Arab and Jewish units, but this project has been indefinitely postponed, doubtless on account of the thorny racial questions which it raised, and a new police force under British officials has been substituted therefore. This, in turn, has encountered objections from native quarters, as was to have been expected, but it seems to have been a wise precautionary measure until the races learn to live together in a more friendly spirit.

Soon after his installation in his high office, the Commissioner summoned an Advisory Council to help him govern the land. This consisted of certain officials and notables and may be considered the first intimation of local self-government, for in course of time, this Council can be made into an elective assembly, if this is found to be advisable, and would then act as the germ of a national government. In the meantime the transformation of the government from a military administration into a civil one is practically complete. The former post of Military Governor is now called District Governor, and the Chief-of-

Staff has become the Civil Secretary. Sir Herbert Samuel, often accompanied by Lady Samuel, has made many official visits in different parts of Palestine, even in neighboring lands, all of which has helped to consolidate public sentiment in favor of the government and to heighten its prestige.

Concerning the wider questions of imperial policy which Great Britain has to face in Palestine, that of the boundaries is one which needs to be considered with due care. I suppose that if the sentiment of the general public were consulted upon this question, most of us would say that we would like to see modern Palestine extend from Dan to Beersheba, as we have been accustomed to see ancient Palestine drawn on the maps in our Bibles; but in the first place, it may be difficult to determine, with sufficient accuracy, where the northern line of the territory occupied by the Israelites ran; and secondly, there is an international treaty involved in this question of the northern frontier, a treaty which many people now deplore, and which, concluded in the darkest days of the World War, bears the imprint of sad necessity and possibly also of haste, the Sykes-Picot Treaty with France.

It must not be forgotten that at the conclusion of the World War, British arms had conquered the whole of Syria as well as Palestine and Mesopotamia, and controlled the regions evacuated by the Turks in accordance with the stipulations of

the Armistice, Cilicia and the country as far north as the Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea. In order to carry out the conditions of the Sykes-Picot Treaty the British withdrew from Cilicia, from the regions of the Caucasus, and from Syria altogether, to a line agreed upon in that treaty. This line, roughly speaking, begins at "The Ladders of Tyre" on the Mediterranean Coast, a bold promontory, south of the site of ancient Tyre, rounded by a road which was considered the gateway between Phoenicia and Israel. The line then runs south eastward, cutting off a portion of Northern Galilee and of the Sea of Galilee, from Palestine into the Hauran across the Jordan. Syria is now administered by the French under a Mandate from the League of Nations.

The Sykes-Picot line is very unsatisfactory to Palestine. In November, 1920, the Advisory Council of Jerusalem passed a resolution stating that, "Representatives of all Palestine's inhabitants unanimously urge that the northern frontier should comprise the lower portion of the Litany, all the territory in the Jordan Valley, and all its streams, and request the High Commissioner to take the necessary steps." The Litany is the ancient river Leontes which rises in the Lebanon and flows into the Mediterranean north of Tyre. The French claim that the Litany rises and flows wholly in the Lebanon district, which they are administering, and properly belongs to that district

in its entire length. The Palestinians claim that unless they can control the water resources of the north, they cannot supply their country with the necessary water power which it requires for its economic future, for purposes of irrigation, electric water power, light, heat, and transportation. They further claim that there has existed for more than fifty years, since 1860, a line between Syria and Palestine which leaves the whole of the Litany River in Palestine. In general they assert that the Sykes-Picot line adds some territory to the French sphere of influence which is of no special value to the French, but is of vital importance to Palestine. Certain modifications of the Sykes-Picot line have been proposed. The maximum demand would carry the line as far north as Mount Hermon and Damascus, though not including those two features in Palestine. A more reasonable suggestion would run the line so as to include the headwaters of the Jordan. It is evident that the question of the northern boundary of Palestine raises a difficult economic problem for the country itself and a situation of great delicacy between England and France.

In the meantime the question of the eastern boundary has been settled, for the present at least, by bringing the Bedouin Arabs who live across the Jordan under British protection, without demanding of them either disarmament or conscription, and placing over them Emir Abdullah, second son of Hussein, King of the Hedjaz.

This land across the Jordan is now known officially as the district of Trans-Jordania. With the father reigning over Arabia proper, the land of Mecca and Medina, and the eldest son, Feisal, now King of Mesopotamia or Iraq, this appointment of Abdullah means a large measure of consolidation for the Arab power in the ancient seat of its origin, and ought to go a long way to satisfy — Arab aspirations for the time being. Emir Abdullah is described as a man over forty-five, somewhat below than above middle height, with brown hair and beard, the latter streaked with yellow. He is said to have the wholesome aspect of a man who lives much out of doors and has an attractive, merry smile, unusual in an Oriental.

Thus the country across the Jordan is now virtually an independent Arab state with British advisers. Not that this arrangement entirely satisfies the demands of Bible topography, for the lands across the Jordan were in tribal times assigned to Reuben, Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh, and it is claimed that they should be incorporated into Palestine. Still the exigencies of the situation and the peculiar conditions existing among the populations of those areas to-day, make the solution arrived at seem reasonable if not necessary. It is hoped in certain quarters, that eventually there may arise a sort of federation of neighboring states, combining Syria, Mesopotamia, Hedjaz and Trans-Jordania with Palestine, but such paper schemes rarely event-

uate, for unforeseen racial peculiarities and religious ambitions often upset the best laid plans, and the logic of events is more powerful in determining the fate of nations than the wishes of statesmen sitting around a table.

Since my interviews with Field Marshal Allenby and Sir Gilbert Clayton in Cairo, an independent kingdom of Egypt has been proclaimed, largely, it is generally stated, upon the insistent demand of Allenby himself. If Egypt proves its readiness for independence this will be in a great measure due to men like Allenby and his predecessors who labored to prepare the country for the change. Special provision is made for the presence of British troops on Egyptian soil in order to protect the Suez Canal and to enable Great Britain to carry out her engagements with reference to the safety of people of other nations in Egypt. It must be clear to the inhabitants of India, Egypt and Palestine, among whom the binding link is the Moslem religion, that if the British withdrew completely from these countries, they would offer a tempting bait to the predatory Russians, Afghans and Turks whom the World War and abnormal post-war conditions have thrown into a ferment of unrest, and whose appetite has been sharpened for plunder and pillage. It is certain that as far as the inhabitants of Palestine are concerned, they ought not to do anything which would favor such a terrible irruption into their land. In fact they should be awake to

such a subtle scheme. They have suffered under the Turk and they have seen him go: they do not want him back again. As the years go by Allenby will stand out more and more clearly as their great deliverer; they will respect him and listen to the counsel of his countrymen. In the year 1922, conditions in Palestine may be far from satisfactory, as indicated in this chapter, but the British position there is secure and a blessing to the land, and it will endure. In the meantime the Palestinians themselves, rescued from the dark tyranny of the Turk, are to-day gradually awakening to the light of education, whereby they can see and understand the enlightening star of the west.

ALLENBY AND CLEMENCEAU AT LUXOR ON THE NILE

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

MY NAZARETH

Let me be once again in Nazareth,
And in her cup repose.
Let me hear once again what Spirit saith,
The Word that heals and glows.

This is the spot in all of Palestine
To which my thought returns,
Where little Jesus heard the call divine,
My heart within me burns.

Here for a while the world refrained from hate,
And did the child no wrong.
Here for a time the boy, obscurely great,
Grew wise and ripe and strong.

Despised, lowly Nazareth has all my love:
It sheltered God's own Plan;
While grandiose Jerusalem against God strove
Self-righteous, slew the man.

How oft the wondering, pondering mother led
Her little one to the well!
How oft at home she laid him on his bed,
And watched as evening fell.

Let me recline beneath the orchard shade,
Where apricots are golden,

388 THE NEW PALESTINE

**Beneath the pendant peaches where he played,
And read the prophets olden.**

**Oh! wild worn mountain land of Galilee!
Let me look forth again
And contemplate the truth that makes man free,
Taught by this prince of men.**

THE END

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